July 4, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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The Purist.

Perhaps you've noticed how many of your favorite products have been miraculously "improved" lately. They've been lemon-freshened, hyped up with ingredients to make them last longer, changed into exotic shapes and colors. Purity and quality, those old-fashioned absolutes, have become harder and harder to find.

Take heart. There are a few stubborn purists still around. And when it comes to sensitive skin care, count us among them.

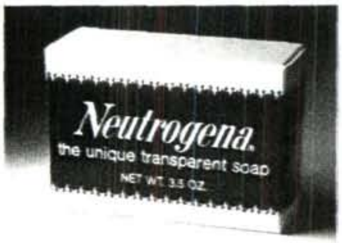
Neutrogena proudly announces nothing new or improved about our soap. We don't tamper with the Neutrogena® formula by adding new ingredients just to keep reviving your interest. Our soap's made with pure, natural ingredients, the finest we can buy. Without artificial hardeners or coloring or additives or free alkali that potentially could irritate sensitive skin.

We don't crank out Neutrogena by the usual mass production methods, either. We make our soap the way you'd make a gourmet dinner because we're just as finicky about quality as you are. Individual batches are carefully controlled and "cooked" for six hours. During that time they're checked time and time again by our chemists.

All in all there are 22 separate tests for quality and purity during manufacture. And independent dermatology laboratories, adhering to strict FDA standards, have also tested Neutrogena eight different ways to make sure it's as careful with your face as it should be.

That's why so many doctors recommend Neutrogena. It cleans your skin thoroughly, but not drastically, leaving it immaculately fresh, but not dry.

We don't promise you miracles or magical ingredients or exotic fragrances. We don't make claims we can't live up to. All you get from us is a safe, pure bar of amber soap that won't irritate even the most sensitive skin. If you've gotten a little skeptical of change for change's sake, you should try Neutrogena. It's a purist. And we think your complexion will enjoy going back to these old-fashioned basics, purity and quality.



for sensitive skin care.

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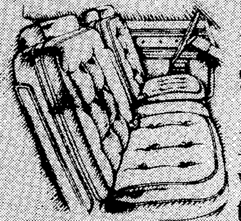
98 REGENCY. THE MARRIAGE OF LOGIC AND LUXURY.



Some decisions in life, fortunately, are never made for purely logical reasons. And that's true of the thinking man's luxury car, the Oldsmobile 98 Regency.

When you buy a Regency, it's easy to see what the attraction was in the first place. It simply surrounds you with the kind of elegance you could never justify to, say, your accountant.

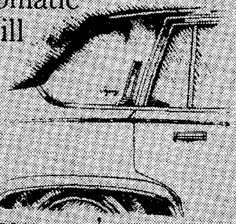
But then, he may never have relaxed in "loose-pillow" look crushed velour seats.

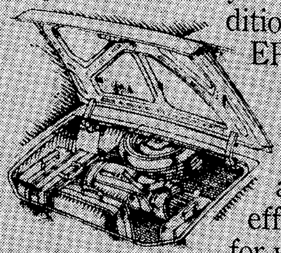
Or experienced the smooth ride, the feeling of control, designed into the Regency's computer-engineered suspension system.

The quiet that allows for easy conversation. Even at highway speeds.

Yet for the man who takes a practical view of luxury, there is a certain logic to this luxury car.

The logic of improved gas mileage over last year's model. The Regency, with standard automatic transmission and 350 V8, will get you to the church on time. Economically. (EPA estimates: 21 miles per gallon on the highway and 16 in the city. Your mileage depends on how you drive, your car's condition, and its equipment. EPA ratings are lower in California.)





Then there's the logic of improved maneuverability in city traffic. Of efficiently organized space for your luggage. And improved head and rear legroom over last year's model.

Most logical of all, the logic of value per dollar in your luxury car.

And that is the secret of a successful marriage.

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GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Fourth of July. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anna Christie—A sluggish and dull-witted play, which was in no need of revival. The early O'Neill melodrama serves as a vehicle for Liv Ullmann, who is very pretty, if not very convincing. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 3.)

Annie—An old-fashioned musical, based on the *once popular comic strip "Little Orphan* Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ashes—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—A faultless revival of David Rabe's play about a miserable young soldier in Vietnam. Al Pacino gives a model performance in the role of Hummel. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly at 8. After Friday, July 1, no performances until Monday, July 18.)

The Cherry Orchard—Andrei Serban cannot resist directing Chekhov in such a way as to turn him into a posthumous disciple of Serban. Nevertheless, the cast is wonderful, and so are Santo Loquasto's sets and costumes, so one mustn't fail to see it. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Club—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 2.)

Happy End—Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill set this musical about a Salvation Army lass who loves a gangster in what was for them, in 1929, an imaginary Chicago. The marvellous score includes such songs as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song." Translation by Michael Feingold, direction by Robert Kalfin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Love My Wife—A rather simpleminded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A flabby production of Oscar Wilde's sparkling comedy, but with good performances by Mary Louise Wilson, Patricia Conolly, and Munson Hicks. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—A joyous revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Otherwise Engaged—Tom Courtenay and a first-rate company in a comedy by the English playwright Simon Gray. The hero is a publisher who prefers to have as few feelings as possible; this proves harder than he has had reason to hope. Directed by Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 3.)

The 2nd Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World—Dick Shawn in a one-man show. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

The Shadow Box—A play by Michael Cristofer about how people face the imminence of death. With Joyce Ebert, Patricia Elliott, and Josef Sommer. The director is Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Night-

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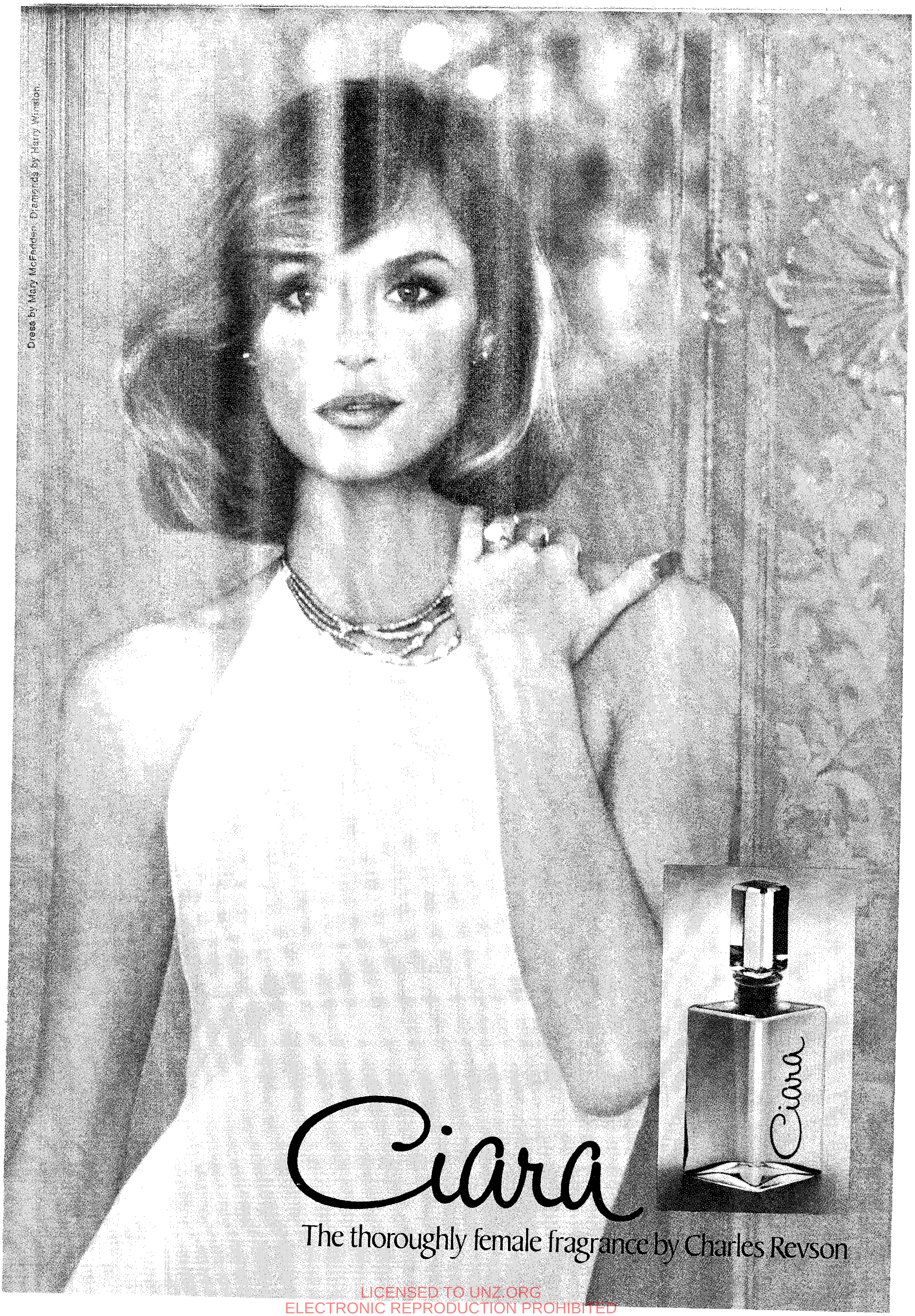
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Ciara
Ciara
The thoroughly female fragrance by Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; *special matinée* Monday, July 4, at 3.)

Side by Side by Sondheim—An excellent display of Sondheim songs, splendidly performed by three English singers, accompanied with modesty and grace by two American pianists. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

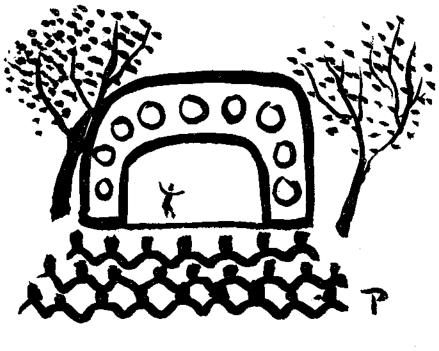
Sly Fox—Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, Bob Dishy, Hector Elizondo, and John Heffernan, *all in rip-roaring, farcical high spirits.* The author is Larry Gelbart, standing on the shoulders of rare Ben Jonson. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Square Root of Soul—This program of recitations by Adolph Caesar, of the Negro Ensemble Company, of poems and selected prose, mostly by black writers, has its good moments, but the evening as a whole is disappointing. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 10.)

Unsung Cole—An evening of songs by Cole Porter (most of which have rarely or never been performed), done by Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Maureen Moore, Anita Morris, and John Sloman. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Rousing *song and dance, inspired by the New Testament* and turned into frisky show biz by Vinnette Carroll. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Harlem in the twenties, when it was part of the night-club merry-go-round. A scrapbook of great songs and lively dancing by a cast both old and young. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CALIFORNIA SUITE:** Four sketches about the occupants (at different times) of Suite 203 at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Tammy Grimes, David McCallum, Vincent Gardenia, and Marge Redmond are all excellent, and Neil Simon is as witty as ever. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 2.)... **CHICAGO:** Purportedly about some tough folk in the Windy City in the twenties. A musical that defies even the great Bob Fosse to make it merry. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Leonard Nimoy and Ralph Seymour, directed by John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,153 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of *Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is* over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** *A comedy as neatly* put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Hope Lange and Don Murray are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, July 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, July 4, at 3.)... **SHENANDOAH:** A musical about the Civil War, but really about show biz. Wonderfully sung by John Cullum. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday, July 3, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except June 29, and Sundays at 3)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Toller Cranston's The Ice Show—Starring Mr. Cranston, Jim Millns, and Colleen O'Connor. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 10.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, June 29, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Pas de Deux," and "The Concert."... ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 2: "Bugaku," "In the Night," "Pas de Deux," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." ... ¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 1: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 7: "Divertimento No. 15," "Episodes," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Stuttgart Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 29; Thursday evening, June 30; and Saturday matinée, July 2: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday and Saturday evenings, July 1-2: "Jeu de Cartes," "Opus One." "Daphne" (première), and "Initials R.B.M.E." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more no*table performers in town*. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club performers live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

•

Harry (Sweets) Edison (Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. 260-0250. Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, at nine-thirty and eleven, and Friday and Saturday, July 1-2, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty.)—Edison is the best of all the trumpet players turned out by the Roy Eldridge Academy in the thirties. He is a *legatissimo* performer who celebrates the beat by constantly turning his back on it. He favors ballooning, half-time phrases, a fat tone that belies hurry, no matter the tempo, and clusters of drifting-astern, behind-the-beat notes. His elegant looseness suggests fine napery and long naps and sloping summer afternoons. He is also an extraordinary musician, and sly about it. Try the *sotto voce* Eldridge arpeggios that cement his dreaming passages, or the little double-time spurts that effortlessly and suddenly bring him abeam of the beat. Also try his dynamics, which allow him to move in a second from almost weightless notes to ones weighing a ton. **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** is the other half of the front line (and the co-leader), and he is a good foil. He has taken all the dramatic elements of Ben Webster—the annunciatory phrases, the mushrooming tone, the moonlit ballads—and built a roomy, urgent style. **MIKE LONGO'S** single-note melodic lines on piano have a Bud Powell surge, but Paul West's bass is thunderously overamplified and David Lee's drums are heavy and toneless. "What Is This Thing Called Love?," "Green Dolphin Street," "No Greater Love," "Misty," "Bye Bye Blackbird," and the blues are some of the things Edison and Davis like to play.

•

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A drum festival will get under way here on Thursday, June 30, with the George Avalov sextet. The rest of the participants are **RASHIED ALI'S** quintet, Friday, July 1; **ANDREW CYRILLE,** Saturday, July 2; **WARREN SMITH,** Sunday, July 3; **PHILLIP WILSON,** Tuesday, July 5; John Betsch, Wednesday, July 6; John Lewis, Thursday, July 7; Zahir Batin, Friday, July 8; and J. R. Mitchell, Saturday, July 9. On Mondays, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the Loud Minority, a *very* loose, spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Dinner.

Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Organic apple juice and whole-wheat jazz. Pianist Richie Beirach, bassist

SAAB

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Time for 1/4 Mile	☑	18.10 (SEC)	☐	18.19 (SEC)
Speed at 1/4 Mile	☑	75.2 (MPH)	☐	74.2 (MPH)
Handling/Performance				
Skid Pad	☑	.759 (G)	☐	.721 (G)
Double Lane Change (Time)	☑	2.36 (SEC)	☐	2.43 (SEC)
Double Lane Change (Speed)	☑	69.3 (MPH)	☐	67.3 (MPH)
Slalom 75' Spacing (Speed)	☑	45.8 (MPH)	☐	44.4 (MPH)
Braking				
60-0 Dry Brakes	☑	149.0 (FT)	☐	156.0 (FT)
30-0 Dry Brakes	☐	41.0 (FT)	☑	38.0 (FT)
60-0 Wet Brakes	☑	162.0 (FT)	☐	168.0 (FT)
30-0 Wet Brakes	☑	43.0 (FT)	☐	45.0 (FT)

American Testing Institute

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Frank Tusa, and drummer Eliot Zigmund collaborate on Thursday, June 30. Friday through Sunday, July 1-3, pianists **SUN RA** and **PAUL BLEY** will take turns as soloists. Tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN'S** quartet will come in on Friday, July 8, and Art Lande will contribute solo piano on Saturday, July 9. Performances at nine and eleven-thirty.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. Alternately bubbly and earnest singer David Summers performs Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—The delightful singer and pianist **DARDANELLE**, who sings clearly, effortlessly, and directly, will return to these quarters on Tuesday, July 5. She performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven until midnight.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine pianists and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, one-half of the Ron Carter Quartet, work together in the picture window here through Saturday, July 2; beginning Wednesday, July 6, blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** will take over for four nights. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Hard-bop-and-beyond headquarters. Trumpeter Tex Allen leads a quintet on Wednesday, June 29; Thursday through Saturday, June 30-July 2, **THE NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET**, four remarkable musicians—**ROLAND HANNA**, who coerces music out of the piano; bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**; drummer **RICHIE PRATT**, who looks like a bubblegum-chewing, manically grinning Buddha; and **FRANK WESS**, on tenor and soprano saxes, who also plays the flute, like a flutist rather than a saxophonist who doubles on flute—will take over. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Rural-blues singer and guitarist **JOHN HAMMOND** does a fine job of re-creating the mannerisms of the Robert Johnson period, grunting, stomping, and hooting his way into authenticity. Hammond alternates with Ben Sidran, a Mose Allison-inspired singer on Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30. On Wednesday and Thursday, July 6-7, Nashville legend fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS**, who looks, in his short-sleeved knit shirt, more like a professional bowler than a musician, will be onstage with his band. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Nina Sheldon, a lively singer and pianist, performs with a bassist through Saturday, July 2; Monday through Wednesday, July 4-6, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ**, one-half of the New York Jazz Quartet, will team up; and Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9, pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**, one of the house favorites, will work with bass accompaniment. On Sundays, pianist **BARRY HARRIS** takes a turn. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, who performs Coward, Gershwin, Porter, or Sondheim classics for his ardent listeners and not for disco dancers, appears in the Café Carlyle with support from his steadfast assistants, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. Closed Friday through Monday, July 1-4. . . . ¶ The Bemelmans Bar presents pianist **TEDDY WILSON**, whose work is restrained and elegant, through Saturday, July 2. Music from nine.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Local, primitive rock bands on the bandstand; local, primitive rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of T-shirts, sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome plaid Madras shirt or two. The music usually begins after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** is in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works from nine to two through Sunday, July 3.

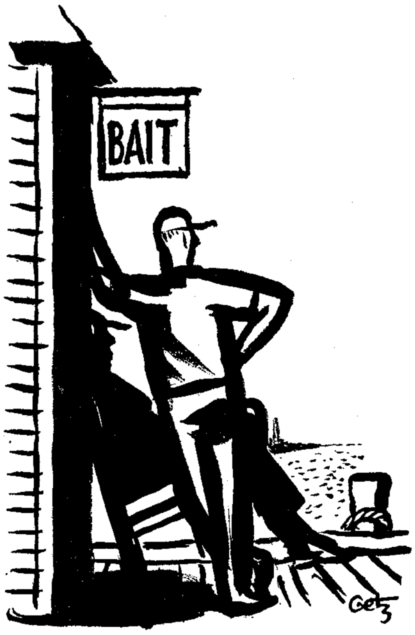
CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—Singer and pianist **DARDANELLE** is present through Saturday, July 2; on Tuesday, July 5, Hague and Hague—composer Albert Hague and his wife, Renée Orin—will come in to do standards and a few Hague tunes. Music from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is a thirty-six-year-old Polish pianist who can play more notes than Art Tatum. He cannot, though, equal Tatum's touch, which remains an unclimbed pianistic peak. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist Red Balaban. Tuesday, July 5, tenor saxophonist Bennie Waters will sit in with the regulars. Sundays, the **SCOTT HAMILTON** quartet performs from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The resident swing threesome—drummer **SONNY GREER**, clarinettist-saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, and pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** (who has temporarily replaced Brooks Kerr)—is here Wednesdays through Sundays. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG** works with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist Jamil Nasser. Music from ten to three. Sundays, the near-ubiquitous **DARDANELLE** and her bassist **ERNIE FURTADO** work here from five to ten. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Loumell Morgan, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from six to nine-thirty.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** (see above) and **EDDIE (LOCKJAW) DAVIS** and their quintet are here through Saturday, July 2. On Monday, July 4, Brazilian-born, Hollywood-matured guitarist Laurindo Almeida will begin performing classical and jazz numbers. Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven, and three times on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.



JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** upholds tradition on West 54th Street, aided by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Blues pianist **JAY MC SHANN**, one of the last of the great Kansas City band leaders, is here with a quintet—bassist **MILT HINTON**, tenor saxophonists **BUDDY TATE** and **PAUL QUINICHETTE**, and drummer **JACKIE WILLIAMS**—through Saturday, July 2. Starting Tuesday, July 5, silken cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** will take charge of a quintet. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout. Drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** will head up his youthful quintet on Friday and Saturday, July 1-2. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock, instead of folk music. Right now, though, the management is carrying on the folk tradition: Eric Andersen performs through Saturday, July 2; Tuesday through Thursday, July 5-7, Danny O'Keefe will be onstage. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads a dance septet firmly (except for the Fender bassist) rooted in the thirties—even when it plays the Watusi—and this is entirely appropriate in this setting, an Art Deco version of Disneyland, where one almost expects to see Fred and Ginger pop up from behind a table. Through Sunday, July 3. Wednesday and Thursday from seven to one, Friday and Saturday from eight to two, and Sunday from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Judith Cohen, a short, wiry, frenetic—and sometimes strident—singer and comedienne, who has a devoted following that happily approves of everything she does, no matter how outrageous, appears at ten Tuesdays and Wednesdays, and at nine and midnight Thursdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A dark but somehow cheerful big square sprawling room that, with its heavy, distressed-wood furniture and ceiling beams and youthful audiences, resembles a college dining commons. **ILLINOIS JACQUET**, a driving soloist on tenor saxophone and bassoon, leads a quintet through Saturday, July 2; on Monday, July 4, trumpeter **JOE NEWMAN**, vocalist Carrie Smith, and others will pay tribute to Louis Armstrong, who would have been seventy-seven this day; and on Tuesday, July 5, **SUN RA** and his **OUTER SPACE WORLD'S CONTINUUM ARKESTRA** will go into orbit around these premises. Music from ten to two-thirty.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Deceptively dark and sleepy-looking, and easy to pass over unless one is aware of what is going on inside. Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS** smiles, plays electric piano, and leads his vigorous twelve-piece organization; on Wednesday, June 29, guitarist Eddie Hazell works with a trio; on Friday, July 1, guitarist **JOE PUMA'S** trio will perform; and on Saturday, July 2, singer **TEDDI KING** will work with the Puma crew. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-

CRISTALLE
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FRAGRANCE

Now. A fragrance
with the freedom of cologne,
the force of perfume.
Never before have you
been able to charge yourself
with such fragrant energy.

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A BRILLIANT BURST OF NEW FRAGRANCE BY **CHANEL**

Spray 10.50, Liquid 8.50 to 25.00, Powder 8.50.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL** and his Brazilian-flavored quartet are here through Saturday, July 2; on Tuesday, July 5, bassist **CECIL MC BEE** will bring in a sextet for a five-night visit; and on Sundays and Mondays, **JOE PUMA** heads a group that plays traditional jazz. Music from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG,** play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. Downstairs, flutist Herbie Mann leads his band, the Family of Mann, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30; Friday through Sunday, July 1-3, guitarist **JOE PASS** will perform with a trio. Music from about nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—*The air quality in this* world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. Tenor saxophonist **DEXTER GORDON** winds up his return engagement here with a quintet that features trumpeter **WOODY SHAW,** on Sunday, July 3; on Tuesday, July 5, pianist **BILL EVANS** and his trio will descend the stairs. On Mondays, *another* world-famous institution, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band, blasts forth. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the *floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos.* Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The music at this Columbia University haunt is now handled by guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and his trio on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, Seleno Clarke and his R. & B. band Fridays and Saturdays, and a Dixieland group on Sundays. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty, except Mondays.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Final performances. For information about tickets to anything, *anywhere (and the concerts are taking place* in six halls, on a Staten Island ferryboat, and in Waterloo Village, N.J.), call 787-2020. Wednesday, June 29, at 8: "Solo Piano," with Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, George Shearing, and Adam Makowicz in a program dedicated to Erroll Garner. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Wednesday, June 29, at 8: The Charles Mingus quintet and friends, plus the Toshiko Akiyoshi-Lew Tabackin Big Band. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Thursday, June 30, at 2: "One World of Music: A Jazz Concert for Children of All Ages," with David Amram, Thad Jones, and others. (N.Y.U. Loeb Student Center.)...¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8: "The Musical Life of Ornette Coleman," with Don Cherry, Ornette Coleman, Billy Higgins, and Dewey Redman, plus Ornette's new group, Prime Time. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Thursday, June 30, at 8: "The Magnificent Oscar Peterson." (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Friday, July 1, at 8: "Schlitz Hosts Our Annual Party for Count Basie and His Orchestra," plus Joe Williams. (Carnegie Hall.)... ¶ Friday, July 1, at 8: Gato Barbieri, plus Matrix. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Friday, July 1, at 8: "All That Jazz—A History of Jazz on Film," with glimpses on film of Louis Armstrong, John Coltrane, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Bessie Smith, and others. (N.Y.U. Loeb Student Center.)...¶ Saturday, July 2, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30: "Schlitz Salutes Jazz on the Hudson River Boat Ride," a Staten Island ferryboat, with Wallace Davenport and his All-Star New Orleans Band, plus the Dukes of Dixieland....¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: "The New York Jazz Repertory Company Salutes Two Jazz Originals—Earl Hines and Roy Eldridge," with Earl Hines, Anita O'Day, Doc Cheatham, Bobby Rosengarden, Bob Wilber, and others. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: "Schlitz Salutes the Drum Leaders," with the Max Roach quartet, the Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble, and Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: The new Dave Brubeck Quartet, *plus the Jimmy Giuffre trio.* (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. Exit 25 from Route 80.)...¶ Saturday, July 2, at midnight: George Duke and Don Ellis's orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Sunday, July 3, at noon: "The New Jersey Jazz Society Hosts a Jazz Picnic at Waterloo Village," with Jim Andrews, Ruby Braff, Kenny Davern, Vic Dickenson, George Duvivier, Harry (Sweets) Edison, Bob Haggart, Al Hall, Herb Hall, Milt Hinton, Connie Kay, Michael Moore, Bucky Pizzarelli, Ed Polcer, Red Richards, Bobby Rosengarden, Zoot Sims, Buddy Tate, Warren Vaché, Jr., Joe Venuti, Earle Warren, Dick Wellstood, Bob Wilber, Teddy Wilson, and others....¶ Sunday, July 3, at 7: Herbie Hancock, with Ron Carter, Freddie Hubbard, Tony Williams, and Wayne Shorter, plus the John Klemmer Group. (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Sunday, July 3, at 8: Nina Simone, with Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonia Ensemble. (Carnegie Hall.)...¶ Sunday, July 3, at midnight: "Herbie Hancock V.S.O.P." (Avery Fisher Hall.)...¶ Monday, July 4, at noon: "Blues in the Country. A Blues Picnic in the Afternoon and Early Evening at Waterloo Village," with the Muddy Waters Blues Band, Lloyd Glenn, Louisiana Red, Odetta, Sammy Price, Scarlet Rivera, Carrie Smith, Sweet Papa Stovepipe, John Mayall, and Clarence (Gatemouth) Brown....¶ Monday, July 4, at 9: "The Festival Farewell Dance," with Count Basie and his orchestra, Sy Oliver and his orchestra, Barney Bigard, Arnett Cobb, Jo Jones, Mama Lu Parks, and the Lindy Hoppers. (Roseland Ballroom.) Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

LOFT JAZZ—New music and new jazz in Spartan surroundings. Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (473-9936). Wednesday, June 29: Jimmy Lyons and Barry Altschul....¶ Thursday, June 30: Oliver Lake and David Murray....¶ Friday, July 1: Dewey Redman....¶ Saturday, July 2: Sam Rivers....¶ Sunday, July 3: Arthur Blythe and Ahmed Abdullah....¶ Monday, July 4: Sam Rivers. (Performances at 9.)... Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St., near Broadway. (677-9728). Wednesday, June 29: Sunny Murray, at 3; Jerome Cooper, at 8; Oliver Lake, at midnight....¶ Thursday, June 30: Chico Freeman, at 3; Dick Griffin, at 8; Hakim Jami, at midnight....¶ Friday, July 1: Arthur Blythe, at 3; Joe Lee Wilson, at 8; Olu Dara, at midnight....¶ Saturday, July 2: Monty Waters, at 3; Joe Lee Wilson, at 8; David Murray and Stanley Crouch, at midnight....¶ Sunday, July 3: Spirit of Life Ensemble, at 3; Taksim, at 8; Brian Smith, at midnight.... Environ, 476 Broadway, near Canal St. (226-7408). Wednesday, June 29, at 8:30: Amaury Tristão....¶ Friday, July 1, at 8:30: Sandy Nassan....¶ Saturday, July 2: Marion Brown, at 8:30; Interface, at midnight.

FLEETWOOD MAC—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, June 29-30, at 8.

PINK FLOYD—Madison Square Garden. Friday through Monday, July 1-4, at 8.

EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER—Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, July 7-9, at 8.

NOTE—The last in a series of film programs documenting the times and styles of various celebrated jazz musicians presented by the New York Jazz Museum, will be "Jazz in the Recording Studio"—Maynard Ferguson, Coleman Hawkins, Peggy Lee, Dave Lambert Singers, Jimmy Giuffre, Miles Davis, John Coltrane, Betty Carter, others. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Wednesday, June 29, at 7:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Friday from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Monday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Sixty prints that constitute the artist's complete work in drypoint, lithography, and woodcut. Through July 27. (Pratt Graphics Center, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.)

EVA HESSE (1936-70)—Works done during the last few years of her life, showing how she broke away from the conventions of flat abstract painting, and from color itself, and entered her own realm of latex drapery, festoons of electrical wire, fibre-glass webs, and tangles of raw hemp. Through July 15. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

MICHIO IHARA—Abstract geometric sculptures made of thin, silvery rods welded together into airy towers. Through July 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

WILLIAM KING—Two of this sculptor's towering, spindly figures (they're cut from half-inch aluminum plate, and the taller one is fourteen feet high) engaged in some all-consuming tennis match, plus maquettes and cut-out Mylar collages, also devoted to tennis. Through Friday, July 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Twenty-six drawings and watercolors executed during the last decade of his life, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through July 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

ELIZABETH OSBORNE—Large watercolors in delicate, *almost fragile tones, depicting tabletop* still-lifes and boudoir nudes bathed in shimmery light. Through Friday, July 1. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five-feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

VINCENT SMITH—Oils, drawings, and prints by an artist who specializes in African subjects, using tribal emblems, not to mention sand and gravel....¶ "Vandalism," a twenty-five minute videotaped documentary shown here daily, 11 to 5, is a sobering catalogue of the senseless damage wreaked upon the city, especially upon its outdoor monuments and sculptures. Through July 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHYLLIS YAMPOLSKY—Vermont landscapes painted in a stylized manner and in flat colors, giving the works a stencilled quality. Through July 15. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

AMERICAN COLLAGE—Selected examples of twentieth-century works by such collage stalwarts as Dove, Cornell, Motherwell, and Ryan, plus a scattering of relative newcomers to the genre, like Tad Miyashita and Arthur Gibbons, who are right at home in this august company. Through Friday, July 1. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by four young realists—Arne Besser, who depicts streetwalkers; Rebecca Davenport, who does unblinking portraits of her friends (and herself); Barkley Hendricks, who does stylish figures of young black Mods; and Mark Rendleman, who portrays rocks, from pebbles to boulders. Through Friday, July 1.... **ALONZO,** 30 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by John Day, who paints mysteriously lighted architecture; William Clutz, who does pastels of New York scenes; Legh Myers, who carves complicated abstractions from single pieces of marble; and others. Through July 28.... **CATHEDRAL MUSEUM OF RELIGIOUS ART,** Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St.: Anna Walinska has nineteen paintings dating from the fifties and sixties. Also on view are paintings by Robert Buecker and sculptures by Dorothy Dehner and Lily Ente. Through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)... **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art. Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **GREY ART GALLERY OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY,** Washington Place, just east of Washington Square: Works on paper by such artists as Baskin, Dove, Martin, and

Miró. Through Aug. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)... **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: Works by half a dozen artists, among them Robert Henry, who paints lively, Japanese-looking landscapes in oil on canvas; Barbara Rothenberg, who makes bright-colored collages; and Gwen Fabricant, who paints abstract patterns of everyday objects—bits of china, small vases, flowers, and gnawed bones. Through Friday, July 1.... **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: The current selection includes works by Yrjö Edelmann, a Finnish artist who makes paper sculptures (people, landscapes) and uses them as models for his paintings; Robert Natkin, who superimposes abstract forms on a gingham-like background; and Henry Moore, who is represented by a 1950 watercolor that is crowded with sculptural ideas. Through July 29.... **HUNDRED ACRES**, 456 West Broadway: Small-scale works in a variety of mediums (ceramics, paintings, photography, for instance) by eight artists. Through July 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Gifford Beal, Marsden Hartley, Jerome Myers, and other early-twentieth-century American painters. Through July 15. ... **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Large acrylic works that resemble topographical survey maps, by Frank Roth; geometric areas of dull color with brilliant coronas around the edges, by Tino Zago; a neat, shaped canvas painted in pastel colors, by Ed Meneeley; large color-field works, by Theodoros Stamos; and a massive, sprawling construction of heavy wooden beams, by Oded Halahmy. Through July 29. ... **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary art scene is the common subject of this group of cartoons and magazine covers by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 29.... **RENÉ**, 6 W. 57th St.: Chryssa, Tony Rosenthal, Robert Indiana, and other artists showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through July 29.... **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: About eighty nineteenth-century French paintings (all of them predating Impressionism). Through July 15. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) ... **UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE**, 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Taking advantage of a new law making federal buildings accessible to cultural exhibits, forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract, except for an oil called "Municipal Building," by Johan Sellenraad, which seems to reflect its present surroundings, and three large wooden crablike sculptures by Pedro Lujan. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.)... **WASHBURN**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings of nineteenth-century summer retreats—in the Catskills, Massachusetts, Newport, the White Mountains—by such artists as John William Hill and his son John Henry Hill, William Stanley Haseltine, and James Augustus Suydam. Through July 22.... ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)... **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St. (Closed Mondays.)... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.... **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.... **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St. (Opens at noon.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.... **PEARL**, 29 W. 57th St.... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

NEW TALENT SHOWS—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: Crazyquilt patterns done in acrylics on unstretched canvas by Jerry Clapsaddle; diagonal stripes of agate-like color in oil on linen by Samia Halaby; sombre, solid-color oils with a sort of ribbed texture, done with a brush, by Warren Rohrer; and neatly ruled areas, reminiscent of Diebenkorn, by Arlyne Bayer. Through Friday, July 1.... **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St.: Among those with works on view are Diane Burko, who paints spectacular snow-clad mountain ranges; James Jenkins, who makes eerie, other-worldly landscapes and figures of various materials, paints them with Day-Glo, and encloses them in lighted boxes; Todd Slaughter, who turns out small bronze sculptures, partly abstract and partly realistic; and Jerrald Balance, who paints oddly lighted abstract landscapes in oil on Plexiglas. Through Saturday, July 9. (Closed Mondays.)... **TRUMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: Included are works by Tom Williams, who somehow makes appealing objects of tin cans and nails; Sonya Rapoport, who adds her own color to a computer printout that melds archeological data and American Indian designs (an experiment that, it is hoped, will explain Indian pottery designs); Stephen Larese, whose neat paper boxes unfold like abstract flowers; and Marc Boone, who gave up on the trumpet and is now trying to depict in paint the notes he used to blow. Through Aug. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

SCULPTURE—A show of plans for outdoor sculptures, including Anne Healy's model for a hundred-foot tower of open scaffolding with colored panels set into it, like floors, at various levels, to be built next year for a Detroit hospital; a sort of web, made of two-inch white tape and occupying one whole end of the gallery, by Athena Tacha; and photographs of earth works by Mary Miss and Lloyd Hamrol. Through July 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

WILLARD VAN DYKE—Prints made between 1930 and 1937 by a founding member of the f/64 Group, who went on to discover his true métier in films. Through July 16. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD WESTON (1886-1958) / **GEORGE N. BARNARD** (1819-1902)—More than fifty vintage prints. / Photographs of the Civil War, including several of Atlanta after Sherman's troops burned it nearly to the ground. Through Sept. 24. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

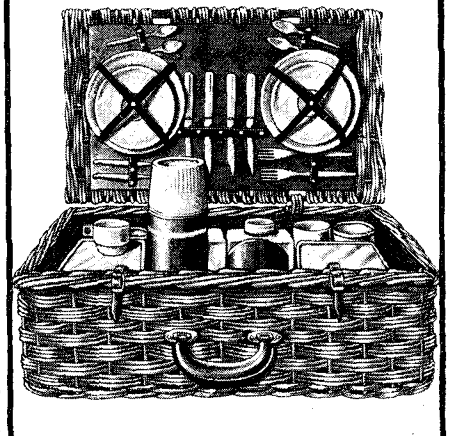
GROUP SHOWS—At the **CASTELLI UPTOWN**, 4 E. 77th St.: Color photographs and graphics by, among others, Neal Slavin, Eve Sonneman, and David Hockney. Through Friday, July 8. (Closed Mondays.)... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Contemporary amateur and professional sporting events photographed by Walter Iooss, Jr., Neil Leifer, John Zimmerman, and others.... ¶ A retrospective of prints by Josef Sudek (1896-1976), including scenes of his native Czechoslovakia. Both shows through Sunday, July 3.... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.... **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS**, 114 Prince St.: An exhibit of works by eighteen photographers, all of them recipients of public-service grants. The group includes Lisette Model and Garry Winogrand. Through July 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Verrocchio's bronze "Putto with a Dolphin," originally conceived as a fountain figure, can be seen in the central court of the Lehman Pavilion through Sunday, July 3.... ¶ "Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sept. 4.... ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4.... ¶ Paintings and graphics by Childe Hassam. Through Sept. 11.... ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Theo Westenberger, Lydia Hammond, and Coreen Simpson. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Sept. 6.... ¶ Recently acquired works in a broad range of styles by Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Roth-

out
to
lunch



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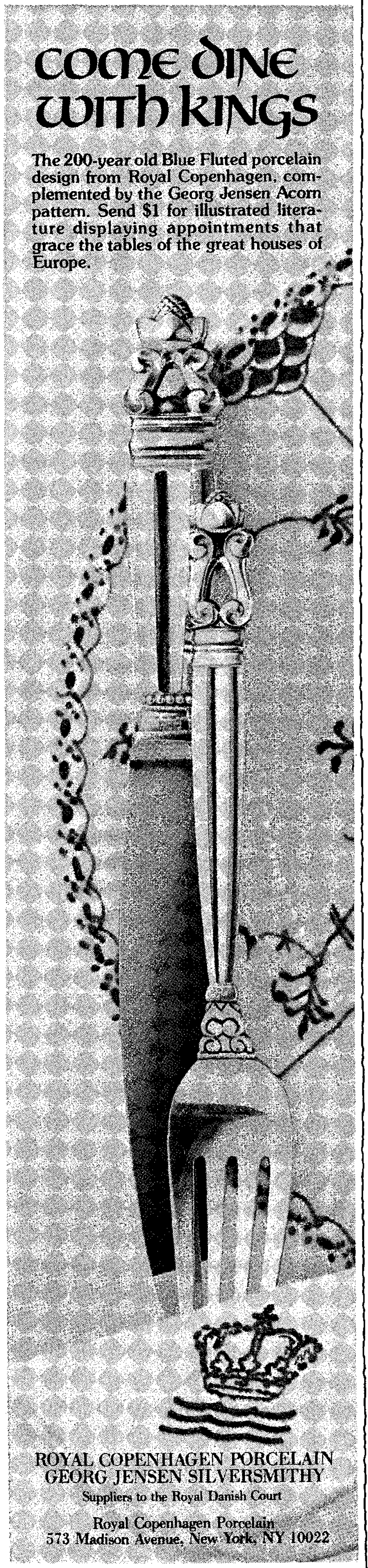

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

enberg, and others. Through Aug. 16.... ¶ Nineteen portraits, many of renowned men, as drawn by Gauguin, James Wyeth, Giacometti, Rivers, and others. Through July 17. ... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of classical and popular music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of sixty-seven Paul Klee works executed between 1895 and 1940. Through Sept. 5. A complementary exhibit is at the Serge Sabarsky Gallery, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.... ¶ The paintings and sculptures of forty modern European artists in a show that observes the museum's fortieth year. Starts Friday, July 1. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Richard Diebenkorn, tracing his development from youthful eclecticism to total abstraction, back out into semi-figurative works, and finally into total abstraction again, as he explores a distinctive, personal landscape of his own. Through July 17.... ¶ The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Starts Thursday, June 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Through June 30, from 11 to 6. Thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with free admission Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by leading Pop artists—Dine, Oldenburg, Warhol, and others—together with works from the fifties that prefigured Pop Art. Through Aug. 15. (Open Mondays, except July 4, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Two Centuries of Black American Art" includes paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, crafts, and decorative objects, dating from 1750 to 1950, by such artists as Joshua Johnston, Horace Pippin, Palmer Hayden, Alma Thomas, and Romare Bearden. Through Sept. 5. ... ¶ A show of prints in which a single theme is elaborated into a series. There are twelve artists, including Brice Marden, Sol LeWitt, Alice Martin, and Sylvia Mangold. Through July 10. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, July 4. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, July 4, from 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of *no* woven silk robes and carved masks that were used in theatrical performances dating back to the seventeenth century. The hundred and forty-five pieces that comprise the collection are being divided into three sections, with each section on view for a two-week period. The second group, now on view, will be shown through Saturday, July 2. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts.... ¶ A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions.... ¶ Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur") printed by William Caxton. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Through July 30.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A small display of some of the paper cutout toy theatres published in England between 1811 and 1890. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily except Tuesday, July 5. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Monday, July 4, from 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 2, at 7: Gordon Lightfoot.... ¶ Tuesday, July 5, at 7: Dan Fogelberg and Fools Gold.... ¶ Opening performances of the regular season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 28—Friday, July 8, at 7: An all-Bach program performed by Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Jules Eskin, cello; and John Gibbons, harpsichord.... Friday, July 8, at 9: Leonard Bernstein directing the Boston Symphony in a Bach-Haydn program, with Benita Valente, soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, mezzo-soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; John Cheek, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus.... Saturday, July 9, at 8:30, and Sunday, July 10, at 2:30: Pinchas Zukerman conducting two all-Bach programs and acting as soloist. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, July 2, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Mozart-Chopin program, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 3, at 5:30: A recital by the Guarneri Quartet.... ¶ Friday, July 8, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a program entitled "Vienna—Waltzes and Other Pleasures," with Mary Costa, soprano.... ¶ Saturday, July 9, at 8:30: Brian Priestman conducting a program called "Baroque with a Dash of Stravinsky," with Paula Robison, flute.... ¶ Sunday, July 10, at 5:30: A recital by the Cantilena Chamber Players, with Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays and Friday, July 8, buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Thursday evening, June 30: The Captain and Tennille. ... ¶ Friday evening, July 1: Gordon Lightfoot.... ¶ Saturday evening, July 2: Tony Bennett and the Woody Herman orchestra. ... ¶ Opening performances (tentative schedule) by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET** of a four-week season that ends Saturday, July 30. Tuesday evening, July 5: "Stars and Stripes" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Wednesday evening, July 6: "Chaconne," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Thursday matinée, July 7: "Fanfare" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Thursday evening, July 7: "Coppélia."... ¶ Friday evening, July 8: "Chaconne" and "Union Jack."... ¶ Saturday matinée, July 9: "Coppélia."...¶ Saturday evening, July 9: "Four Temperaments," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Stars and Stripes." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will open with a program by eight soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesday, July 5, at 7:30; Wednesday, July 6, at 8:40; Thursday, July 7, at 3; Friday, July 8, at 8:40; and Saturday, July 9, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Thursday and Friday, June 30-July 1, at 8: London Contemporary Dance Theatre....¶ Saturday, July 2, at 8: Daniel Nagrin in a performance of his full-evening solo dance piece, "Ruminations."...¶ Sunday, July 3, at 5:30: Daniel Nagrin in the première of his work-in-progress, "The Fall," a solo theatre piece.... ¶ Wednesday, July 6, at 8: Beverly Brown Dancensemble....¶ Friday and Saturday, July 8-9, at 8: Maria Benitez' Estampa Flamenca....¶ Sunday, July 10, at 5:30: Lakshmi. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, June 29, at 8:05.... ¶ Montreal, Friday, July 8, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 9, at 4:05....YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Friday, July 1, at 8; Saturday, July 2, at 2; and Sunday, July 3, at 1 (doubleheader)....¶ Cleveland, Monday through Thursday, July 4-7, at 8.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Tidal Handicap, Wednesday, June 29; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, July 2; the Suburban Handicap, Monday, July 4; and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Tuesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Monday, July 4, between 11 and 1:15.)...MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Monday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Monday, July 4, at 12:05.)...ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Sunrise Handicap, Saturday, July 9....BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 23.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. San José. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Wednesday, July 6, at 7:05. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 13....HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Monday through Friday, July 4-8, at 1:30....SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Monday, July 4, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 19. ...MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

The Glorious Fourth—Herewith a listing of some of the events (mostly nautical) in store: SATURDAY, JULY 2: Six passenger liners will move down the Hudson River in formation beginning at 4:30 P.M., from their midtown piers....SUNDAY, JULY 3: At 10 A.M., twenty cabin cruisers, decorated as parade floats by Shriners here for their annual get-together, will assemble under the Brooklyn Bridge and head down the East River, passing in review before Mayor Beame on the square-rigged ship Peking, docked at the South Street Seaport....¶ A flotilla of sailboats (more than fifty schooners, sloops, brigantines, and clippers, and a lone Chinese junk) will pass under the Triborough Bridge about eleven and travel down the East River into New York Harbor. ...MONDAY, JULY 4: A regatta of two hundred Sunfish will begin racing at 11 A.M. from a point between Ellis and Liberty Islands, proceeding up the Hudson for about five miles and then returning to a finish line off Ellis Island....¶ From noon to six, a festival will be held between Wall Street and the Battery involving dancing in the streets (by a dozen ethnic groups), marching bands, pageantry, and so on....¶ Macy's will sponsor a fireworks display at 9:15 P.M., from barges on the Hudson River between 85th Street and 105th Street.

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of a revived production of the Brecht-Weill THE THREEPENNY OPERA. Philip Bosco is the dreaded Captain Macheath, and Ellen Greene is his faithful, traitorous Jenny. The first of two Beaumont Theatre productions being presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 24. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8; through Sunday, July 31.)

Central Park Mall—A concert by the Empire Brass Quintet. (Sunday, July 3, at 5.)... ¶ Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of "La Traviata." The first in a series of four productions. (Thursday, July 7, at 7:30; rain date Tuesday, July 12.)

Wollman Rink—Opening performances in the Dr. Pepper Central Park Music Festival, running through Saturday, Aug. 27. Wednesday, July 6, at 7: Manhattan Transfer and the Stan Rubin Big Band....¶ Friday, July 8, at 6:30: John Sebastian....¶ Saturday, July 9, at 6:30: Dan Fogelberg and Fools Gold. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of FINIAN'S RAINBOW, with Beth Fowler. Opens Thursday, June 30. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, July 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, July 10 (day). Chicago, July 12-13 (night) and July 14 (d). Pittsburgh, July 15 (twi-night doubleheader), July 16 (at 4:05), and July 17 (day doubleheader). San Diego, July 29 (n), July 30 (at 4:05), and July 31 (d). Los Angeles, Aug. 1-2 (n) and Aug. 3 (d). San Francisco, Aug. 5-6 (n) and Aug. 7 (d). St. Louis, Aug. 8-9 (n) and Aug. 10 (d)....YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, July 21 (twi-night doubleheader), July 22 (night), and July 23 (day). Kansas City, July 24 (d) and July 25 (n). Baltimore, July 26-27 (n) and July 28 (d). Oakland, Aug. 10 (n).

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J.: Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Aug. 5....¶ Giants vs. New England Patriots, Aug. 6.

Horse Show—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland, Aug. 2-8.)

Racing—At Saratoga: Aug. 1-27.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J.: Cosmos vs. Portland, July 17....¶ Cosmos vs. Washington, July 27....¶ Cosmos vs. Connecticut, July 31.

Tennis—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 31-Aug. 8.)

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Starting July 16.)...¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont, July 16-23.) ...¶ Australia, France, and Sweden in the first of three elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Aug. 4.)

Music—Mostly Mozart Festival, at Avery Fisher Hall (TR 4-2424), July 18-Aug. 27.... ¶ New York Philharmonic in Central Park, Aug. 2, 9, and 16....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 10-27.

Dance—National Ballet of Canada, at the Metropolitan Opera House, July 12-23.

Dive right in. Into a long terry robe that just thirsts for the après swim, après shower life. This one zips up the front, draws to a close with contrasting color. In white cotton and polyester terry with blue or cocoa trim. Petite, small, medium or large, $38. Robe Collections.

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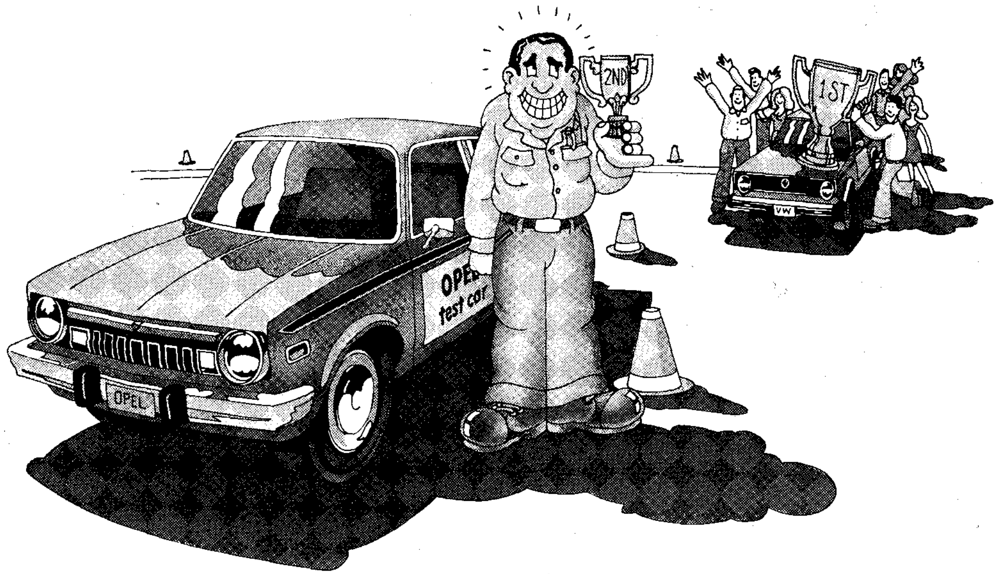
Opel makes news.



The results of the Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown are in!

Opel finishes...uh...2nd.

A lot of car makers compare their car to other cars.

We compare our car *with* other cars.

In a daring, fender-to-fender competition called The Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown. In it, we pitted our Opel against four better known competitors in point-by-point, side-by-side, independently supervised tests of acceleration, cornering flatness, parking-lot maneuverability, pulling power, gradability, and a few other areas. In short, some of the things you'd like to know when you go out to shop for a car.

It was a bold move. After all, what if we didn't win?

Well, to make a long story short—we didn't. When all the tests were completed and all the figures tallied up, Opel finished second, right behind VW Rabbit. You can imagine how thrilled we were. But look at it this way: in order to finish second overall, we had to beat Toyota Corolla, Datsun B-210, and Subaru DL in a number of instances. (And in some areas, we beat VW, too, as you'll see.)

Which is a victory. And not just a moral one.

You see, we know Opel is a little dynamo of a car. But apparently no one else did. Because it seemed that whenever anyone went out looking for a practical little import, they looked real hard at the other cars in the Showdown. But hardly ever at ours.

So we wanted to show that Opel could hold its own against its famous competitors. That it should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop.

In other words, we were confident Opel was good enough to take on this competition.

Opel announces 4-doors.

Then we went one step further. And made Opel good enough to take on your family. By offering you our new, just-introduced-in-this-country Opel 4-door Sedan.

After all, if you've got a family (or maybe some friends you like taking along on spirited spins around the countryside), you need to carefully examine a car's ins and outs. So we gave you two more.

Easy come. Easy go.

Final Test Results (Showdown Point Summary)	VW Rabbit	Buick Opel	Toyota Corolla	Subaru DL	Dats B-21
Interior Noise	5	5	5	5	5
EPA Interior Room Estimates	5	3	4	2	1
EPA Trunk Capacity Estimates	5	3	2	4	1
Pulling Power (30mph 3rd gear) (55mph 4th gear)	3	5	4	2	1
Parking Lot Maneuverability	3	5	4	2	1
EPA Mileage Estimates	3	2	4	4	5
Estimated Range	2	3	5	5	4
Maintenance Stops* (Recommended)	5	3	4	2	4
Acceleration (0-55mph, 20-35mph) (30-70mph)	5	4	3	2	1
Gradability*** (30mph 3rd gear) (55mph 4th gear)	5	4	3	3	2
Cornering Flatness**	4	5	3	4	5
Steering Quickness	5	5	5	4	5
Grand Total	50	47	46	39	35

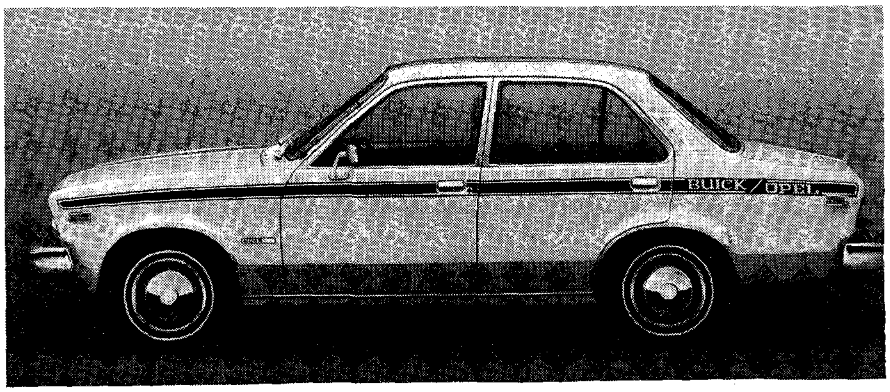
*The less frequent the number of visits over 37,500 miles normal driving, the *higher the score. The number* and type inspections, adjustments and replacements would vary by visi

**Based upon opinion that less lean is preferable to more lear

***Includes vehicle weight.

In California, Opel placed second on an overall basis. Individu test results vary from those shown above.

See your Buick Opel dealer for complete details.

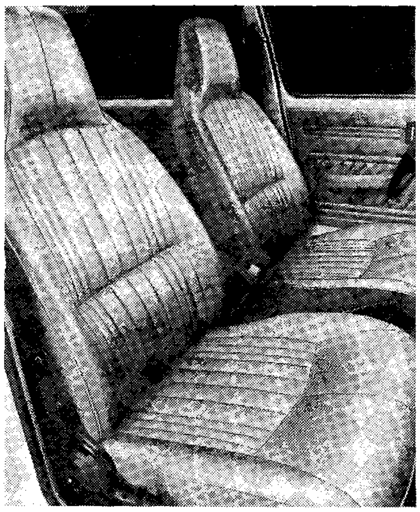


Opel makes sense.

fou can learn a lot rom a test drive.

Or even a test-sit.

That will let you experience our ody-contoured vinyl seats. Seats tai-red for comfort and good lateral pport. With seatbacks that adjust.



It'll show you—in one quick glance—ow easy it is to read Opel's well ought-out instrument panel, and each Opel's well-placed controls.

And it will reveal (most abundantly) pel's thick, standard pile carpeting ne more way this small car lives up its Buick name). Perhaps even startle ou with an amazing sight in small cars ese days: a real glove compartment . . . at locks.

What you will most certainly notice rst, though—if you happen to be sitting the driver's seat of an Opel Deluxe oupe—is that you're not just looking t a bunch of warning lights. But gauges. tachometer right next to the speed-meter. An oil-pressure gauge. An mmeter. An electric clock with a econd hand. All standard. To let the nthusiast in you keep a close eye on e kind of response you're getting from at gutsy 1.8 litre dynamo under the ood.

But to really feel how Opel goes on e road, you should really feel it. n the road.

And, oh, what a feeling.

Opel performs.

Indeed it does. As the 5-Car Showdown will testify. First of all, in tests of cornering flatness and steering quickness, none of the competitors out-ran Opel. And in tests of acceleration and gradability, only the VW Rabbit (a car much-ballyhooed for its fuel-injected engine) was able to nose out our Opel for top honors.

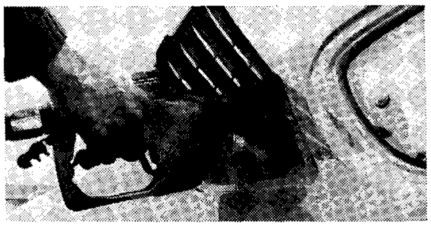
Opel's strong showing in these areas isn't surprising when you consider its own accoutrements. Like the dynamic overhead-cam, 4-cylinder hemi engine. Four-coil-spring-suspension. Front stabilizer bar. Rear track bar. Floor-mounted, full-synchronized, short-throw, 4-speed manual transmission (with 5-speed and automatic available). Rack-and-pinion steering. And lots more.

Nevertheless, it still may surprise you. But then, up to this point, maybe you haven't considered Opel.

Maybe you should.

More than just mileage: range.

When you do consider Opel, you'll find it quite considerate of you. With EPA mileage estimates of 36 mpg on the highway and 23 mpg in the city. (The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. Estimates lower in California.) But don't stop there.



You won't have to. Because with Opel's 13.7-gallon gas tank (largest of any of the cars in the Showdown, by the way), it's estimated range is about 350 miles.

(By the way, this range estimate is a function of both gas tank capacity and miles per gallon, and is based on multiplying the EPA combined estimate, which is 27 mpg, by gas tank capacity. Actual range may vary.)

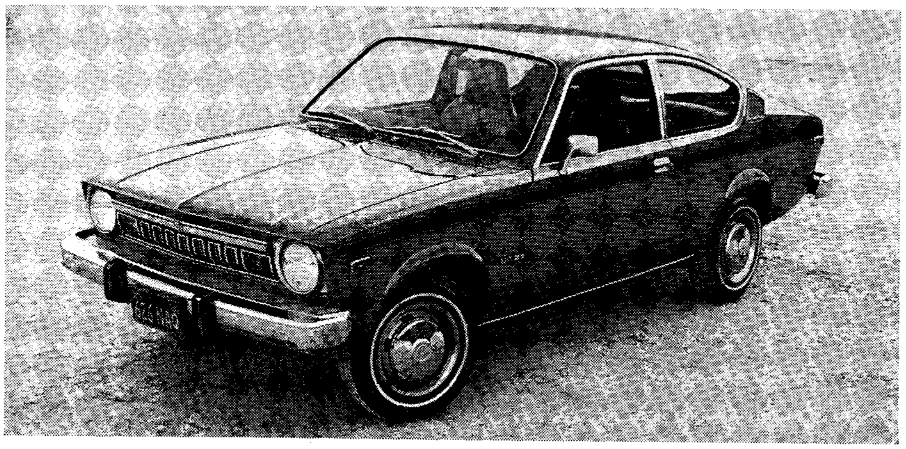
The best news of all.

If by now our intrepid little Opel is beginning to sound like an intriguing proposition, let us suggest you hurry to your Buick Opel dealer for further consultation.

Not only will he give you a brochure with complete details on the 5-Car Showdown, he'll be happy to provide you with one of those revealing test-drives we mentioned.

And, of course, he'll show you how very affordable Opel is to buy.

Come on, now. Any car with this much going for it is at least worth considering, isn't it?



BUICK OPEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
June 29: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism."
June 30: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
July 1: "Trash."
July 2: "The Man Who Fell to Earth."
July 3: "The Hellstrom Chronicle."
July 4: "Elvira Madigan."
July 5: "State of Siege."
From July 6: To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 5: "Fun with Dick and Jane" and "The Front."
From July 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Annie Hall."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Rollercoaster."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 7 (tentative): "The Deep."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"We All Loved Each Other So Much."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"New York, New York."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through July 7 (tentative): "Annie Hall."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Cría!"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through July 7 (tentative): "Pardon Mon Affaire."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through July 7 (tentative): "The Other Side of Midnight."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Conversation Piece."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Exorcist II: The Heretic."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Exorcist II: The Heretic."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Deep."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 5: "Fun with Dick and Jane."
From July 6: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Annie Hall."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Sorcerer."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Rollercoaster."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through July 5: "3 Women."
From July 6: "The Rescuers."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 5: "Empire of the Ants" and "The Food of the Gods."
From July 6: "The People That Time Forgot" and "At the Earth's Core."

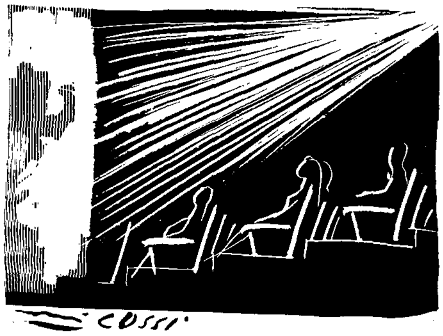
WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through July 7 (tentative): "Between the Lines."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
June 29: "Alice in the Cities."
June 30-July 2: "The Other Francisco."
July 3-5: "Memories of Underdevelopment."
From July 6: "Viva la Republica!"

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Exorcist II: The Heretic."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Annie Hall."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "3 Women."
Theatre 2: Through July 5: "Fellini's Casanova." From July 6: "The Rescuers."
Theatre 3: "High Street."
Theatre 4: "Wizards" and "Phantom of the Paradise."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"For the Love of Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"MacArthur."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 7 (tentative): "New York, New York."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 5: "Fun with Dick and Jane" and "The Front."
From July 6: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through July 7 (tentative): "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Cría!"

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
June 29: "Thieves Like Us."
June 30: "California Split."
July 1-4: "Nashville."
July 5: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians."
From July 6: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"3 Women."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Exorcist II: The Heretic."
Theatre 2: "The Deep."
Theatre 3: "The Deep."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 7 (tentative): "Effi Briest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"Annie Hall" and "Take the Money and Run."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through June 30: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Touch" (1971), directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Elliott Gould, Bibi Andersson, and Max von Sydow.
July 1-2: "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider; and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.
July 3-4: "Take the Money and Run" (†) and "Play It Again, Sam." (†)
July 5: "Sherlock Jr." (1924), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton; and "The Freshman" (1925), directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd.
July 6-7: "A King in New York" (†) and "The Front." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 29: "Never on Sunday" (1960), in English and Greek, directed by Jules Dassin, with Melina Mercouri and Mr. Dassin; and "Phaedra" (1962), directed by Jules Dassin, with Melina Mercouri and Anthony Perkins.
June 30: "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "El" (1955; "This Strange Passion"), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Arturo de Cordova.
July 1: "Conduct Unbecoming" (†) and "The Man Who Would Be King." (†)
July 2: "Duck Soup" (1933) and "The Cocoanuts" (1929), both with the Marx Brothers.
July 3: "It's a Wonderful Life" (1946), directed by Frank Capra, with James Stewart, Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore, and Thomas Mitchell; and "Topper." (†)
July 4: "Patton" (1970), directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with George C. Scott.
July 5: "Midnight" (†) and "The Major and the Minor." (†)
July 6: "Shame" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "The Passion of Anna" (1970), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson.
July 7: "The Kid" (†) and "Three's a Crowd." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through June 30: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" (1976), directed by Herbert Ross, with Alan Arkin, Nicol Williamson, Vanessa Redgrave, Laurence Olivier, Robert Duvall, and Joel Grey; and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939), the first of the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock *Holmes-Dr. Watson series.*
July 1-2: "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary; and "Janis." (†)
July 3-4: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950), directed by Billy Wilder, with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and "Heat" (1972), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro.
July 5: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
July 6-7: "Yessongs" (†) and "Zachariah." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through July 2: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Mr. Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "Gigi" (1958), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Louis Jourdan.
July 3-5: "Mata Hari" (†) and "Red Dust." (†)
From July 6: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (†); and "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, and Ray Bolger.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through July 5: "Three Sisters" (1965), a filmed version of the Actors Studio production, directed by Lee Strasberg, with Sandy Dennis, Kim Stanley, Geraldine Page, Robert Loggia, Kevin McCarthy, and Shelley Winters.
From July 6: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 30: "No Man of Her Own" (1932), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with

Carole Lombard and Clark Gable; and "Hands Across the Table" (1935), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, and Ralph Bellamy.

July 1-2: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat.

July 3-4: "Life with Father" (†) and "Unfinished Business." (†)

July 5-6: "The Goddess" (†); and "Platinum Blonde" (1931), directed by Frank Capra, with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes.

July 7: "Catherine the Great" (†) and "The Private Life of Don Juan." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 30 at 2:30: "The Heart of Humanity" (1919), directed by Allen Holubar, with Dorothy Phillips and Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ June 30 at 6: "The Field of Honor" (1917), directed by Allen Holubar, with Louise Lovely. . . . ¶ June 30 at 8:30: "All Night" (1918), directed by Paul Powell, with Rudolph Valentino. . . . ¶ July 1 at 2:30: "The Conflict" (1921), directed by Stuart Paton, with Priscilla Dean; Czech inter-titles, a Czech print of the film being the only surviving one available. . . . ¶ July 1 at 6: "Ambassador Bill" (1931), directed by Sam Taylor, with Will Rogers and Greta Nissen. . . . ¶ July 2 at noon: "The Battle at Apache Pass" (1952), directed by George Sherman, with John Lund, Jeff Chandler, and Susan Cabot. . . . ¶ July 2 at 2:30: "Blind Husbands" (1919), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Francilla Billington, Sam de Grasse, and Mr. von Stroheim. . . . ¶ July 2 at 5: "Foolish Wives" (1922), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Mae Busch and Mr. von Stroheim. . . . ¶ July 3 at noon: "Great Expectations" (1934), directed by Stuart Walker, with Henry Hull, Jane Wyatt, and Alan Hale. . . . ¶ July 3 at 2:30: "Merry-Go-Round" (1923), directed by Erich von Stroheim and Rupert Julian, with Norman Kerry and Mary Philbin. . . . ¶ July 3 at 5: "Applause" (1929), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Helen Morgan. . . . ¶ July 4 at noon: "Circus" (1969-70), directed by Don Gyatt, narrated by Emmett Kelly. . . . ¶ July 4 at 2:30: "'49-'17" (1917), directed by Ruth Ann Baldwin, with Jean Hersholt. . . . ¶ July 4 at 6: "All Night." . . . ¶ July 5 at noon: "Circus." . . . ¶ July 5 at 2:30: "While Paris Sleeps" (1932), directed by Allan Dwan, with Victor McLaglen and Helen Mack. . . . ¶ July 5 at 6: "The Heart of Humanity." . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30: "Outside the Law" (1930), directed by Tod Browning, with Mary Nolan, Edward G. Robinson, and Owen Moore; and "The Iron Man" (1931), directed by Tod Browning, with Lew Ayres and Jean Harlow. . . . ¶ July 7 at 6: "White Tiger" (1923), directed by Tod Browning, with Priscilla Dean, Matt Moore, and Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ July 7 at 8:30: "The Man Under Cover" (1922), directed by Tod Browning, with Herbert Rawlinson, Czech inter-titles; and "The Iron Man." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice in the Cities (1974)—With Rudiger Vogeler, directed by Wim Wenders. In German. (Renoir Cinema; June 29.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Gramercy, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Olympia. . . . ¶ Fine Arts; through July 7, tentative.)

At the Earth's Core—With Doug McClure, Peter Cushing, and Caroline Munro; directed by Kevin Connor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting July 6.)

Between the Lines—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a slimy climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. (5/9/77) (Waverly; through July 7, tentative.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

A Bridge Too Far—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money; it was not to honor star reputation and gore that Arnhem was endured, but this film makes heroes of celebrities and bloodshed. (6/20/77) (Eastside Cinema, Columbia I, Columbia II, and U.A. East.)

Buffalo Bill and the Indians (1976)—A Robert Altman film, drawn from Arthur Kopit's play about frontier legend and how it is fed, perhaps, by wish. The setting is a Wild West Show. Buffalo Bill is played by Paul Newman, with age lines of makeup and a wig of long, fair hair; Sitting Bull (Frank Kaquitts) is a totemistic figure, almost mute throughout; Annie Oakley is played by Geraldine Chaplin. Everything that Altman photographs is about stage heroics. Buffalo Bill is growing old, but refuses to take it in. There is a key scene between Buffalo Bill and Sitting Bull in which the actually dead Sitting Bull appears and disappears in apparition. This is not a picture about sociological differences between white men and Indians; it is about their different sorts of dream. (6/28/76) (Cinema Studio; July 5.)

California Split (1974)—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised; we catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (Cinema Studio; June 30.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Grandly staged junk, historically a whopper but reliable as entertainment. With Elisabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Flora Robson, and Gerald du Maurier. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 7.)

Conduct Unbecoming (1975)—Michael Anderson directed this film version of Barry England's contrived courtroom play, set in a cavalry outpost in India in 1878. James Faulkner plays the junior officer accused of sexual assault on a regimental widow (Susannah York), and Michael York is the officer who defends him. The material has no real point or logic, though every now and then a line of dialogue pushes a button marked "Military Hypocrisy," or "Corruption of Colonialism," or "Subterranean Sex Perversion." The big-name cast includes Trevor Howard, Christopher Plummer, and Stacy Keach. (11/3/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 1.)

Conversation Piece—The theme is "Death in Venice" all over again, with Burt Lancaster playing Aschenbach to Helmut Berger's garish, grownup Tadzio, but the director, Visconti, is in a jovial mood, and the dignified older man—a retired American professor—isn't destroyed; on the contrary, he is recalled to life. Visconti pictures have often had an undercurrent of silliness, and in this one the silliness is very close to the surface; however, there's something admirable about the director's allowing his sexual and political obsessions to be displayed so openly. As the Tadzio figure, Konrad, who moves into an apartment in the professor's house, Berger flaunts the mannerisms that many other actors avoid. A petulant little nymph, Konrad is being kept by a venomous, tantrummy Countess (Silvana Mangano), but he's also supposed to be a revolutionary, and she represents the Fascist industrial world. In Visconti's view, Konrad is a victim of those to whom he sells his favors, and at the end he stands revealed as a saint. It's an idiosyncratic film—an old man's film (partly directed from a wheelchair)—and it is very likable. In Italian. (9/29/75) (D.W. Griffith.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. She has the sort of gravity that only grownups with no memory call unchildlike. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—her mother's, her father's (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig's, the extinction that her paralyzed and mute beloved grandmother badly wishes for—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Plaza, and Paramount.)

The Deep—From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through July 7, tentative.)

Effi Briest (1974)—The best and most elegant of all the films by the young West German prodigy Rainer Werner Fassbinder. Set in a small German town stamped with the Prussian determination of the Bismarck period. Effi is played by Hanna Schygulla, a member of Fassbinder's phenomenal acting troupe. Here she plays a girl of seventeen who is married off to a baron with a face like a knife edge (Wolfgang Schenck). After Effi has been his wife for a while, the general agreement is that he would have done better to have married her mother, whom he courted "twenty years ago." Not much of a start for a teen-ager. Fassbinder has an interesting attitude toward Effi, whose beauty and vivacity he communicates, but he also knows that she is ambitious in puny ways that run along the tracks of Prussian convention. His device of using a staring, distant camera to photograph scenes and then making them discrete by using title cards that bleach to white is like a band of benediction on the story. In German. (6/27/77) (New Yorker; through July 7, tentative.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, so exquisitely fresh that she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (Art; July 4.)

Empire of the Ants—With Joan Collins and Robert Lansing, directed by Bert I. Gordon. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through July 5.)

Exorcist II: The Heretic—With Linda Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow; directed by John Boorman. (Cinema II, Beekman, 8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Fellini's Casanova—Fellini's epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Quad Cinema; through July 5.)

The Food of the Gods (1976)—Directed by Bert I. Gordon. Very largely about rats. Also

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

about very large rats. An essence that issues from the earth has terrible powers of enlarging the size of various creatures, especially the aforesaid rats. Billed as being based on H. G. Wells' novel but lacking an ounce of his intellect or sense of augury. (7/26/76) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through July 5.)

For the Love of Benji—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild.)

The Front—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark in the role of Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through July 5. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; July 6-7.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Playboy; through July 5.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (Art; June 30.)

The Goddess (1958)—Paddy Chayefsky's attack on the American dream of success centers on an unloved child in the South who grows up incapable of loving and becomes a big empty wreck of a Marilyn Monroe-type star. Unfortunately, he's so concerned with the heroine's pitifully unformed character that he fails to suggest what would make her a star. This is a fascinating, conscientious, ambitious, bad movie, with Chayefsky's famous ear for dialogue in full cauliflower. John Cromwell directed the high-powered cast: the intense Kim Stanley in the lead, with Patty Duke playing the heroine as a child, Betty Lou Holland as her mother, Lloyd Bridges as her prizefighter husband, and Elizabeth Wilson as her final, gorgonlike attendant. The score is by Virgil Thomson. (Collectors of errata may note that Chayefsky has the heroine say she was in "Stage Door" by "Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 5-6.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks around talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Art; July 3.)

High Street—With Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman, directed by André Ernotte. (Quad Cinema.)

Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love—A documentary, directed by Harry Rasky, with narration by James Mason. Joseph Wiseman is the voice of Marc Chagall. (Little Carnegie; through July 7, tentative.)

Jabberwocky—An agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Cinema I.)

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Janis (1975)—A documentary about the late Janis Joplin, including concert appearances and interviews. (Cinema Village; July 1-2.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later, the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. A valentine masterpiece. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 6-7.)

Life with Father (1947)—The director, Michael Curtiz, seems to be totally out of his element in this careful, deadly version of the celebrated, long-running Broadway comedy—a piece of starched Americana—by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, based on Clarence Day's stories. William Powell plays the crotchety head of a large, tumultuous upper-middle-class New York household in the eighteen-eighties; this must have seemed like a plum of a role, yet Powell's timing (usually impeccable) is way off, and the comic expressions freeze on his face. Everybody seems to be trying too hard. With Irene Dunne, Elizabeth Taylor, Edmund Gwenn, ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Lydon, Monte Blue, Emma Dunn, and Martin Milner. The script is by Donald Ogden Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 3-4.)

MacArthur—With Gregory Peck in the title role, directed by Joseph Sargent. (Music Hall.)

The Major and the Minor (1942)—Determinedly sassy wartime comedy, in which Ginger Rogers, as a New York career girl down on her luck, without enough money to return home to Iowa, dresses up as a twelve-year-old and buys a half-fare railroad ticket. On the train, she meets Ray Milland, an Army major stationed at a military school for boys, and he is bewildered by his attraction to the overgrown tyke. The Major's fiancée (Rita Johnson) becomes suspicious, so the heroine is forced to keep up her charade, even while fending off lecherous youngsters at the school. The farce situations are pushed too broadly, and have a sanctimonious patriotic veneer, but this first American film directed by Billy Wilder was a box-office hit. With Robert Benchley, Diana Lynn as the kid who sees through the heroine's masquerade, and Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, who plays her mother. The script, by Charles Brackett and Wilder, seems to have been concocted after the title, but it's actually derived from disparate sources—a play and a story. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 5.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Art; July 2.)

The Man Who Would Be King (1975)—John Huston's exhilarating farfetched adventure fantasy, starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 1.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Regency; July 3-5.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Judy Garland, sprightly and vocal, in an excellent musical-comedy adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien as Tootie, whose Halloween adventure is the high point of the movie. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. (Regency; starting July 6.)

Memories of Underdevelopment (1973)—A beautifully complicated and subtle picture from Cuba, with an actor named Sergio Corrieri playing a thirty-eight-year-old writer whose sense of stasis must practically amount to counterrevolution in Castro's new society. The sophisticated flashes of happiness, yearning, and discontent that are expressed so freely in the picture are a political as well as a filmmaking wonder. The director, who would rank with the highest in Europe, is Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. He also wrote the screenplay, from a novel by Edmundo Desnoes. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; July 3-5.)

Midnight (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, written by Brackett and Wilder, and directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, and Don Ameche. Actually, Ameche has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 5.)

Nashville (1975)—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multitrack sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (Cinema Studio; July 1-4.)

New York, New York—With Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro, directed by Martin Scorsese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Ziegfeld; through July 7, tentative.)

The Other Francisco—A Cuban film. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; June 30-July 2.)

The Other Side of Midnight—Derived from the Sidney Sheldon novel. With Marie-France Pisier, John Beck, Susan Sarandon, and Raf Vallone; directed by Charles Jarrott. (Coronet; through July 7, tentative.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—With Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur; directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet; through July 7, tentative.)

The People That Time Forgot—With Doug McClure and Patrick Wayne, directed by Kevin Connor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting July 6.)

Phantom of the Paradise (1974)—This satire of horror movies is also a rock musical comedy, and it has a kinetic, breakneck wit. The writer-director, Brian De Palma, is a genuinely funny man, with a gassy, original comic temperament; he creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. Creepy Paul Williams plays Swan, of Death Records; William Finley is the idealistic young composer who becomes the Phantom; and talented Jessica Harper is his ladylove. The singer, Beef, is played by Gerrit Graham, who gives the single funniest performance. (Quad Cinema.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 3-4.)

The Private Life of Don Juan (1934)—A relatively motionless Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in a rueful, satirical movie analogy to his then domestic problems. His Don Juan, past his heyday, is in his forties and has to watch his diet and sneak in a masseur. The story is about how he frees himself from the demands of philandering. It's one of those ideas that never really take off. With Merle Oberon and Benita Hume. Alexander Korda directed, and the picture features sumptuous Spanish costumes; some look cribbed from Goya. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 7.)

Red Dust (1932)—A sexy jungle melodrama, with Jean Harlow as a funny, tough girl who has been around, and an unshaven Clark Gable who thinks he prefers ladylike Mary Astor. It was remade in 1953 as "Mogambo"—with Ava Gardner in the Harlow role and Grace Kelly as the lady—but by then Gable, still manfully holding down his old role, didn't bring much heat to it. Harlow is immensely likable. Victor Fleming directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin. (Regency; July 3-5.)

The Rescuers—A full-length animated film from the Disney studios. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Quad Cinema; starting July 6.)

Rollercoaster—Directed by James Goldstone, a film that rides suavely on the innate terror that people have about rides in amusement parks. George Segal is an amusement-park safety inspector thankful to be yanked away from the—to him—infinite horrors of anti-smoking electric-shock therapy in order to investigate catastrophes caused by bombs laid on roller-coaster tracks. In Sensurround, which underscores the queasiness of riding the Big Dipper and the Ferris wheel. This isn't a disaster film: no dwelling on squelched bodies, and a certain amount of Hitchcockian suspense in broad-daylight chases among holiday-making crowds. (6/20/77) (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. (59th St. East.)

Sorcerer—With Roy Scheider, directed by William Friedkin. (Loews Ciné.)

Star Wars—Moon landings and astronomers' maps have put an end to our dreams of a man-in-the-moon made of cheese; it remains to TV serials and moviemakers to revive our romantic interest. "Star Wars," written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), is about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. (The two last trudge across what is actually the Tunisian desert bickering inseparably, like man and wife in Beckett.) Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Loews Orpheum.)

State of Siege (1973)—Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political trilogy—"Z" and "The Confession." In French. (Art; July 5.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Olympia. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; July 3-4.)

Thieves Like Us (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (Cinema Studio; June 29.)

Three's a Crowd (1927)—James Agee wrote that Harry Langdon looked "as if he wore diapers under his pants." This was fine as long as Langdon was doing slapstick, but when he sought pathos the results were horrible—sickly whimsical. He directed himself in this Chaplin imitation. He plays The Odd Fellow, who lives by himself and longs for romance and a happy home. On a stormy winter's night, The Girl he has loved, who has married another, comes to his shack and has her baby there. On Christmas Eve, just as happiness begins shedding its tender rays, The Girl's husband arrives and takes her and the child away. Having prepared for the role of Santa Claus, The Odd Fellow is left with torn heartstrings—and a box-office calamity. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 7.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through July 5.)

Topper (1937)—Much fun: a sophisticated fantasy, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett as a high-stepping married couple, George and Marion Kirby. Killed in an automobile accident, they return as elegant, ectoplasmic pranksters and drive banker Cosmos Topper (Roland Young) to happy distraction. Norman Z. McLeod directed this adaptation of the Thorne Smith novel; the picture was such a hit that it led to a series of movies and then to a TV series, but don't judge this one by what followed. This is the one to see, and for those who don't know why Constance Bennett was a big movie star, her provocative, teasing Marion Kirby should provide the answer. With Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, Hedda Hopper, Arthur Lake as a bellboy, and Eugene Pallette as a house detective. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 3.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Art; July 1.)

Unfinished Business (1941)—It starts as a frothy comedy, with Robert Montgomery and Irene Dunne being madcap and frivolous, and there's an entertainingly preposterous inside view of night-club life, but the froth curdles. Once sentiment gets the upper hand, look for an exit. Before then, Walter Catlett has a few choice moments as the proprietor of a luxurious resort. With Eugene Pallette, as a playboy's butler. Gregory La Cava directed, from Eugene Thackery's screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 3-4.)

Viva la Republica!—A documentary survey of Cuban history. (Renoir Cinema; starting July 6.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (Sutton.)

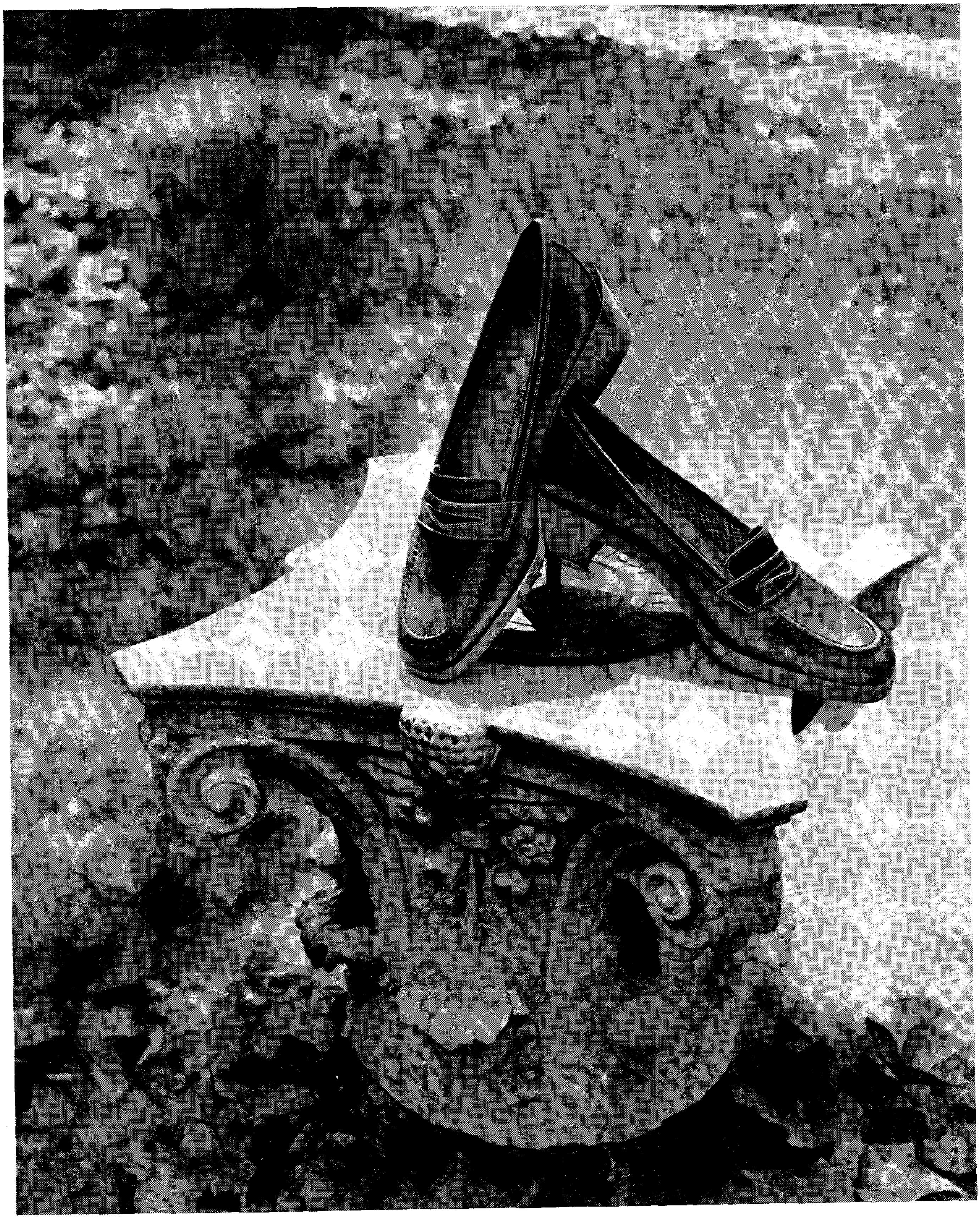
Wizards—A full-length animated cartoon by the unique Ralph Bakshi, of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic." This new color film, graphically innovative, is a fable about a future world divided between the forces of a good brother and a bad. One misses Bakshi's former pungent sense of the crude beauty of Manhattan; instead, we see a master craftsman making cartoon armies rush around like charges of cavalry in the Russian "War and Peace." The first cartoon that has the quality of a good epic. (Quad Cinema.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Art; June 29.)

Yessongs (1975)—A filmed rock concert, with Rick Wakeman, Steve Howe, John Anderson, Alan White, and Chris Squire. (Cinema Village; July 6-7.)

Zachariah (1971)—A rock Western, and, as if that weren't mixture enough, it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie; the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner, and the menace (Elvin Jones) does a smashing drum solo—the high point of the film. Directed by George Englund. (Cinema Village; July 6-7.)

ANTIQUES
CORNUCOPIA
THE GOLDEN PUMP
dag dart



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THE NEW YORKER

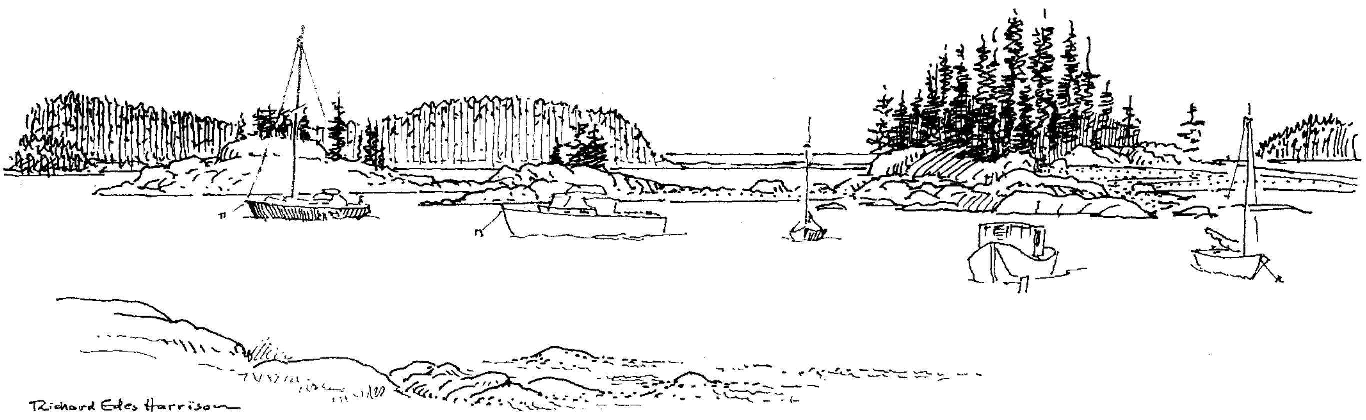
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Tom Seaver is gone—no longer a Met, no longer a sunlit prominence in this flattened city. His recent trade to the Cincinnati Reds in return for a few journeyman players and untested rookies was a shocking and mystifying affair, but the feelings we are left with seem much deeper than disappointment or aggrieved sporting loyalty. Tom Seaver cried when he cleared out his locker at Shea Stadium and talked to some reporters there about the Mets fans. A woman we know told us that when she called up a friend of hers the other afternoon, the telephone was answered by her friend's eleven-year-old son, who was in tears; when the boy's mother came on the phone, she said that her son had been crying about Tom Seaver for two days. A man we know—not much of a Mets fan, or even much of a baseball fan—told us that ever since the trade he had been waking up in the middle of the night thinking about Tom Seaver; one time, he said, he woke up crying. The sporting press, to be sure, has listed the unhappy circumstances that probably made the trade inevitable: a prolonged salary dispute; serious differences of opinion between Seaver and the Mets board chairman, M. Donald Grant, about the inviolability of Seaver's contract; charges by Mr. Grant that Tom Seaver was ungrateful; charges by Tom Seaver that the Mets' front office had shown persistent ineptitude in building or sustaining a competent ball team; charges of disloyalty; charges of greed; charges of a scurrilous vendetta against Seaver conducted by a local sports columnist. Taken together, these almost seem to add up to a reasonable explanation for the unreasonable event. But they come nowhere near accounting for the sense of loss that so many of us feel, or for the clear suggestion of corporate self-loathing in the Mets' decision to disown their one true star, Tom Seaver, the best pitcher in baseball.

When emotions run deep, images sometimes take the place of arguments or ideas. One of the images we have before us now is that of Tom Seaver pitching: the motionless assessing pause on the hill while the sign is delivered, the easy, rocking shift of weight onto the back leg, the upraised arms, and then the left shoulder coming forward as the whole body drives forward and drops suddenly downward—down so low that the right knee scrapes the sloping dirt of the mound—in an immense thrusting stride, and the right arm coming over blurrily and still flailing, even as the ball, the famous fastball, flashes across the plate, chest-high on the batter and already past his low, late swing. Another image is that of M. Donald Grant, the chairman of the board. A tall, spare, erect, white-haired man who wears dark business suits, Mr. Grant almost never speaks or acts unguardedly. Publicly, he has said that his actions in the Seaver case were impelled by his wish to maintain ticket prices at a reasonable level, and were thus in the interests of the fans. "The contract," he has said, "is the fundamental cornerstone in our country." In a *half*-unguarded moment, he has (according to Dave Anderson, in the *Times*) referred to the players on his team as boys. Privately, he has told Tom Seaver that it is not good for him to be making so much money while he is still a young man. The image that Mr. Grant has chosen for himself is that of a father. Shining young athletes have all the best of it, of course, when it comes to images, but most of us—it is hard to admit it—can see something of ourselves in Mr. Grant, too.

Our national preoccupation with the images and performances of great athletes is not a simple matter. The obsessive intensity with which we watch their beautiful movements, their careless energy, their noisy, narcissistic joy in their own accomplishments is remarkably close to the emotions we feel when we observe very young children at play. While their games last, we smile with pleasure—but not for long, not forever. Rising from the park bench at last, we look at our watch and begin to gather up the scattered toys. That's enough, boys and girls. Time to



go in now. Our stiff face and pursy smile slowly break in on their attention. That's *enough*, now! You know what happens when you get overtired. The procession home begins, in despair and relief. The children have been patronized, and we are released from our envy of them.

Off the field, Tom Seaver is not a child, of course, but an articulate and outspoken young man, with strong opinions about the business side of baseball, the relations between professional athletes and their employers, and the nuances of his difficult profession. He is one of the special, lucky few, a child and a man together, the true Tom Terrific, and it is scarcely any wonder that Mr. Grant wanted him gone. Tom Seaver has escaped, and the punishment meant for him has descended on us, the fans. Our joy in him was unstinted. Yelling at the last fastball of the day, watching Tom walk off the mound after still another extraordinary pitching performance, we would rise and shout and clap our hands for his skill, for his good looks, for his sweaty, smiling joy over another famous victory. Savoring the victory, loving him, we suddenly became younger, for we had surely glimpsed ourselves out there, if only for an instant—ourselves at some glowing, youthful best. We had become children, too, and this could not be permitted to last.

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Usage

A FEW weeks ago, Houghton Mifflin, publishers of the American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, sent copies of Ballot No. 19—yet another installment in their continuing series of questions capable of provoking lexicological apoplexy—to the hundred and thirty-two members of the dictionary's estimable usage panel. Then, one day recently, perhaps feeling a bit guilty about Ballot No. 19, Houghton Mifflin invited the panel members to the St. Regis for cocktails. In the light of some of the matters under consideration (Should "attrit," a sinister verb born of "attrition," be permitted to exist? Is "deimpact," some rascally bureaucrat's idea of a verb, acceptable?), the forty-odd people who showed up for drinks and hors d'oeuvres appeared cool and collected. According to Edwin Newman, the chairman of the panel, being collected does not make the panel members "collectibles" (or "collectables")—another Ballot No. 19 coinage bucking for legitimacy. Neither Mr. Newman nor Fernando de Mello Vianna, the editorial director of Houghton Mifflin's dictionary division, who greeted us at the door, is particularly fond of "collectibles" (or "collectables"), but each nevertheless feels obliged to seek the collective opinion of the usage panel.

"We give the panel members examples of new coinages or usages and ask whether they think they are acceptable, and the panelists don't just answer yes or no but make comments," said Mr. de Mello Vianna. "New coinages are the things that keep us in business these days. Some members of the panel become quite upset at times. We asked on this ballot whether 'parent' can be a verb and, if so, whether 'parenting,' a verbal noun, is all right. I'm afraid that 'parenting' is driving some of the panel members right out of their minds. The person responsible is Bruce Bohle, our usage editor. He wrote Ballot No. 19."

Mr. de Mello Vianna then introduced us to Mr. Bohle, who was standing nearby stirring a drink with his index finger and looking fairly tame for a man capable of arousing as much wrath as he does each time he issues a new usage questionnaire. "What does it mean to be the usage editor?" Mr. Bohle asked us rhetorically. "It means that I get used a lot. I'm the man in the middle. The conservatives think I'm a slob because I even suggest some of the questions I do, and the linguists— well, don't even ask."

"The linguists take the approach that the language is infinitely flexible," Mr. de Mello Vianna explained.

"Oh, flexible, boy, I'll say!" said Mr. Bohle. "On the other hand, I think that some of the traditionalists looked at this ballot and couldn't find anything they approved of, and finally said yes to a couple of the least offensive new choices. While I've been at this, I haven't exactly made many new friends for social scientists. They're the worst offenders. 'Parameter'—I still don't know what the hell that word means. I guess it's supposed to be a perimeter. Nowadays, you even get people 'parameterizing' things all over the place."

At moments, the room percolated with spirited discussions of small but vital matters. In one corner, Theodore M. Bernstein, the eminent writer and grammarian of the *Times*, argued for "the doom of '*whom*' except after a preposition," and on behalf of the versatility (where some would say abuse) of "hopefully." "I've never heard a cogent argument against it," said Mr. Bernstein.

TO OUR READERS

With this issue, the newsstand price of *The New Yorker* is raised to one dollar.

"One argument is that an inanimate object can't hope," said William Morris, the founding editor of the American Heritage Dictionary. "But I'm afraid that the war is being lost."

At that point, Mr. Bohle joined the group, and Mr. Morris's wife, Mary, said, "Bruce, don't you agree that lexicographers need to stick together? You and Bill have been through thick and thin."

"Thick at times," said Mr. Bohle. "Thin at others."

The conversation was interrupted when Mr. Bernstein's drinking glass slipped to the floor. "Hopefully, that won't happen again," he said.

As Mr. Morris excused himself to go to the bar, we asked, "How's the food here?"

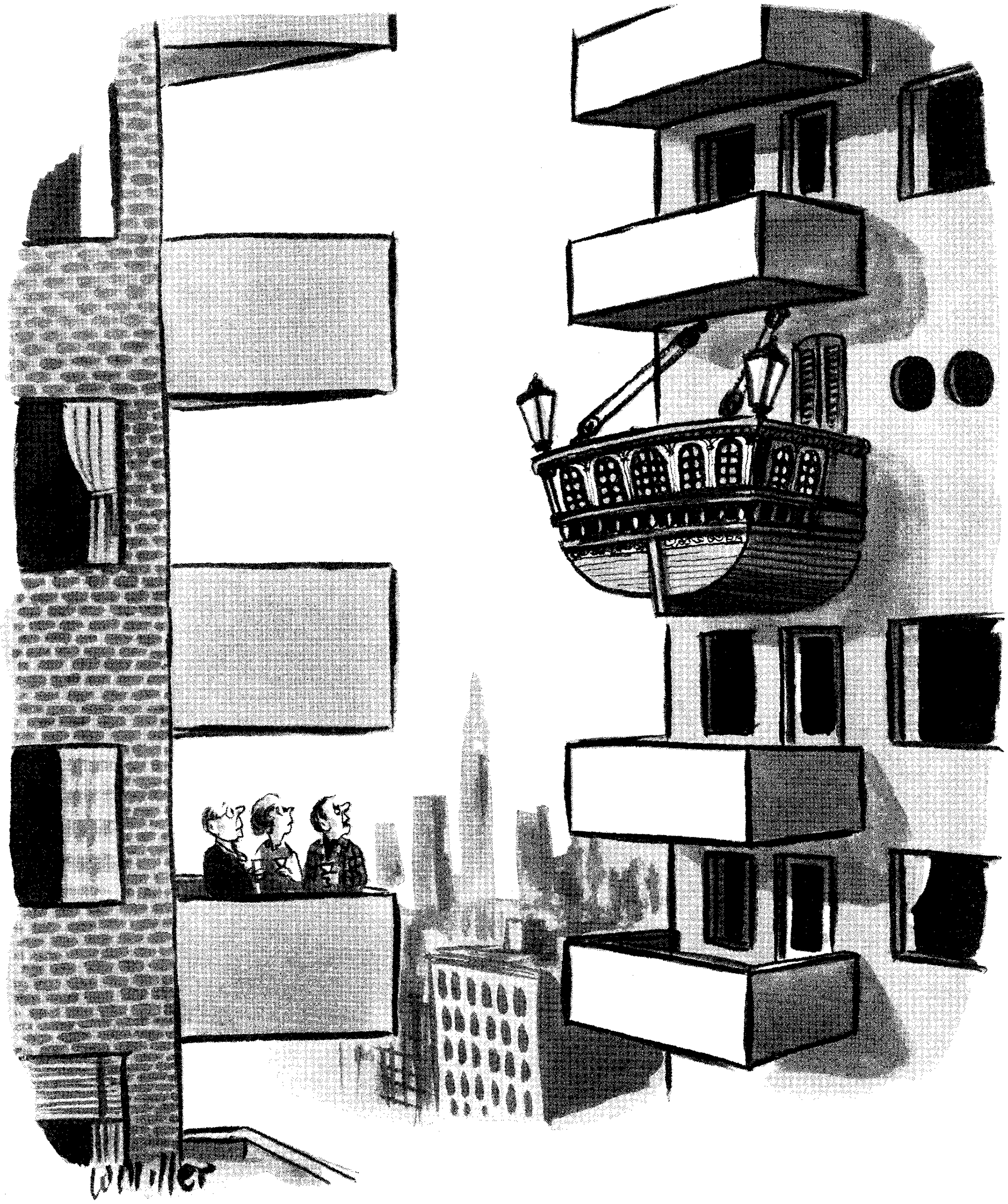
"Nothing you could eat," said Mr. Morris.

"No eatables?" we asked.

"Edibles," Mr. Morris corrected us. Then he paused and added, "No, you're right. No eatables, either. Both, both."

New Greengrocers

IT seems as if, a very short while ago, someone opened a packet of seeds and sprinkled them over Manhattan, concentrating on street corners, and tipping the hand heavily over Broadway and Lexington Avenue. Where there was a tailor shop or a used-furniture place, there is now a fruit-and-vegetable store spilling out the door; in neighborhoods where there was already one produce stand, three or four more have sprouted. And, in fact, this is the flowering of the Korean greengrocers, who over the past several years have grown in numbers from a dozen or so, hardly visible, to three hundred strong. The Koreans brought the fruit business to New York after trying it out in Argentina. Only a modest command of language and modest amounts of money are needed to sell fruits and vegetables, and the word spread rapidly that a living could be made here selling them. The new wave of greengrocers (Greeks and Italians are the city's old wave) offer an exceptional variety of very fresh American and Oriental produce; they tend their goods fastidiously, sorting and arranging them, washing everything washable—there are sinks visible in the back of most stores, and



"Oh, that's old Commodore Barrigan's co-op."

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props like hoses and watering cans. The stores are often family affairs, and the family often has ten, twenty, or more members.

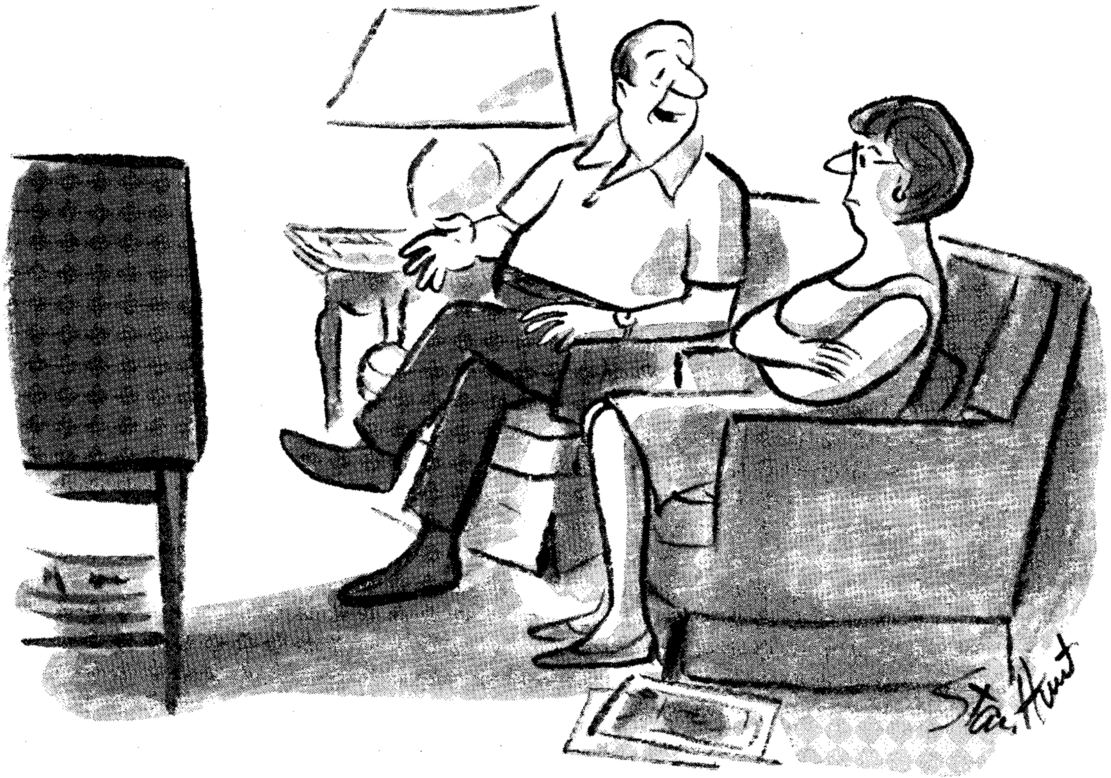
The shop on the corner of Eighty-second Street and Third Avenue, for example, where the sign still says "Farmers Corner," as it did for many years, when the previous proprietors—Italians—were there, is one of five East Side stores (on First Avenue, Second Avenue, Third Avenue, and Madison) owned by a Korean family that numbers forty, including children. (This family prefers to remain anonymous.) When we paid a visit recently, the brother in charge, a twenty-year-old, clad in bluejeans and a sweater, was alternately tending to the cash register and unloading crates of produce while two sisters-in-law, dressed in jackets, baggy pants tucked into boots, and rubber gloves, were scrubbing vegetables with the help of a hose and a bucket on an untrafficked spot of sidewalk. Tiers of bushel baskets, cartons, and crude green wooden bins on legs, within the store and as far out in front as the law permits, already held, in no particular order, celery knobs, bundles of leeks, baby carrots, asparagus, snow peas, okra, bean sprouts, endive, hot red peppers, brussels sprouts, rhubarb, parsnips, artichokes, peas, beans, watercress, zucchini, yellow squash, cucumbers (regular, seedless, and pickling), leaf lettuce, Italian parsley, curly parsley, spinach, chicory, escarole, romaine, Boston lettuce, mustard greens, Texas scallions, new potatoes, baking potatoes, mangoes, citrus fruits, peaches, plums, strawberries, cherries, melons, grapes, peanuts, walnuts, and almonds. The artichokes were fat, like those in France; the leeks were thin, also like those in France. The sheaves of lettuce were still wet. All the colors were clear and radiant.

Several blocks over, at Madison Fruit & Vegetables, near Eighty-fifth Street, Young Ki Song was removing the stems from cherry tomatoes before packaging them. He gave his display of perfect strawberries the once-over, and told us that he had discarded at least a third of what he brought back from the market. A husky, smiling man who speaks reticent English, Song went on to tell us that he is thirty-three and unmarried, is a professional chef, and until two years ago ran a successful restaurant in Seoul—an experience he wouldn't mind repeating in New York. In the meantime, he is learning about American produce and American taste, and is finding the former similar to the produce of Korea; if he could, he would supplement local bounty only with sweet chestnuts and Korean pears, which are sugary and full of juice and resemble a Bosc in coloring, a small cantaloupe in size and shape. He goes to Hunts Point every morning at two o'clock, when it opens, and returns about noon, to tend the store until eight. "I buy the Korean paper every day," he said, pointing to an unrumpled *Joong-Ang Daily News* on the counter, "but I never get to finish it. Yesterday, someone left a copy of the Moonies' paper here, but I didn't read that, either. Ninety per cent of our customers ask us if we are Moonies." Market is fun, he said—a social gathering. "Like a coffee shop. It is interesting. You know, you can't get out of Korea without skills, so most of the market people are professional people—chemists, engineers, even a dentist. We have an M.D., and a real general, too."

"Song knows everyone," put in a man arranging a pyramid of oranges, who introduced himself as Jung Gwan Kim and said he helps out in the store on the days he is not working in an architect's office. Song is active in a recently formed Korean Buyers' Association, and we surmised that his sociability was a factor there. "In the beginning, we had many problems in the market," he said. "We thought, First, we have to make power. Sometimes we buy together. We made this association to eventually buy cheaper. We talk about prices, because prices depend on who you are, how well known you are, and how much you buy."

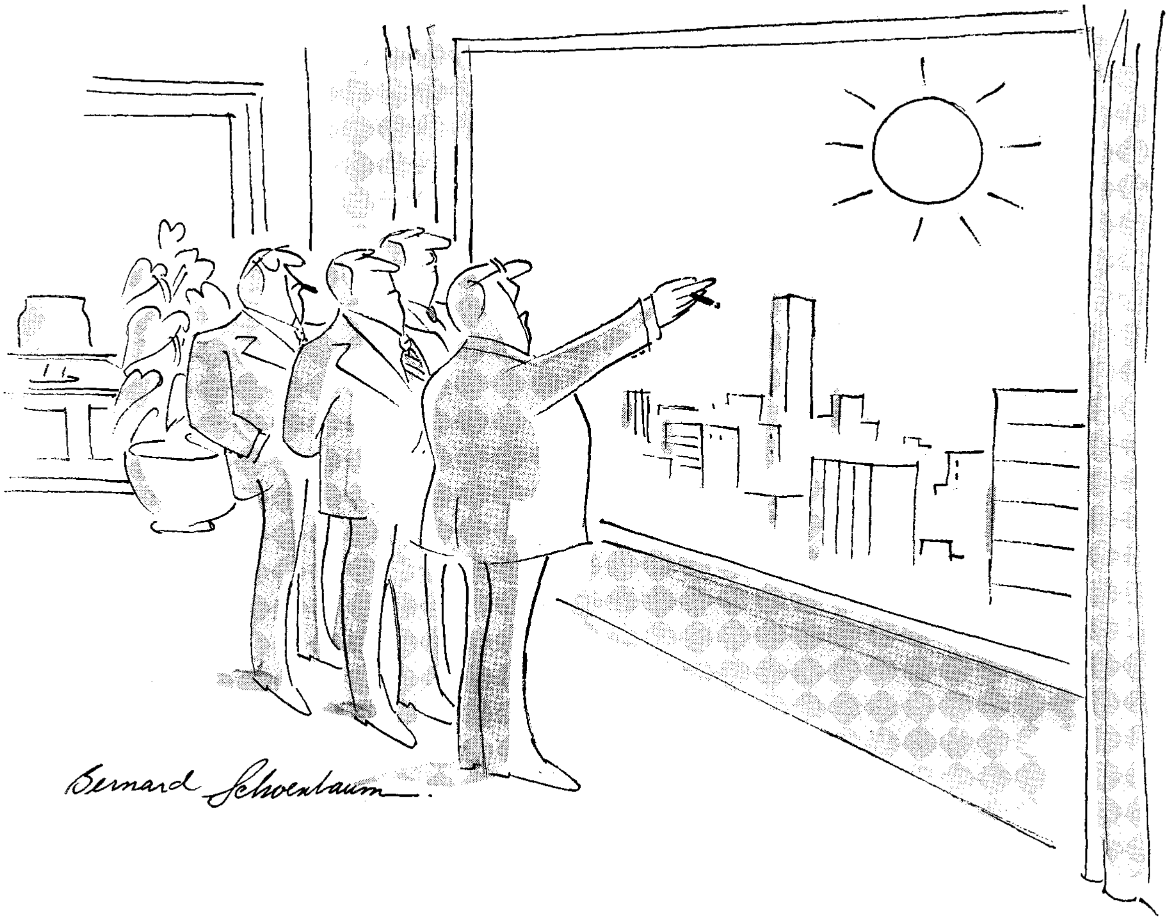
Across town at Broadway Fruit, at Eighty-ninth Street and Broadway, which offers a comparably vast selection of some seventy fruits and vegetables (red, black, and white radishes, three kinds of parsley), a full array of Oriental produce, like Chinese cabbage, water chestnuts, mung bean sprouts, soybean sprouts, alfalfa sprouts, Japanese and Chinese bean curd (Japanese is larger and softer), ginger root, and dried mushrooms, and also some Broadway bargains, like middle-aged snow peas and soft melons, the owner, a man in his early thirties (also, by preference, anonymous), spoke of the Koreans' handicaps with a vehemence that seemed to surprise him and later led to apologies: handicaps in appearance, handicaps in language, handicaps in social maneuvering. He told us of odd occurrences—hovering police (twenty tickets in the first month of business)—and of the difficulties of vying with the big supermarkets at Hunts Point. Then he showed us the store's basement—a long corridor lined with wooden crates and leading to a small, bleak room. The unventilated dimness called up ghosts of other immigrations and other frontiers; it also seemed to relax the pitch of the conversation, which turned to the past. We learned that he and his wife, who is a registered nurse and who has a brother and a sister in the produce business, have run this store for a year and a half; that he has a degree in chemical engineering; that his parents were both artists; that he has two younger brothers working in the store, a brother in medical school in Switzerland, a sister in aerodynamics, a sister in chemistry, and a three-year-old son.

"The fruit business was a good rumor," he said. "We didn't think it would be as hard as described; it is harder. Or so heavy physically. But it is steady, and we like the steady. As long as we are ambitious and



"What the hell, Edith. I guess if Tip O'Neill is happy we should be happy."

work hard, we will have a success. In the future, I think ninety per cent of the small markets in New York will be Korean. You know, American people like to pick the one very best fruit out of a very large bunch. In some markets, people aren't allowed to touch—too much waste. But if we didn't allow that, we wouldn't be different. So we wait and come back and put everything in a nice order again. And again, and again. So we be patient."



"There it is, gentlemen. Just crying out to be exploited."

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Three in One

UP in the old Andrew Carnegie Mansion at Ninety-first and Fifth, the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, which this year has been throwing new exhibitions at us almost faster than we can catch them, has most recently unveiled a triple-header: on the ground floor, a display celebrating the seventy-fifth birthday of the building itself; on the first floor, the Andrea Palladio Exhibition, which consists of models, drawings, and photographs of the work of and work influenced by the sixteenth-century Italian architect Andrea Palladio; and, one flight up, Two Hundred Years of American Architectural Drawing. The versatile Thomas Jefferson is represented on two levels—upstairs by sketches he made for Monticello and the University of Virginia, and on the first floor by a rejected design for the White House which he based on Palladio's Villa Rotonda, in Vicenza. The Palladio show, which also includes some rare architectural books contemporaneous with the Old Master, has been in the United States since early last year, when the Centro Internazionale di Architettura Andrea Palladio, in Venice, with the support of the Italian government, shipped it over as a Bicentennial gesture of good will. Its pièces de résistance are sixteen substantial wooden scale models of his works, which the Cooper-Hewitt has attractively installed in contiguous chambers of the spacious old Carnegie digs. One model, of the Villa Trissino, near Vicenza, measures fifteen feet by sixteen. (Count Giovanni Giorgio Trissino was Palladio's chief patron.) The models were commissioned in 1973 by the Centro, and were constructed by an Italian industrial-model specialist, Pietro Ballico. Though intricate, and delicate, they travel well, and what minor damage they suffered while they were being trucked to New York from their last stop, the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts, was deftly undone by an industrial-model-repair specialist, Theo van Groll, of the University of Virginia, where the Palladio show had its American début. Still another feather in Thomas Jefferson's cap! "In other places around the country, the Palladios have usually been shown all together in one room," we were told by Richard B. Oliver, the newly appointed curator of contemporary architecture and design at Cooper-Hewitt. "One of the great things here is that we have the chance to spread them around, and to show houses within a house. It's a back-and-forth relationship between container and contained, and people seem to like it. I'm sorry, in a way, that we have to entitle the exhibit after Palladio. No offense meant, but few people know his name anymore, significant though he was in the history of architecture; I would rather have called the exhibit something like 'The Most Fabulous Dolls' Houses Ever Seen in New York City.' And you know what? Most of the school kids who have been coming here think that's what they are."

Descending to the basement, we were reminded by old photographs and their captions of the uniqueness of the Carnegie place, which its paterfamilias envisioned as "the most modest, the plainest and most roomy house in New York City": it was one of the first residential repositories in the city of an Otis passenger elevator, and the first residence (we've come a long way in seventy-five years) with both central heating and air-conditioning. To judge from the photographs, when the Andrew Carnegies occupied the premises the Library had surprisingly few bookshelves, and the Family Library hardly any at all. Maybe the Carnegies spent most of their time riding up and down—warm or cool to the core, according to season—in their newfangled elevator.

Minnesota Fats

IN the movie "The Hustler," Jackie Gleason played Minnesota Fats as a silent pro of a pool player who was vaguely associated with the big-money

"He was 'the Reverend.' I was 'the Very Reverend.' It just didn't work out."

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barracudas and sold-out types hanging back in the pool-hall shadows while the hero, Fast Eddie Felson (Paul Newman), ran the table and spoke his plucky, beleaguered soliloquy against them all, and the only line of Fats' that people remember—his interruption of Eddie with "Shoot pool, Fast Eddie"—is remembered mainly because it is a setup for one of Paul Newman's more stylish lines in movies: "I'm shootin' pool, Fats. When I miss, you can shoot." We saw the real Minnesota Fats the other night, at a benefit performance for the Palisades General Hospital at the Palisadium, an entertainment complex connected with the Winston Towers, in Cliffside Park, New Jersey, and he was not at all like Jackie Gleason in the movie. He is not particularly fat, and he is not from Minnesota. (He has worn that name since the movie, but before the movie he was most commonly known as New York Fats, because he grew up in Washington Heights, around 167th and Amsterdam. The movie producers liked the name Minnesota Fats better for the marquee.) Also, he would never let anyone else talk that long in his presence. He is one of the most skillful and financially successful of pool players, and the reason is that he really likes to play pool, and talks all the time with great self-assurance. A few years ago, he outtalked Muhammad Ali on Irv Kupcinet's show. In a game like pool, in which all the top competitors are practically equal in skill, the things that Fats says are often distracting enough to make the difference in a close match. At the exhibition at the Palisadium, he played four matches, and he talked through them all, and here is some of what he said:

"Pool. There's never been a toy on earth to compare to a pool table. I been on one ever since I was two and I got nothin' but money. Nothin' but cash. I'm a millionaire, but I'm richer than a millionaire, because I've got cash. When I was twelve years old, I broke everybody from here to Zanzibar, and I bought me a Duesenberg a block long. I had a big, beautiful doll drivin' it, in shorts. Tell ya funny story—I was playin' in one of the largest shopping centers in the world, in California, and this kid asked me, 'Do you ever scratch?' I said, 'I ain't never scratched in my life.' Just then, I took this shot and the cue ball went right in the pocket. He said, 'Well, you've scratched now.' I said, 'Well, I'm a millionaire, so what difference does it make?' Nothin' disturbs me. I went down on two ships and fought in two revolutions and I ain't scared of nothin'. When I was a kid, I used to swim the Hudson over here to Jersey, just for kicks. I'm a brilliant man. I'm like a top scientist. I can make shots no living creature can make. I've played for princes and princesses. I've had my own TV show, one of the best shows on television, 'Celebrity Billiards,' playin' pool with the stars—Zsa Zsa Gabor, Buddy Hackett, Wilt Chamberlain, Paul Newman. I can play any card game you care to name. I beat the famous poker player Amarillo Slim at pool in New Brunswick, New Jersey. I played the North Pole twice this year. I played in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and I outdrew the Pope of Rome. On the square, I'm tellin' it like it is. I just played twenty-two benefits in a row. I played pool for three days straight without never goin' to bed. Ladies was dancin' with me at a hundred dollars a dance. Nothin' but cash, I got nothin' but cash. See this pen? The mayor of St. Louis gave me this pen today. I just did a benefit near St. Louis for the criminal *in*-sane. I live in Dowell, Illinois, and I own the whole county. I own land everywhere. I own land in outer space. You don't believe me—I do. I just don't wanna go. Who wants to go to outer space, see some moon woman all wild-lookin'. Here we got Zsa Zsa Gabor, Charo. Let the Russians go to the moon. I'd rather go to Howard Johnson's, eat an ice-cream cone."

One of his exhibition matches Minnesota Fats lost, to George Tarpenian, the champion of the Winston Towers. "Well, kid, you beat Minnesota Fats," he said. "The only problem is, if you walk into a pool hall and say, 'I beat Minnesota Fats,' ain't nobody gonna believe you."

In his youth, Minnesota Fats was also known as Double Smart Fats, and sometimes even Triple Smart Fats.

MRS. ARMAND REEF LIKES TO ENTERTAIN

JOANNE REEF, just thirty, just divorced, curls up in a tiny chintz chair in her East Side flat and talks about her life as a hostess. Around her tiny chair, on the floor, there are big red jars with no labels which contain various oils and essences (vegetable pulp, compressed ripening gels, mineral suspensions) which have a role in the preparation of the "Over-All Body Dew" she will be marketing soon under her own name. One lock of her famous red hair is tucked easily into her mouth. "I lead a quiet life," she says. "I must have time to work on my formulas, you see, to perfect my Body Dew and my new Neutral Eyeliner, and I insist on having time for my children, because, of course, I adore them—my children—and I think they are so wise, children, and one can learn so much."

Joanne Reef is silent for a moment. Slowly, almost reluctantly, she turns her attention to the question of her evening entertainments. "It is true that I have not lost faith in the small dinner party," she says at last.

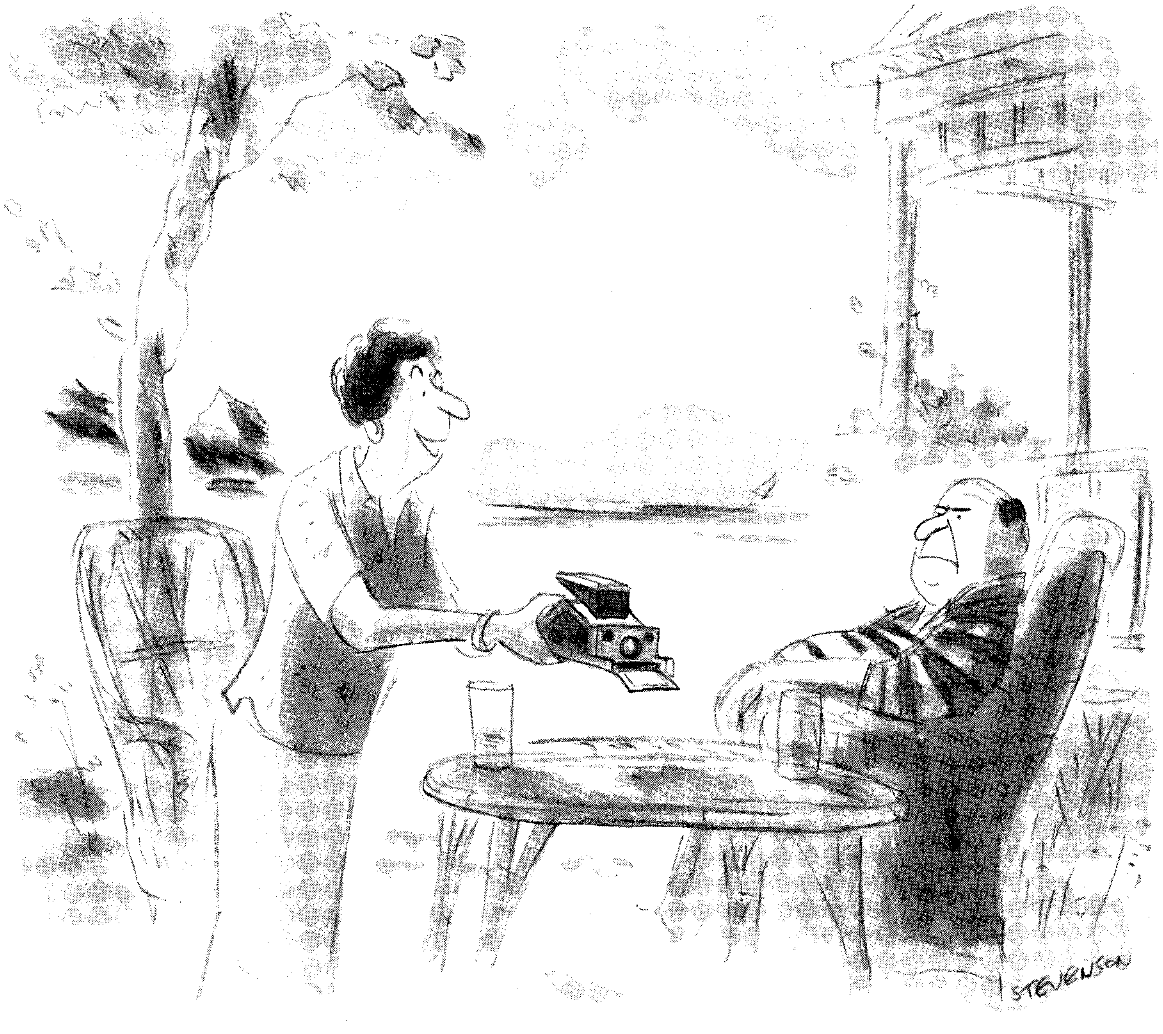
Joanne Reef *wants* to be open, to talk frankly, but she holds back. With some slight trace of nervousness, she moves her foot, causing a small noise of chintz. Because I want to earn her trust I do not ask about her ex-husband, socialite-sportsman Armand Reef, or her father, Arnold Sworf, indicted proprietor of the Midlothian Resort Spa chain of leisure hotels. I ask her what she thinks about entertaining on a large scale. I ask her if there is room today for the *grand service:* tiny songbirds at each place (alive at first), fine china made from crushed bone, ejection, mockery, vivid Hungarian music.

"No, no," she says firmly. "I think that the public will hardly put up with that sort of thing now. No, I do not think we shall see those days again. I feel almost certain that now it is the small dinner party that is at the cutting edge."

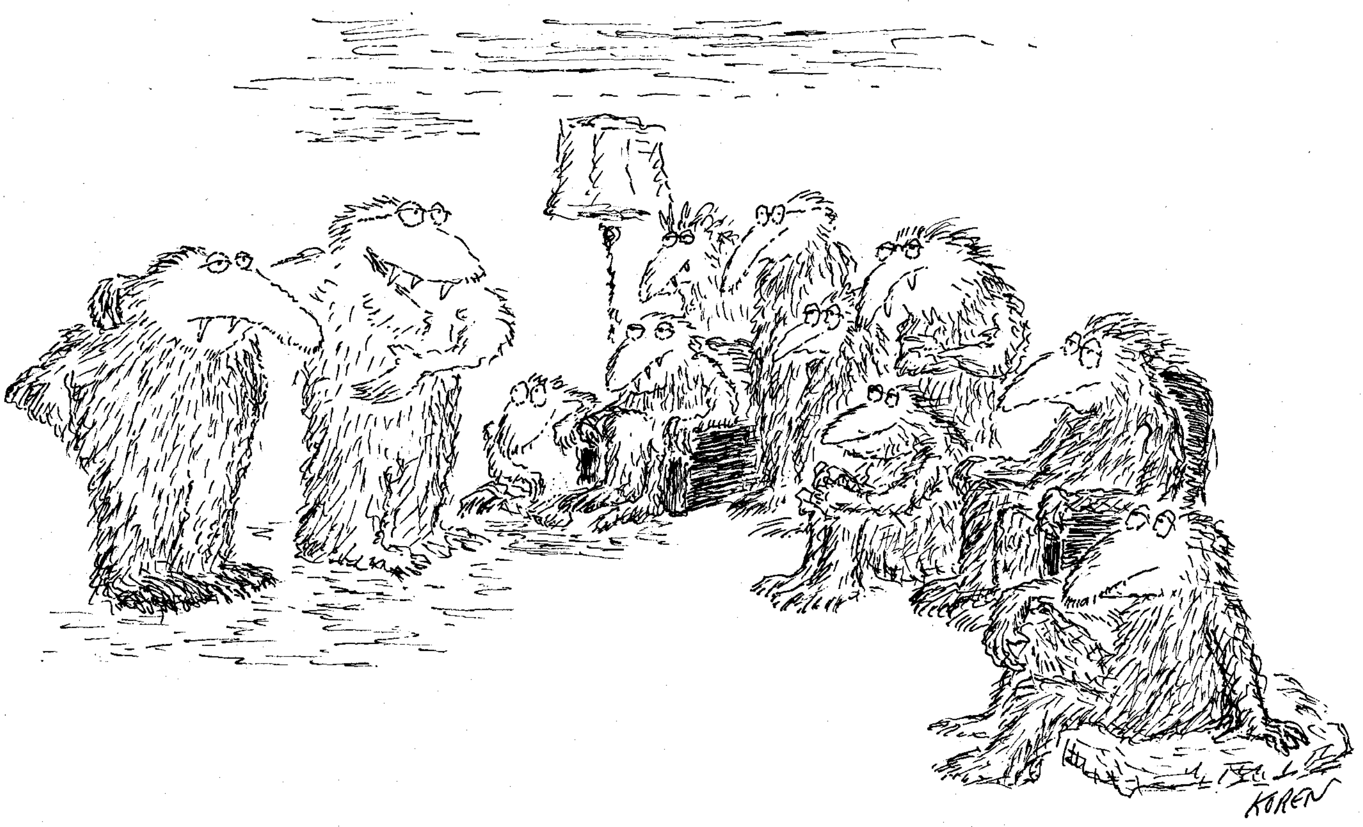
Now Joanne Reef is more relaxed, more trusting. "My list is small—very small really," she says. "Just a few old friends and a very few 'new people,' principally from the arts and politics. There are no hard-and-fast rules, but I will be honest. To be asked to one of my little dinner parties you must have great intelligence. And wit. I value wit. I love the clever thing—the thing that just *glances off* the truth and circles back to something topical. I am crushed if my guests are not able to speak easily to one another (and to me!) in the language of intelligence and wit."

In changing positions in her chair, Joanne Reef knocks over one of the big red jars, spilling a clear viscous fluid (one of the ripening gels) over the carpet. She is not upset, she says, because her floor covering is made from densely woven natural fibres from the north of Canada, which have the ability to absorb liquid. Indeed, after only a moment, the viscous fluid disappears, leaving nothing more than an aura of damp resilience.

Mrs. Reef takes a small sip of a mixed drink made with Ultra Vodka, a brand she is helping to make popular. After a moment she is willing to discuss some of the controversial aspects of her parties. She says that it is true that she prefers to invite high-powered men and cheap women. "I find that high-powered dynamic men like to humiliate easy women, and that makes a party *go*," she says frankly. She reveals that she often gives to the dynamic men she invites some special little gift—a little cushion, perhaps, with personalized decoration done in appliqué. She admits that she gives no little gifts to her women guests. "The only way a woman can get a little cushion is if one of the dynamic men gives her one," she explains. "This happens from time to time, but not often. Dynamic men like to *keep* their cushions, I find—for naps or for other reasons. Sometimes, though, the powerful men at my dinners insert their little cushions *under*



"Now, in just sixty seconds you'll see what a drag you are."



"It may be presumptuous of me, but I would like to undertake a summary of Peter's ideas."

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the hips of the cheap women, which is sweet, I think."

A SMALL figure, very vague in outline, looks in at the door of the room where we are sitting. Mrs. Reef says that it is one of her children. "I am preoccupied with my children," she says. "Almost overly so." She describes one of her children as "very small," and the other as "somewhat larger." I ask which child it was that appeared at the door. "That one looked very small," she says.

A moment later, a larger, more definite figure enters the room. This is Albert Morm, Joanne Reef's partner and business manager.

"I want you to know Albert," Joanne Reef says. "He is a very remarkable person."

Albert Morm pours himself a cocktail, made with Ultra Vodka. "What we're doing with Over-All Body Dew is giving today's woman a chance to opt for complete moisturization," Albert Morm says.

"What I love is this new Ultra Vodka," Joanne Reef says.

"What we're not going to do is blow Joanne's credibility by having her involved in every damn thing that comes down the pike," Albert Morm says.

"I could have made a *fortune*," Joanne Reef says vehemently.

"And blown your image down the tubes," says Albert Morm. Morm leans forward and looks intently at me. "Joanne is the most contemporary person I know," he says. "Her name will be associated with a very small number of important products which reflect her personal concerns and life style."

Shifting rapidly in her chair, Joanne Reef knocks over a red jar full of vegetable pulp. The pulp cannot be seen clearly against the floor covering.

"See that—that's *Tundra*," says Albert Morm, indicating the carpet. "A million-dollar idea."

"Shut up, Al, and make me a drink," Joanne Reef says.

After a while Mr. Morm leaves, and Joanne and I find ourselves alone—quiet, almost *close*. We both take a small cocktail, made with Ultra Vodka. "Don't think it's all so God-damned easy," she says at last. "Sometimes I'm short of guests and I have to call up the Bureau of Labor Statistics and have them send someone over; and sometimes they're all booked, and it's too late to call anyone else, and I just give up and cancel."

Joanne Reef gets out of her chair and grinds the toe of her shoe into the Tundra floor covering. "*In which case*," she says, looking with satisfaction as a few drops of the spilled ripening gel rise to the surface, "I take all the stemware from the table and drop it item by item from my bedroom window."

—GEORGE W. S. TROW

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96 VANDAM

I am going to carry my bed into New York City tonight
complete with dangling sheets and ripped blankets;
I am going to push it across three dark highways
or coast along under six hundred thousand faint stars.
I want to have it with me so I don't have to beg
for too much shelter from my weak and exhausted friends.
I want to be as close as possible to my pillow
in case a dream or a fantasy should pass by.
I want to fall asleep on my own fire escape
and wake up dazed and hungry
to the sound of garbage grinding in the street below
and the smell of coffee cooking in the window above.

—GERALD STERN

DISTANT MUSIC

ON Friday she always sat in the park, waiting for him to come. At one-thirty, he came to this park bench (if someone was already sitting there, he loitered around it), and then they would sit side by side, talking quietly, like Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant in "Notorious." Both believed in flying saucers and health food. They shared a hatred of laundromats, guilt about not sending presents to relatives on birthdays and at Christmas, and a dog—part weimaraner, part German shepherd—named Sam. She was twenty, and she worked in an office; she was pretty because she took a lot of time with makeup, the way a housewife who really cared might flute the edges of a piecrust with thumb and index finger. He was twenty-four, a graduate-school dropout (theatre), who collaborated on songs with his friend Gus Greeley, and he wanted, he fervently wanted, to make it big as a songwriter. His mother was Greek and French, his father American. This girl, Sharon, was not the first woman who had fallen in love with Jack because he was so handsome. She took the subway to get to the bench, which was in Washington Square Park; he walked from the basement apartment he lived in. Whichever of them had Sam that day (they kept the dog on alternating weeks) brought him. They could do this because her job only required her to work from eight to one, and he worked at home. They had gotten the dog because they feared for its life. A man had come up to them on West Tenth Street carrying a cardboard box, smiling, and saying, "Does the little lady want a kitty cat?" They peered inside. "Puppies," Jack said. "Well, who gives a damn?" the man had said, putting the box down, his face dark and contorted. Sharon and Jack had stared at the man; he had stared belligerently back. Neither of them was quite sure how things had suddenly turned ominous. She had wanted to get out of there right away, before the man took a swing at Jack, but to her surprise Jack smiled at the man and dipped into the box for a dog. He extracted the scrawny, wormy Sam. She took the dog first, because there was a veterinarian's office close to her apartment. Once the dog was cured of its worms, she gave it to Jack to begin its training. In his apartment, the puppy would fix its eyes on the parallelogram of sunlight that sometimes appeared on the wood floor in the late morning—sniffing it, backing up, edging up to it at the border. In her apartment, the puppy's object of fascination was a clarinet that a friend had left there when he moved. The puppy looked at it respectfully. She watched the dog for signs of maladjustment, wondering if it was too young to be shuttling back and forth, from home to home. (She herself had been raised by her mother, but she and her sister would fly to Seattle every summer to spend two months with their father.) The dog seemed happy enough.

At night, in Jack's one-room apartment, they would sometimes lie with their heads at the foot of the bed, staring at the ornately carved oak headboard and the old-fashioned light attached to it, with the little sticker still on the shade that said "From home of Lady Astor. $4.00." They had found the lamp in Ruckersville, Virginia, on the only long trip they ever took out of the city. On the bed with them there were usually sheets of music—songs that he was scoring. She would look at the pieces of paper with lyrics typed on them, and read them slowly to herself, appraisingly, as if they were poetry.

On weekends, they spent the days and nights together. There was a small but deep fireplace in his apartment, and when September came they would light a fire in the late afternoon, although it was not yet cold, and sometimes light a stick of sandalwood incense, and they would lean on each other or sit side by side, listening to Vivaldi. She knew very little about such music when she first met him, and much more about it by the time their first month had passed. There was no one thing she knew a great deal about—as he did about music—so there was really nothing that she could teach him.

"Where were you in 1974?" he asked her once.

"In school. In Ann Arbor."

"What about 1975?"

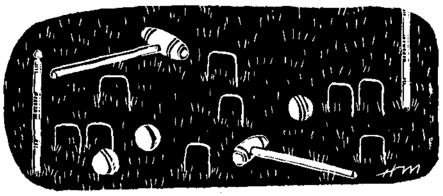
"In Boston. Working at a gallery."

"Where are you now?" he said.

She looked at him and frowned. "In New York," she said.

He turned toward her and kissed her arm. "I know," he said. "But why so serious?"

She knew that she was a serious person, and she liked it that he could make her smile. Sometimes, though, she did not quite understand him, so she was smiling now not out of appreciation but because she thought a smile would make things all right.



Carol, her closest friend, asked why she didn't move in with him. She did not want to tell Carol that it was because she had not been asked, so she said that the room he lived in was very small and that during the day he liked solitude, so he could work. She was also not sure if she would move in if he did ask her. He gave her the impression sometimes that he was the serious one, not she. Perhaps "serious" was the wrong word; it was more that he seemed despondent. He would get into moods and not snap out of them; he would drink red wine and play Billie Holiday records, and shake his head and say that if he had not made it as a songwriter by now chances were that he would never make it. She was not really familiar with Billie Holiday until he began playing the records for her. He would play a song that Billie had recorded early in her career, then play another record of the same song as she had sung it later. He said that he preferred her ruined voice. Two songs in particular stuck in her mind. One was "Solitude," and the first time she heard Billie Holiday sing the first three words, "In my solitude," she felt a physical sensation, as if someone were drawing something sharp over her heart, very lightly. The other record she kept thinking of was "Gloomy Sunday." He told her that it had been banned from the radio back then, because it was said that it had been responsible for suicides.

FOR Christmas that year, he gave her a small pearl ring that had been worn by his mother when she was a girl. The ring fitted perfectly; she only had to wiggle it slightly to get it to slide over the joint of her finger, and when it was in place it felt as if she were not wearing a ring at all. There were eight prongs holding the pearl in place. She often counted things: how many panes in a window, how many slats in a bench. Then, for her birthday, in January, he gave her a silver chain with a small sapphire stone, to be worn on the wrist. She was delighted; she wouldn't let him help her fasten the clasp.

"You like it?" he said. "That's all I've got."

She looked at him, a little startled. His mother had died the year before she met him; what he was saying was that he had given her the last of her things. There was a photograph of his mother on the bookcase—a black-and-white picture in a little silver frame of a smiling young woman, whose hair was barely darker than her skin. Because he kept the picture, she assumed that he worshipped his mother. One night he corrected that impression by saying that his mother had always tried to sing in her youth, when she had no voice, which had embarrassed everyone.

He said that she was a silent person; in the end, he said, you would have to say that she had done and said very little. He told Sharon that a few days after her death he and his father had gone through her possessions together, and in one of her drawers they had come upon a small wooden box shaped like a heart. Inside the box were two pieces of jewelry—the ring and the chain and sapphire. "So she kept some token, then," his father had said, staring down into the little box. "You gave them to her as presents?" he had asked his father. "No," his father had said apologetically. "They weren't from me." And then the two of them had stood there looking at each other, both understanding perfectly.

She said, "But what did you finally say to break the silence?"

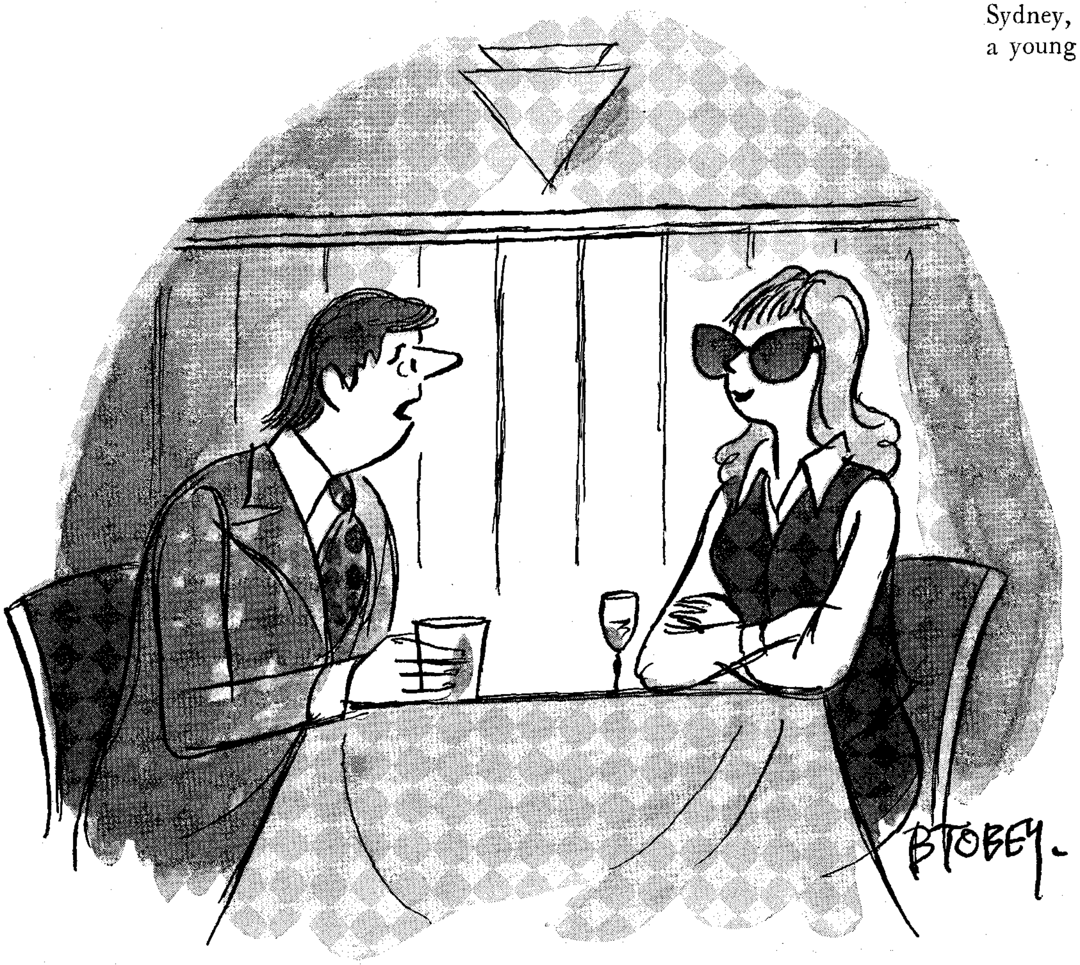
"Something pointless, I'm sure," he said.

She thought to herself that that might explain why he had not backed down, on Tenth Street, when the man offering the puppies took a stance as though he wanted to fight. Jack was used to hearing bad things—things that took him by surprise. He had learned to react coolly. Later that winter, when she told him that she loved him, his face had stayed expressionless a split second too long, and then he had smiled his slow smile and given her a kiss.

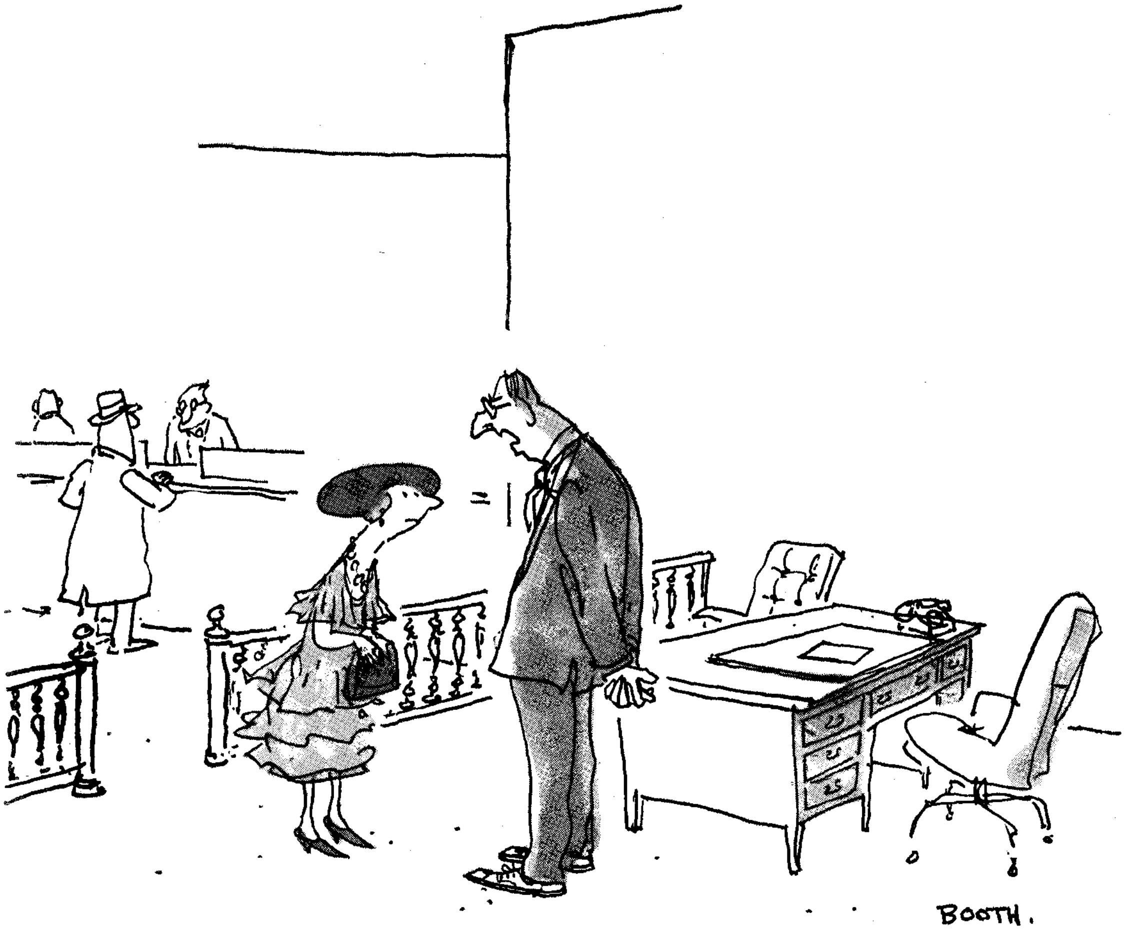
The dog grew. It took to training quickly and walked at heel, and she was glad that they had saved it. She took it to the veterinarian to ask why it was so thin. She was told that the dog was growing fast, and that eventually it would start filling out. She did not tell Jack that she had taken the dog to the veterinarian, because he thought she doted on it too much. She wondered if he might not be a little jealous of the dog.

Slowly, things began to happen with his music. A band on the West Coast that played a song that he and Gus had written was getting a big name, and they had not dropped the song from their repertoire. In February he got a call from the band's agent, who said that they wanted more songs. He and Gus shut themselves in the basement apartment, and she went walking with Sam, the dog. She went to the park, until she ran into the crippled man too many times. He was a young man, rather handsome, who walked with two metal crutches and had a radio that hung from a strap around his neck and rested on his chest, playing loudly. The man always seemed to be walking in the direction she walked in, and she had to walk awkwardly to keep in line with him so they could talk. She really had nothing to talk to the man about, and he helped very little, and the dog was confused by the crutches and made little leaps toward the man, as though they were all three playing a game. She stayed away from the park for a while, and when she went back he was not there. One day in March, the park was more crowded than usual because it was an unusually warm, springlike afternoon, and, walking with Sam, half dreaming, she passed a heavily madeup woman on a bench, who was wearing a polka-dot turban, with a hand-lettered sign propped against her legs announcing that she was Miss Sydney, a fortune-teller. There was a young boy sitting next to Miss Sydney, and he called out to her, "Come on!" She smiled slightly and shook her head no. The boy was Italian, she thought, but the woman was hard to place. "Miss Sydney's going to tell you about fire and famine and early death," the boy said. He laughed, and she hurried on, thinking it was odd that the boy would know the word "famine."

She was still alone with Jack most of every weekend, but much of his talk now was about technical problems he was having with scoring, and she had trouble following him. Once, he became enraged and said that she had no interest in his career. He said that because he wanted to move to Los Angeles and she said she was staying in New York. She had said it assuming at once that he would go anyhow. When he made it clear that he would not leave without her, she started to cry, because she was so grateful that he was staying. He thought she was



"Would you mind taking off your glasses, Marlene? I want to have a serious talk with you."



"You can not 'miss July,' Miss Dunwoodie, because your loan is a pay-every-month loan, not a miss-a-month loan."

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crying because he had yelled at her and said that she had no interest in his career. He took back what he had said; he told her that she was very tolerant, and that she often gave good advice. She had a good ear, even if she didn't express her opinions in complex technical terms. She cried again, and this time even she did not realize at first why. Later, she knew that it was because he had never said so many kind things to her at once. Actually, very few people in her life had ever gone out of their way to say something kind, and it had just been too much. She began to wonder if her nerves were getting bad. Once, she woke up in the night disoriented and sweating, having dreamed that she was out in the sun, with all her energy gone. It was stifling hot and she couldn't move. "The sun's a good thing," he said to her when she told him the dream. "Think about the bright beautiful sun in Los Angeles. Think about stretching out on a warm day with a warm breeze." Trembling, she left him and went into the kitchen for water. He did not know that if he had really set out for California she would have followed.

In June, when the air pollution got very bad and the air carried the smell that sidewalks get when they are baked through every day, he began to complain that it was her fault that they were in New York and not in California. "But I just don't like that way of life," she said. "If I went there I wouldn't be happy."

"What's so appealing about this uptight New York scene?" he said. "You wake up in the night in a sweat. You won't even walk through Washington Square Park anymore."

"It's because of that man with the crutches," she said. "People like that. I told you it was only because of him."

"So let's get away from all that. Let's go somewhere."

"You think there aren't people like that in California?" she said.

"It doesn't matter what I think about California, if I'm not going." He clamped earphones on his head.

THAT same month, while she and Jack and Gus were sharing a pot of cheese fondue, she found out that Jack had a wife. They were at Gus's apartment, when Gus casually said something about Myra. "Who's Myra?" she asked, and he said, "You know—Jack's wife, Myra." It seemed unreal to her—even more so because Gus's apartment was such an odd place; that night, Gus had plugged a defective lamp into an outlet and blown out a fuse. Then he had plugged in his only other lamp, which was a sunlamp. It glowed so brightly that he had to turn it, in its wire enclosure, to face the wall. As they sat on the floor eating, their three shadows were thrown up against the opposite wall. She had been looking at that—detached, the way you would stand back to appreciate a picture—when she tuned in on the conversation and heard them talking about someone named Myra.

"You didn't know?" Gus said to her. "O.K., I want you both out. I don't want any heavy scene in my place. I couldn't take it. Come on—I really mean it. I want you out. Please don't talk about it here."

On the street, walking beside Jack, it occurred to her that Gus's outburst was very strange, almost as strange as Jack not telling her about his wife.

"I didn't see what would be gained by telling you," Jack said.

They crossed the street. They passed the Riviera Café. She had once counted the number of panes of glass across the Riviera's front.

"Did you ever think about us getting married?" he said. "I thought about it. I thought that if you didn't want to follow me to California, of course you wouldn't want to marry me."

"You're already married," she said. She felt that she had just said something very sensible. "Do you think it was right to—"

He had started to walk ahead of her. She hurried to catch up. She wanted to call after him, "I would have gone!" She was panting.

"Listen," he said, "I'm like Gus. I don't want to hear it."

"You mean we can't even talk about

this? You don't think that I'm entitled to hear about it?"

"I love you and I don't love Myra," he said.

"Where is she?" she said.

"In El Paso."

"If you don't love her, why aren't you divorced?"

"You think that everybody who doesn't love his wife gets divorced? I'm not the only one who doesn't do the logical thing, you know. You get nightmares from living in this sewer, and you won't get out of it."

"It's different," she said. What was he talking about?

"Until I met you, I didn't think about it. She was in El Paso, she was gone—period."

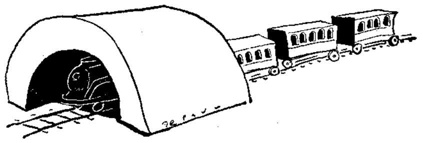
"Are you going to get a divorce?"

"Are you going to marry me?"

They were crossing Seventh Avenue. They both stopped still, halfway across the street, and were almost hit by a Checker cab. They hurried across, and on the other side of the street they stopped again. She looked at him, as surprised but as suddenly sure about something as he must have been the time he and his father had found the jewelry in the heart-shaped wooden box. She said no, she was not going to marry him.

IT dragged on for another month. During that time, unknown to her, he wrote the song that was going to launch his career. Months after he had left the city, she heard it on her AM radio one morning, and she knew that it was his song, even though he had never mentioned it to her. She leashed the dog and went out and walked to the record shop on Sixth Avenue—walking almost the same route they had walked the night she found out about his wife—and she went in, with the dog. Her face was so strange that the man behind the cash register allowed her to break the rule about dogs in the shop, because he did not want another hassle that day. She found the group's record album with the song on it, turned it over, and saw his name, in small type. She stared at the title, replaced the record, and went back outside, hunched as if it were winter.

During the month before he left, though, and before she ever heard the song, the two of them sat on the roof of his building one night, arguing. They were having a Tom Collins, because a musician who had been at his place the night before had brought his own mix and then left it behind. She had never had a Tom Collins. It tasted appropriately bitter, she thought. She held out the ring and the bracelet to him. He said that if she made him take them back, he would drop them over the railing. She believed him and put them back in her pocket. He said, and she agreed, that things had not been perfect between them even before she found out about his wife. Myra could play the guitar, and she could not; Myra loved to travel, and she was afraid to leave New York City. As she listened to what he said, she counted the posts—black iron and shaped like arrows—of the fence that wound around the roof. It was almost entirely dark, and she looked up to see if there were any stars. She yearned to be in the country, where she could always see them. She said she wanted him to borrow a car before he left, so that they could ride out into the woods in New Jersey. Two nights later, he picked her up at her apartment in a red Volvo, with Sam panting in the back, and they wound their way through the city and to the Lincoln Tunnel. Just as they were about to go under, another song began to play on the tape deck. It was Ringo Starr, singing "Octopus's Garden." Jack laughed. "That's a hell of a fine song to come on just before we enter the tunnel." Inside the tunnel, the dog flattened himself on the back seat. "You want to keep Sam, don't you?" he said. She was shocked, because she had never even thought of losing Sam. "Of course I do," she said, and unconsciously edged a little away from him. He had never said



TWO POEMS

THE MILD DESPAIR OF TREMAYNE

Snow melting and the dog
Barks lonely on his bottom from the yard.
The ground is frozen but not hard.

The seasonal and vague
Despairs of February settle over
Tremayne now like a light snow cover,

And he sits thinking, sits
Also not thinking for a while of much.
So February turns to March.

Snow turns to rain; a hyacinth
Pokes up; doves returning moan and sing.
Tremayne takes note of one more spring—

Mordancies of the armchair!—
And finds it hard not to be reconciled
To a despair that seems so mild.

THE CONTENTMENT OF TREMAYNE

Tremayne stands in the sunlight,
Watering his lawn.
The sun seems not to move at all,
Till it has moved on.

Then, twilight sounds commencing
As those of water cease,
Tremayne goes barefoot through the stir,
Almost at peace.

Light leans in pale rectangles
Out against the night.
Tremayne asks nothing more now. There's
Just enough light,

Or when the corner street lamp
Catches there is. He pauses:
How simple it all seems for once—
These sidewalks, these still houses!

—DONALD JUSTICE

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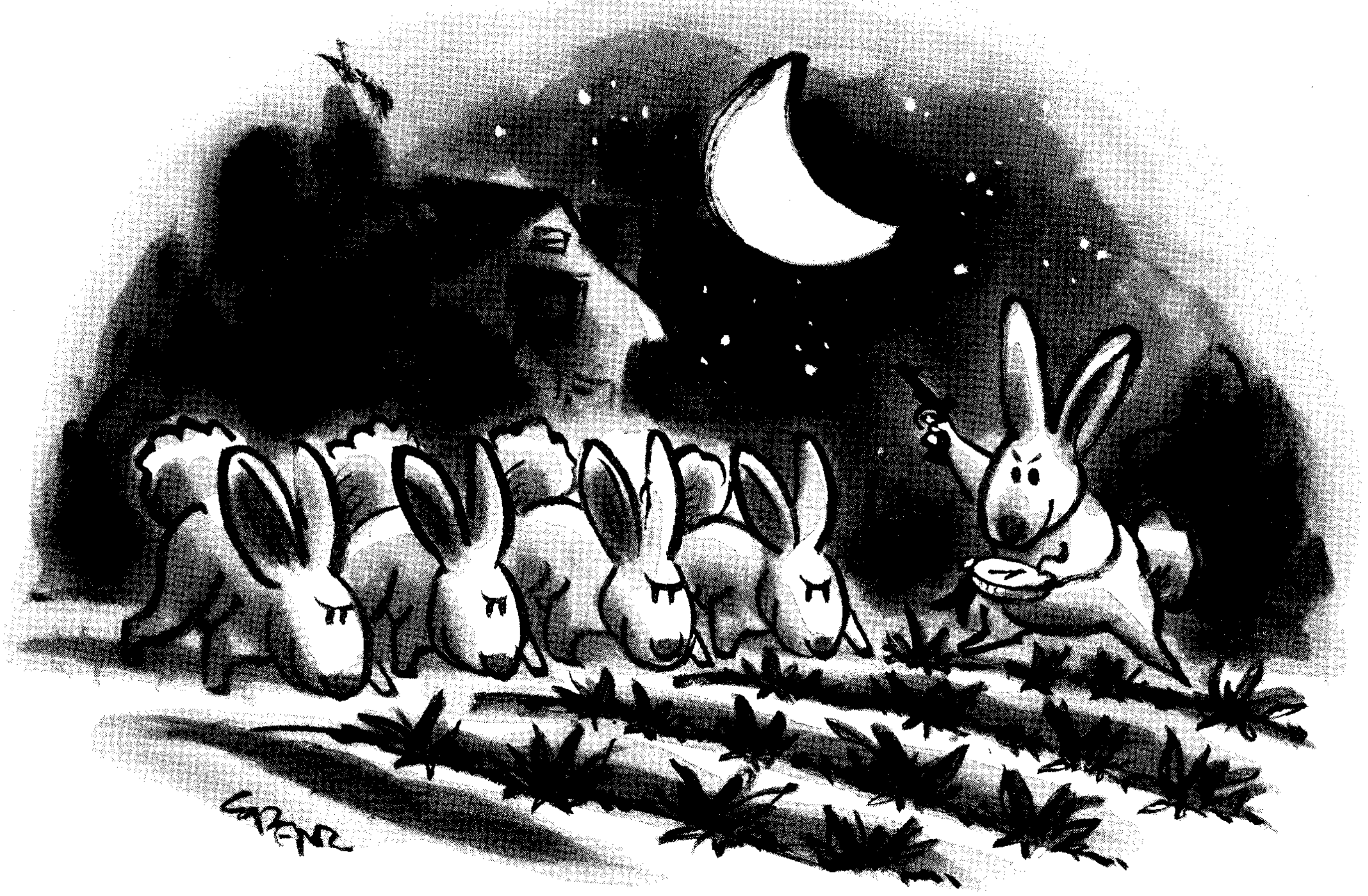

whose car it was. For no reason at all, she thought that the car must belong to a woman.

"I love that syrupy chorus of 'aaaaah' Lennon and McCartney sing," he said. "They really had a fine sense of humor."

"Is that a funny song?" she said. She had never thought about it.

They were on Boulevard East, in Weehawken, and she was staring out the window at the lights across the water. He saw that she was looking, and drove slower.

"This as good as stars for you?" he said.

"It's amazing."

"All yours," he said, taking his hand off the wheel to swoop it through the air in mock graciousness.

After he left, she would remember that as one of the little digs he had gotten in—one of the less than nice things he had said. That night, though, impressed by the beauty of the city, she let it go by; in fact, she would have to work on herself later to reinterpret many of the things he had said as being nasty. That made it easier to deal with his absence. She would block out the memory of his pulling over and kissing her, of the two of them getting out of the car and, with Sam between them, walking.

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One of the last times she saw him, she went to his apartment on a night when five other people were there—people she had never met. His father had shipped him some eight-millimetre home movies and a projector, and the people all sat on the floor, smoking grass and talking, laughing at the movies of children (Jack at his fourth birthday party; Jack in the Halloween parade at school; Jack on Easter, collecting eggs). One of the people on the floor said, "Hey, get that big dog out of the way," and she glared at him, hating him for not liking the dog. What if his shadow had briefly darkened the screen? She felt angry enough to scream, angry enough to say that the dog had grown up in the apartment and had the right to walk around. Looking at the home movies, she tried to concentrate on Jack's blunders: dropping an Easter egg, running down the hill after the egg, going so fast he stumbled into some blur, perhaps his mother's arms. But what she mostly thought about was what a beautiful child he was, what a happy-looking little boy. There was no sense in her staying there and getting sentimental, so she made her excuses and left early. Outside, she saw the red Volvo, gleaming as though it had been newly painted. She was sure that it belonged to an Indian woman in a blue sari who had been there, sitting close to Jack. Sharon was glad that as she had been leaving, Sam raised his hackles and growled at one of the people there. She had scolded him, but out on the street she had patted him, secretly glad. Jack had not asked her again to come to California with him, and she told herself that she probably would not have changed her mind if he had. The tears that began to well up in her eyes were because a cab wouldn't stop for her when the driver saw that she had a dog, she told herself. She ended up walking blocks and blocks back to her apartment that night; it made her more certain than ever that she loved the dog and that she did not love Jack.

ABOUT the time she got the first postcard from Jack, things started to get a little bad with Sam. She was afraid that he might have distemper, so she took him to the veterinarian, waited her turn, and told the doctor that the dog was growling at some people and she had no idea why. He assured her that there was nothing physically wrong with the dog, and blamed it on the heat. When another month passed and it was less hot, she visited the veterinarian again. "It's the breeding," he said, and sighed. "It's a bad mix. A weimaraner is a mean dog, and that cross isn't a good one. He's part German shepherd, isn't he?"

"Yes," she said.

"Well—that's it, I'm afraid."

"There isn't any medication?"

"It's the breeding," he said. "Believe me. I've seen it before."

"What happens?" she said.

"What happens to the dog?"

"Yes."

"Well—watch him. See how things go. He hasn't bitten *anybody*, has he?"

"No," she said. "Of course not."

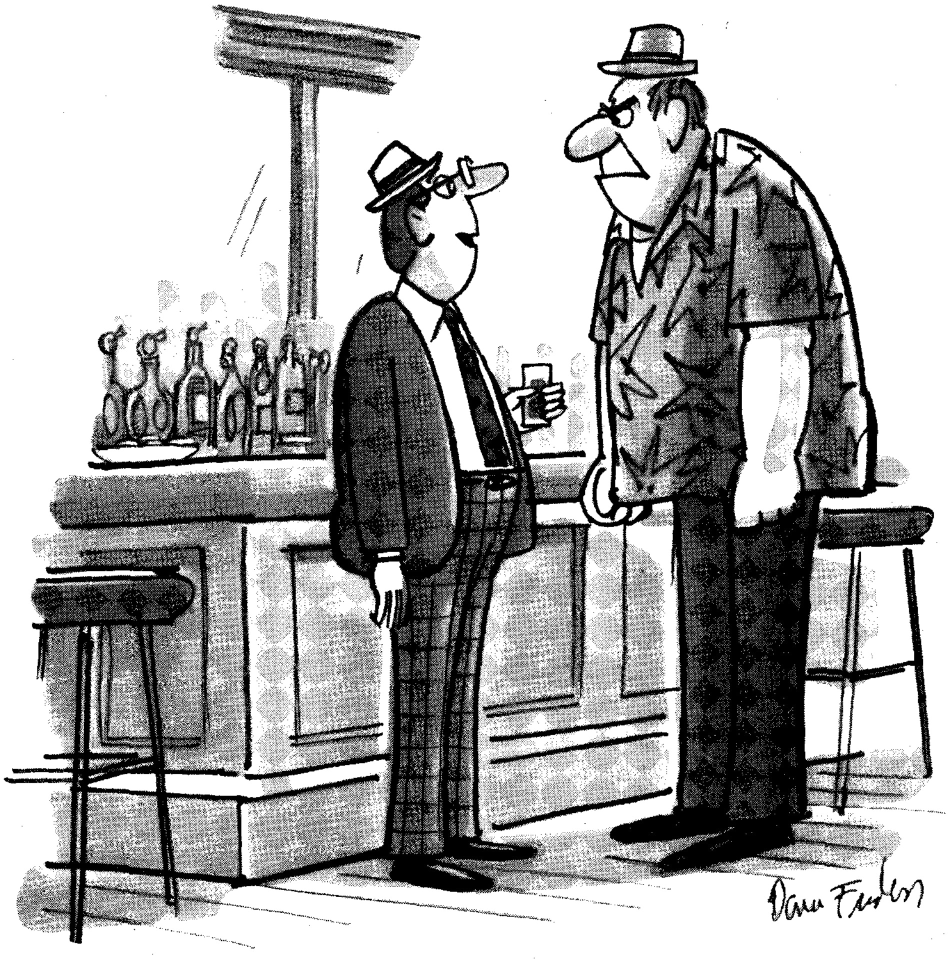
"Well—don't say of course not. Be careful with him."

"*I'm* careful with him," she said. She said it indignantly. But she wanted to hear something else. She didn't want to leave.

Walking home, she thought about what she could do. Maybe she could take Sam to her sister's house in Morristown for a while. Maybe if he could run more, and keep cool, he would calm down. She put aside her knowledge that it was late September and already much cooler, and that the dog growled more, not less. He had growled at the teen-age boy she had given money to to help her carry her groceries upstairs. It was the boy's extreme reaction to Sam that had made it worse, though. You had to act calm around Sam when he got like that, and the boy had panicked.

She persuaded her sister to take Sam, and her brother-in-law drove into New York on Sunday and drove them out to New Jersey. Sam was put on a chain attached to a rope her brother-in-law had strung up in the back yard, between two huge trees. To her surprise, Sam did not seem to mind it. He did not bark and strain at the chain until he saw her drive away, late that afternoon; her sister was driving, and she was in the back seat with her niece, and she looked back and saw him lunging at the chain.

The rest of it was predictable, even to her. Even as they drove away, she almost knew it all. The dog would bite the child. Of course, the child should not have annoyed the dog, but she did, and the dog bit her, and then there was a hysterical call from her sister and another call from her brother-in-law, saying that she must come get the dog immediately—that he would come for her so she could get him—and blaming her for bringing it to them in the first place. Her sister had never really liked her, and the incident with the dog was probably just what she had been waiting for to sever contact.



"Would it satisfy you if instead of retracting my statement I just watered it down?"

When Sam came back to the city, things got no better. He turned against everyone and it was difficult even to walk him, because he had become so aggressive. Sometimes a day would pass without any of that, and she would tell herself that it was over now—an awful period but over—and then the next morning the dog would bare its teeth at some person they passed. There began to be little signs that the dog had it in for her, too, and when that happened she turned her bedroom over to him. She hauled her mattress to the living room, and let him have his own room. She left the door cracked, so he would not think he was being punished. But she knew, and Sam knew, that it was best he stay in the room. If nothing else, he was an exceptionally smart dog.

SHE heard from Jack for over a year—sporadically, but then sometimes two postcards in a single week. He was doing well, playing in a band as well as writing music. When she stopped hearing from him—and when it became clear that something had to be done about the dog, and something had been done—she was twenty-two. On a date with a man she liked as a friend, she suggested that they go over to Jersey and drive down Boulevard East. The man was new to New York, and when they got there he said that he was more impressed with that view of the city than with the view from the top of the RCA Building. "All ours," she said, gesturing with her arm, and he, smiling and excited by what she said, had taken her hand when it had finished its sweep and kissed it, and continued to stare with awe at the lights across the water. That summer, she heard another song of Jack's on the radio, which alluded, as so many of his songs did, to times in New York she remembered well. In this particular song there was a couplet about a man on the street offering kittens in a box that actually contained a dog named Sam. In the context of the song, it was an amusing episode—another "you can't always get what you want" sort of thing—and she could imagine Jack in California, not knowing what had happened to Sam, and, always the one to appreciate little jokes in songs, smiling.

—Ann Beattie

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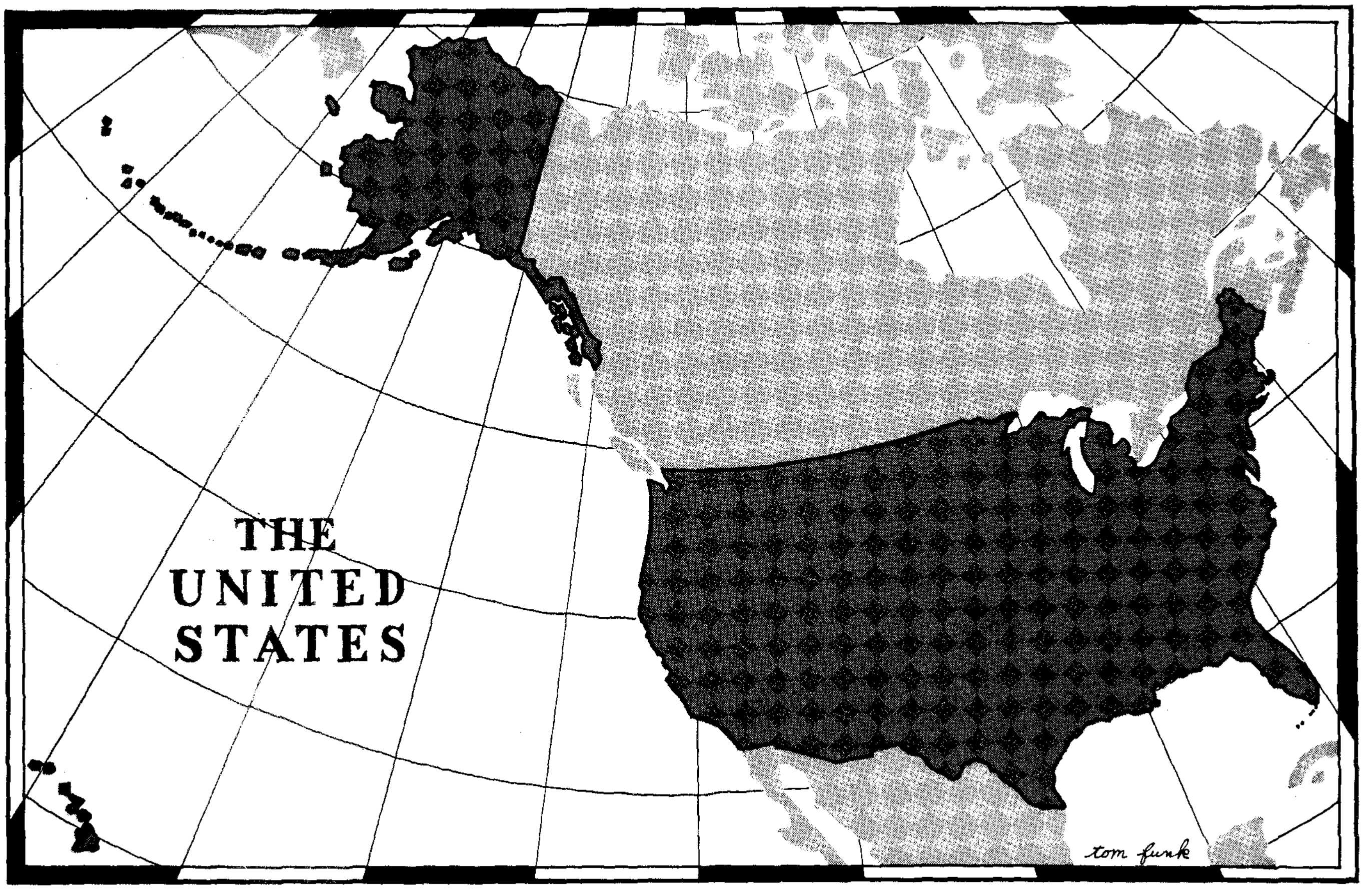
Facilities include two tennis courts, an 18-hole swimming pool and a health club.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Have you warned people about diving after dark?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

COMING INTO THE COUNTRY—III



With a clannish sense of place characteristic of the bush, people in the region of the upper Yukon refer to their part of Alaska as "the country." A stranger appearing among them is said to have "come into the country."

STANLEY GELVIN grew up in the country, and therefore has no capacity to see it as exotic. He has sampled other worlds, which have failed to attract him—Fairbanks, mainly, and a visit or two outside. He has spent most of the nights of his life in sleeping bags. When he sleeps in a bed with sheets and blankets, he turns, tosses, and flips until the bedding is out of tuck and is composed in mummy shape around him. While Stanley was growing up, Central, Alaska, with its population under twenty, did not offer him a large reserve of playmates. Instead, he had engines. Getting to know them, he acquired a primary skill of the country, and now has almost a maker's sense of their design and function. In mining, hunting, trapping, ice fishing, he and his family use everything from rasping little two-cycle chain-saw engines to the turbocharged diesel of the D9 Cat. They have pumps, generators, airplanes, snow machines, washing machines, automobiles, pickups—and when you are well over a hundred miles from the corner garage you do not go there to have someone listen to what seems to be wrong. Stanley, in his middle twenties, has never known that sort of dependence. Like his father, Ed Gelvin, he routinely works on the pumps, the saws, the cars, the planes. "Living in the bush, you have to," he says. "I don't know anything different. You just have to be a good mechanic. You have to modify machinery until you get the imperfections out. I never found nothing I couldn't fix."

From early youth onward, Stanley's gold fever has been chronic, running along steadily a few degrees above normal. As a child, he made little rocker boxes and took them out to Deadwood Creek to separate from its gravels its cereal flakes of color. As he moved through the boxes small heaps of pebbles and sand, the point was not lost on him that a guy could move a whole stream bed with a big machine, and when that day came a guy would have to be able to maintain the machine. For ten dollars, he bought from a neighbor a pre-Second World War Chevrolet. It was long since dead on the road. He sent off for piston rings and gaskets from Sears in Philadelphia. The bearings were babbitted and could not be replaced, so he took out the shims and adjusted them for proper clearance. He was seven years old. He had a book on auto mechanics. He did a valve job. He installed the new gaskets and rings. The engine sat up in its coffin.

Ed and Ginny Gelvin ran the Central roadhouse for a time. To drivers who had made the long trip from Fairbanks up the dusty seasonal road Stanley was generous with alarming advice. "Why don't you turn that bearing over? If you don't, you'll be sorry." A truck driver came in once, hauling supplies to Circle, and before he could fairly sip his coffee he was confronted by this little kid telling him his differential was in bad trouble. "Don't worry about it, son. It always sounds like that," the driver said, departing. Thirty miles up the road, the truck went around a curve, and the wheels tried to turn—as they are wont to on curves—at varying rates of spin. The differential failed to see the difference anymore. The breakdown was complete.

The mining season ordinarily is short. It can be even shorter when a stream remains "glaciered" until the middle of July. A bush Alaskan—miner, trapper, whatever his interests may be—is particularly secure if he carries a union card and can go out part of the year for extra money. Stanley belongs to 302—the Fairbanks local of the Operating Engineers' union. In Fairbanks, in the cabs of cranes, he sometimes sets steel for ironworkers—an extremely delicate job. "One slip and you can kill someone. You work in fractions of an inch, making bolt holes line up. You're swinging all the time. It's harder to operate equipment than to fly." After growing up on the seats of Cats—plowing snow, skidding logs—he went out to work on the Chandalar Shelf, the Dietrich River, Galbraith Lake, running his first D9s, building the pipeline road. He prefers to be in Central. Last year, in Greenhorn Gulch, ten miles up a creek from home, he set up a twenty-four-foot wooden sluice box that took in nearly a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of gold in every hour it ran. Unfortunately, it ran only twenty-four hours (an aggregate of short bursts), because water was scarce in the gulch. The experience, however, was anything but discouraging. Thirty-five hundred dollars will fuel a fair amount of living in the bush. With his infant son, Jimmy, and wife, Andrea, who is the daughter of a Fairbanks contractor, Stanley lives in a new cabin on his parents' property. He would have liked to build somewhere else, off in the hills or out near the Yukon, in an unneighbored place he could call his own, but, in the vastness of all the surrounding country, land was not available. That, for Stanley, has been a bewildering disappointment. When he was born, in 1950, the country was open and free. Expectations were that when he grew up he could live where he pleased. Then Alaska became a state. Oil was discovered. Homesteading ended. In the great reapportionment of Alaskan land, the squares seemed to be moving as well as the checkers. Stanley, who had always been at ease with all aspects of this place and latitude, now found himself feeling more than uneasy. A government many thousands of miles away had "frozen" the land with printed words. It was settling forty million acres on Eskimos, Aleuts, and Indians, but for his future it offered little more than atrophy, a narrowing of what he once might have looked upon as his birthright opportunities. He could not comprehend this. He was a native, too.

When Stanley's mother was a girl, she lived in urban Pittsburgh, and she often said, "When I grow up, I'm going to live in a log cabin with a wolf hide on the wall." She read Louise Dickinson Rich ("We Took to the Woods"), Willa Cather ("O Pioneers!"), Jack London ("White Fang"), and works of Peary and Byrd. Her father, a carpenter, had a cottage about ninety miles north of the city. He took her there to fish for bass, perch, and bullheads, and to hunt rabbits, squirrels, and ducks. Driving home, she could smell Pittsburgh long before its stacks came into view, and she would begin thinking of the next trip to the cottage.

Ed Gelvin grew up on a small dairy farm a mile and a half out of Hartstown, Pennsylvania, in the northwestern corner of the state. There were eighteen cows, a hundred and some acres. Four generations of Gelvins had lived there. Ed's father, Stanley Gelvin, liked horses so much he did not buy a tractor until 1939, when Ed was fifteen. As a twelve-year-old, Ed plowed behind a team, and planted corn, wheat, and hay "in a little valley of real rich sandy loam." He milked, he fed the stock, and when his chores were done he hunted and he trapped. A skunk pelt was worth eight dollars, a muskrat three. He mailed them to Sears, Roebuck in Philadelphia, who sent him a check or credited the furs against items he ordered from their catalogue. He got to know Ginny when he was still in his teens. "Her Dad had this little cottage in a swamp, about a mile from our farm."

Ginny talked of "going somewhere"—a place where "you could make your own life." The Second World War interrupted the conversation. Ed apprenticed himself as an ironworker, helped build a defense plant near his home, and went into the Navy, which trained him as a shipfitter in Newport News. She joined the Women's Army Corps. They were married in 1946, and he went back to "putting up iron," while Ginny went back to thinking of a place where they could be more on their own. "I noticed a lot about this keeping up with the Joneses. Look-alike houses were starting. I couldn't see living like that. I couldn't see straining and striving to make a better can opener when all it does is open a can." She wrote a letter, and Ed signed it. "Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C. Dear Sirs: Would you please mail me any information you have on the Territory of Alaska."

They bought a new sedan (a naïve beginning) and started out in June, 1949. Neither of them had ever been west of the Mississippi. In Montana, they saw, for the first time, high mountains topped with snow. In Alberta, they began seeing moose racks on barns and houses. In British Columbia and Yukon Territory, they saw mud, and rain, and spruce. On the nineteenth of June, they crossed the hundred-and-forty-first meridian, and now "the roads were like crick beds, the rocks were like grapefruit"—Alaska! Not that they needed further proof of where they were, but they got it forthwith when they stopped at a roadhouse, three in the afternoon, and everyone in it was drunk. In Fairbanks, hungry, they cruised around looking for a place to eat, but all they could afford was soup and coffee, for two dollars and fifty cents. There were no hotel rooms. They slept in the car. Of the many hundreds of people they would come to know whose arrivals were similar to theirs, most—within days, a month, a year—would turn and go. The Gelvins sold the car and bought a pickup. Ed got a job in the railroad yard, and before long was building a school. One day in July, they went up the long dust trail to Central, to the domes of the Tanana Hills. Their purpose was to see caribou, and they stood on high passes and swept with their eyes the tundra fells. The nearest caribou was somewhere else. All they saw was the country.

If gold first drew them to settle here, the country itself is what kept them—the rivers, the mountains, this immense wild range lying open to anyone who could meet its climatic terms. In their first mining season on Squaw Creek, they made expenses and then some. After that, because of slow-melting stream ice, they barely made expenses. That is when they would have left if gold had been all they wanted, but they had chosen the country in the way that someone else would choose a career. Sense of place registered higher with them than a sense of accumulating wealth. They went to work at almost anything that might support them, and tried to stay where they were. They first lived in Circle Hot Springs, a clump of buildings around a natural phenomenon that fogged the winter air with warm steam and coated the spruce with ice. Central was eight miles away. It appealed to them because it was "less junky than most Alaskan towns." It was scarcely a town at all, had never had a school or a church—just a few cabins around the T in the road where a spur went off to the Springs. They took on the local mail run. They cut and sold cordwood and lumber. They ran the roadhouse for a year and a half. They shot wolves for the bounty, which was fifty dollars. The price of fur was too low at first to make other animals worth trapping, but as the price went up their lines went out, and fur eventually became their primary source of money. Meanwhile, Ed went off to construction jobs—a month here, six weeks there. In Arctic Alaska, in winter, he helped build stations of the DEW line. He built oil-drilling platforms in Cook Inlet and rigs on the North Slope. He was gone, in aggregate, no more than three months a year. Since 1970, the family has lived almost wholly on the possibilities of the country, and Ed has gone out for work only twice.

Stanley and then Betsy went to grammar school at the kitchen table. The material came by mail from Baltimore, and in the season when the sun was gone for upward of a month the children worked by kerosene light (or gasoline-generated electric light), while their mother watched over them and licked the stamps. When Stanley reached junior high, he went to school in Fairbanks, and was ahead of his peers by a couple of levels. Education as a whole, though, was a patchwork affair, a hazard of the bush—correspondence, boarding homes, shuttlings to an apartment in Fairbanks. The Gelvins' twins, Carol and Colleen, six years younger than Stanley, went to grade school in Fairbanks and high school by correspondence from Central—under the program run by the University of Nebraska. The course was "cattle-oriented," according to Ginny. While they might better have been studying, say, aviation and geology in addition to fundamental subjects, they sat at the table in their log cabin at fifty degrees below zero in the penarctic twilight studying animal husbandry. Colleen stayed the course, but Carol went off to Colorado to finish high school from the home of an uncle. Stanley matriculated at the University of Alaska, intending to become a mining engineer. He stayed two weeks, leaving when he discovered that he had to study English, too. Only Betsy, the middle child, went on through college. There was no television in Central. The children could watch it in Fairbanks if they wanted to—and, in their mother's words, "see the foolishness of it." But Ginny always felt relieved that Central was, as it still is, beyond TV's frontier. She had seen TV in a bar in Ohio in 1949 and had sensed what it could do to children.

For years, she kept a diary of the meals the family ate. Grouse, which she hunted with a .22, occasionally appeared in it, and beaver, lynx, mountain sheep, grayling, and pike, not to mention king salmon. But the main staple of the house was always moose, as a flip of the pages reveals. These were the features of consecutive winter nights:

Spaghetti with mooseburger.
Moose steak.
Omelet.
Moose steak.
Moose roast.
Pinto beans and cabbage.
Toasted cheese sandwiches.
Moose stew.
Moose meatloaf.
Leftover moose.
Leftover moose.
Sandwiches.
Spaghetti with mooseburger.
Swiss moosesteak.
Leftover moose.
Roast moose.
Moose steak.
Moose sandwiches and soup.
Mooseburgers.
Mooseburgers.
Clam chowder.
Fried moose liver.
Swiss moosesteak.
Ground moose in Spanish rice.

Looking up from this list when I read it, I asked her, "What are we having tonight?"

"Swiss caribou," she said.

With fair regularity, the family would listen—as they still do—to programs like "Tundra Topics" on KFAR, "Pipeline of the North" on KIAK, and "Trapline Chatter" on KJNP (King Jesus North Pole). As a public service in the absence of telephones, Alaskan radio stations spray messages around the bush. "To Brenda Carter. I'll be in late tomorrow night. I love you. John." "To Mr. O at Eagle from J.R. at Fairbanks. Please clean the snow off my roof." "To Martha Malcolm in Eagle. Angela Harper is in Fairbanks and O.K." "Passed police exam. Love, Jim." "Planning to have baby born at Lynette's cabin. Ellen and Jim Frazier. Eagle." "To Jan and Seymour on the Yukon from Mom in Anchorage. Are you there?" "To all my brothers and sisters in Anaktuvuk Pass . . ." "Please, Isaac, don't drink. We'll be getting married next week." "Chris is still hoping to make it out before breakup." These one-way communications are the only device to beat the mail. In recent times, the Gelvins' daughters have been working as bookkeepers and bull cooks on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline, and when they go out of Fairbanks to a new assignment or are coming home on leave they let their parents know by "Trapline Chatter." "Even when there's no message for us," their mother says, "it's a good way

to keep up with what is going on around the bush.”

The Gelvins bought their cabin from an old-timer who had once worked claims on Mastodon Creek. Gradually—as they added a room, razed a woodshed, built a porch—a new cabin evolved. It ate up and spit out its predecessor. In their sawmill, they cut their own lumber. Ed designed a gravity-feed system featuring the first flush toilet in the history of Central. It works much of the time. There is a supportive outhouse that is not always redundant. He dug Central's first year-round well. The kitchen sink is fed by a hand-cranked iron pump. Dishwater is heated on the stove. Ed designed and built the all-metal shop-garage, the one-plane hangar. He works with sheet metal like a tailor handling flannel, and has been called the best welder in Alaska. There are beautiful sleds in the shop and on the ground outside—Yukon sleds, basket sleds, racing sleds, freight sleds, bobsleds. He built them. He is the author of a laconically written booklet called “How to Build an Alaskan Dog Sled.” The team is staked near the cabin. His lead dog, Tara, is fifty-per-cent wolf.

Gelvin is soft-spoken, clean-shaven, about fifty. His construction shoes, his dark poplin work clothes, his visored cap do not suggest the extent to which he stands out against the landscape. Had he remained in the Lower Forty-eight, he would have gone on being an ironworker of the highest ability, but the geometry of his life, which in the far-northern bush is an ever-changing set of interlocking polygons, would have been less discernible—more like a faint straight line. Shy, quiet, admirably unassuming—whatever else he is up here, he is not anonymous.

“I worked with him on the Colville River. He knew what he was doing. Everything he did he did well and quickly. He is the most efficient man I've ever met.”

“A lot of these bush Jacks-of-all-trades just want things to work out. Ed wants them right.”

“He is the most capable man I've ever known. Every move he made he was doing something. There were no dead moves.”

“The Gelvins are here thirty years and they attack any project with the enthusiasm of a newcomer.”

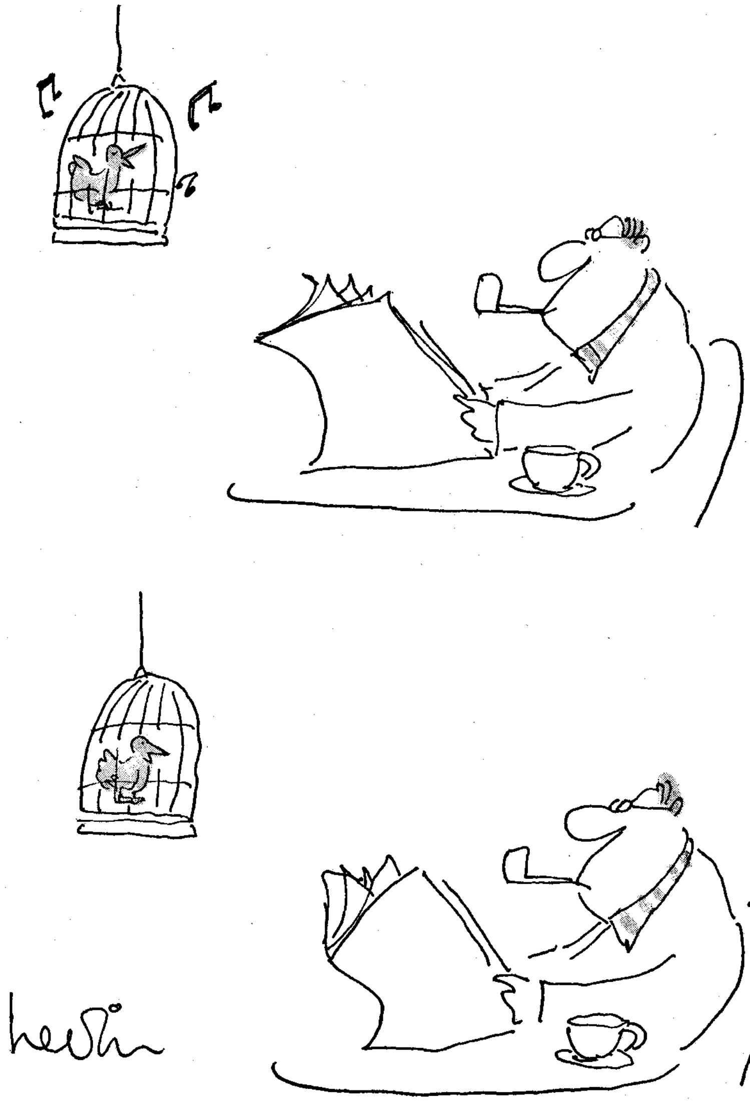
“They leave a situation better than they found it.”

“They are modern-type pioneers. They do things the old way, they do things the new way. They are the kind that built the country.”

Ginny Gelvin is of middle height, with dark hair, dark quick eyes, and a skeptical corner-mouth grin. She wears jeans, usually with a wool shirt. She is comfortable in her surroundings, and is made nervous if she has to visit a populous place—even Fairbanks, a hundred and twenty-seven miles away, which she calls “town.” She does not like, among other things, being dependent for water and power on sources outside her family's control. She has endured a flood in town, and the threat of earthquakes. At such times, she yearns for home. “Out here, anything can happen and it doesn't bother you. We have our own power system, our own well. We have double systems generally. We have kerosene and propane light when we don't want to run the generator.” With temperatures that snap toward seventy below, they also have snows that close the road six months a year and grizzlies that visit in summer. She looks up sometimes and sees wolves in the yard. She says, “In town, I always feel insecure.”

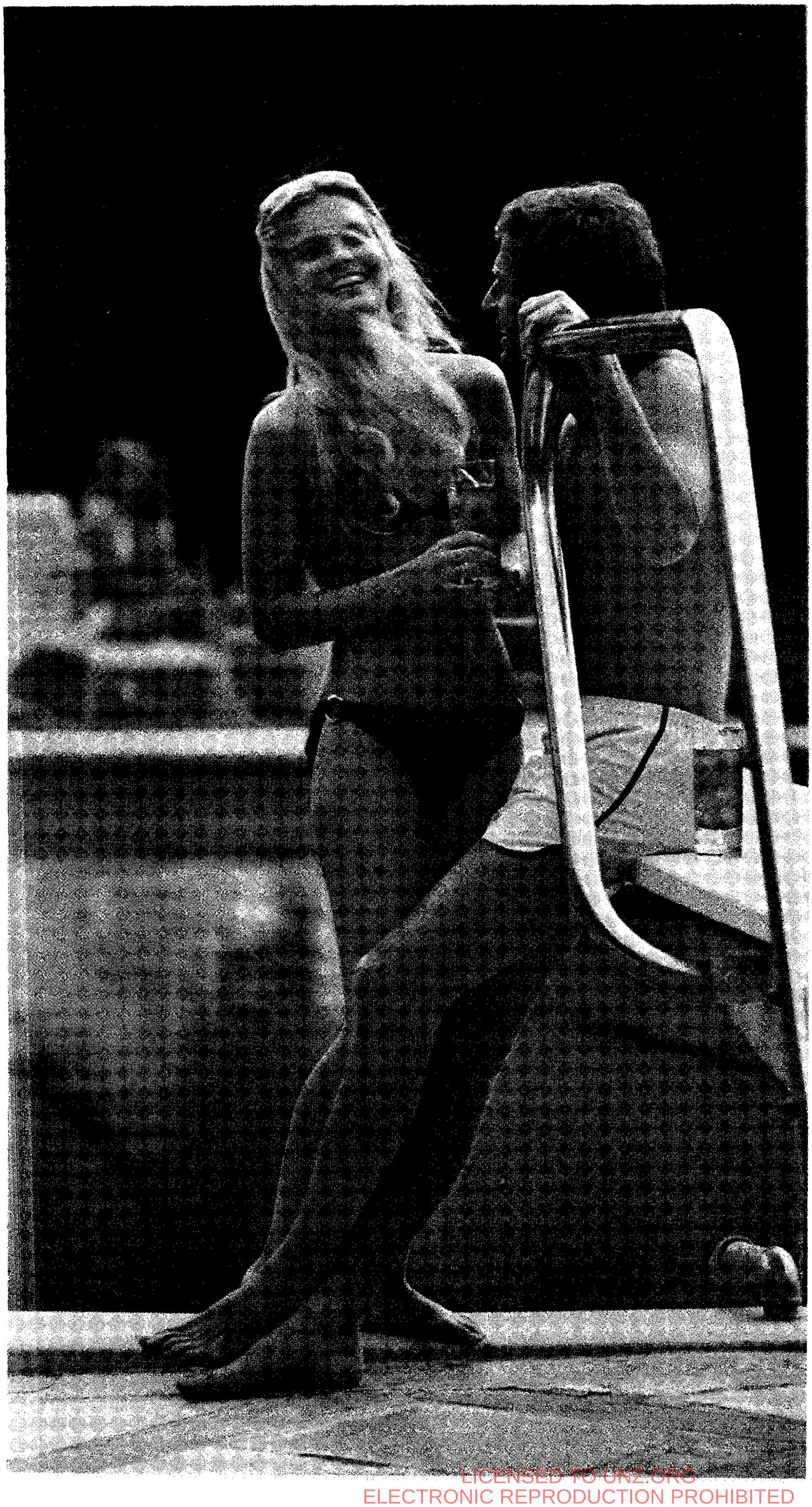
Operating a sewing machine, her husband is, if anything, more able than she, at least when tailoring moosehide. With a rifle, she is the better shot. In two big gardens and a greenhouse, they grow most of their vegetables—tomatoes, peppers, cabbages, lettuce, kohlrabi, beans, cauliflower, celery, rhubarb, blood-red turnips a foot in diameter that resemble the hearts of bulls. They smoke salmon. They fly to Arctic lakes, drill holes in the ice with an auger attached to a chain saw, and pull out northern pike. Hunting game not just for food but for profit as well, Ed is the region's only registered big-game guide. For sums upward of two thousand dollars, he will take some cheechako up into the hills and glass and glass until he shows him a full-curl Dall ram or a grizzly big enough to carpet a hall.

The Gelvins have ten acres of land, an extraordinary spread for a family to own up here in ironic Alaska. A stream, Crooked Creek, runs along one side. Their compound has grown to sixteen buildings, nearly all of which are extremely small by any but local standards. Considerable safety is in these numbers—always somewhere to go, at fifty below zero, in the event of fire. There is a guest cabin, an eight-by-fourteen-foot wanigan (which is a habitable cabin in itself), a meat cache, a smokehouse, a toolshed. A “warehouse” contains sugar, flour, cornmeal, paper goods, coffee (things that can ig-



“And now the world-news roundup.”

CAMPARI INSTEAD.



You're having a long hard day around the pool and you're ready to have your usual favorite summer drink.

But today you feel like making waves. So you do something different. You have Campari & Orange Juice instead.

A long, cool drink of Campari & Orange Juice makes a satisfying light drink around the pool or patio. It's perfect before lunch or dinner.

That unique, tongue-tingling flavor of Campari is a nice change of pace from the drink you ask for out of habit. Soon you may even find yourself getting into a happy new habit: having Campari instead.

CAMPARI & ORANGE JUICE.

Instead of your usual drink, try this... pour a jigger (1 1/2 oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Fill with Orange Juice and enjoy!

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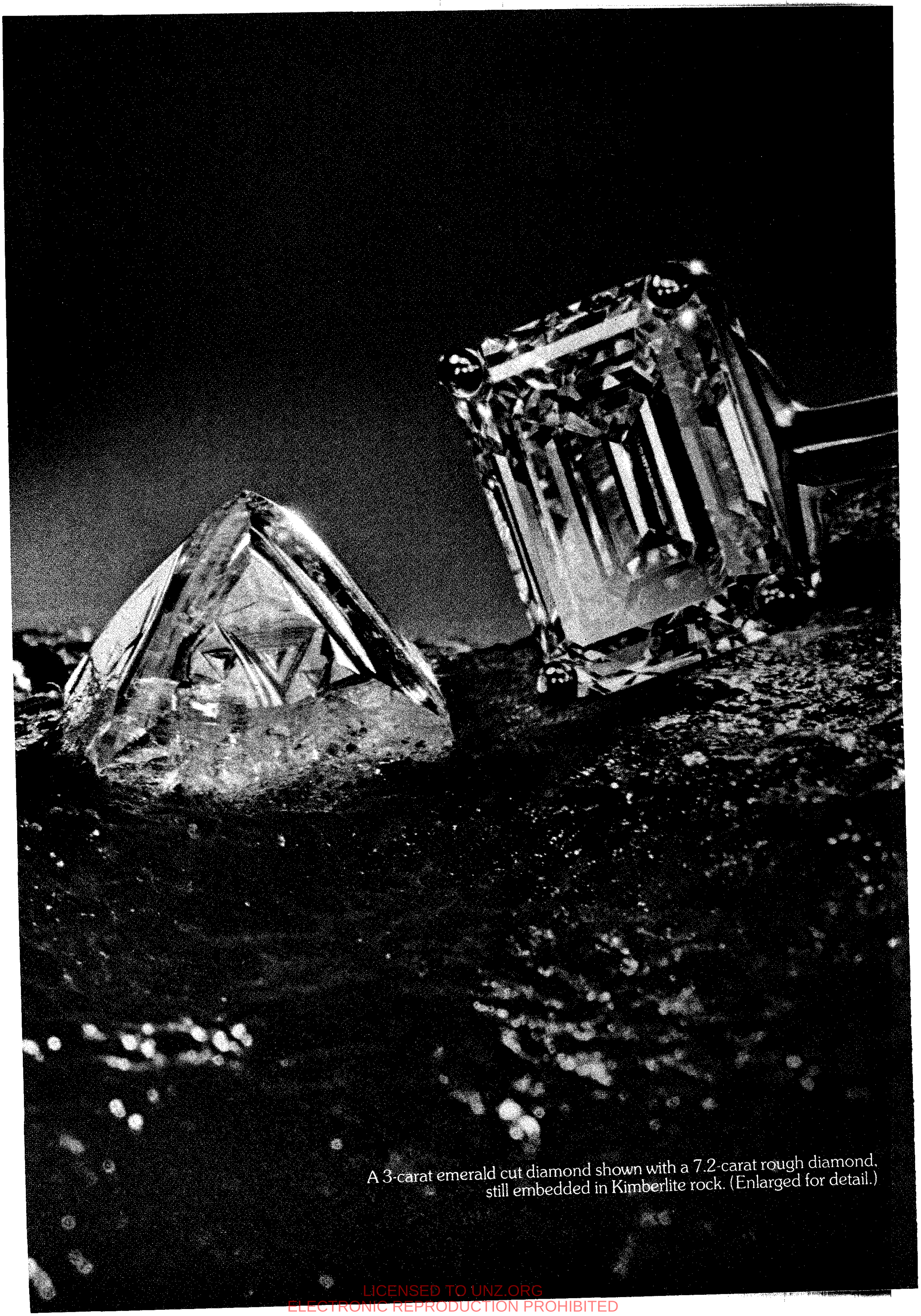


A 3-carat emerald cut diamond shown with a 7.2-carat rough diamond, still embedded in Kimberlite rock. (Enlarged for detail.)

The taming of a rough diamond.

You are looking at the two most important stages of a diamond. As nature formed it. And as man transformed it.

The search. Created in darkness, and born of volcanic eruption, rough diamonds are usually found embedded deep within volcanic rock or buried under tons of sand. Forcing man to move mountains to track them down.

The capture. It is the cutter who tames a rough diamond. A master who never goes against the nature of the stone. He works with it to bring out the best that it can be. Seeing an infinity of possibilities, he seeks out the one "cut" above all others. In size, color, clarity and shape. For the destiny of each and every diamond is entirely in man's hands.

The conquest. This is a 3-carat emerald cut diamond worth approximately $18,000.* It is a rare breed. Because it is large, and large diamonds are becoming scarcer every day. And it is an emerald cut, a very uncommon cut for diamonds today. A magnificently proportioned diamond that acts like a million prisms. An individual with a character and a personality all its own. Tamed, as all diamonds are, to behave beautifully. Forever.

A diamond is forever.

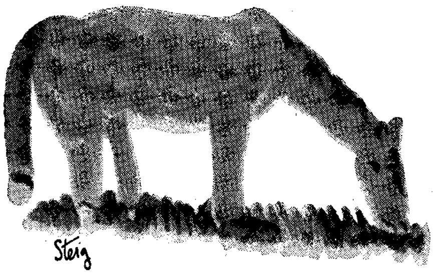
*This price refers to this specific stone. Other stones of the same size will vary in value, sometimes much higher or lower, according to the individual characteristics of each stone. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

nore the cold). Even the family's "attic" is a small freestanding building. Most of these structures are made from logs, and the scene might suggest an Eric Sloane book on Early American cabins were it not that the compound is for the most part arranged around one end of an airstrip. Your eye also rests on the fibre-glass greenhouse, not to mention the hangar and workshop. There are no anachronisms. All of it meshes in this place and time. The main cabin is L-shaped, and its long sides are eighteen and thirty-two feet. Floor to ceiling, its height inside is ten courses of logs. There are many dozens of books, a core sample of which would be "Scotty Allan, King of the Dog Team Drivers," "Mining Engineers' Handbook," "Developing Gold Properties with Airplane Placer Drills," "The Home Physician and Guide to Health," "Yukon Women," "Fifty Years Below Zero," "Ancient Men of the Arctic," "The Call of the Wild," "The Wilderness Trapper," "The Trail Eater," "Grizzly Country," "Notorious Grizzly Bears," and "Return of the Alaskan." A waist-high bookshelf separates the kitchen area from the living room, where a couch and a couple of chairs—the walls, too—are draped and decorated with the long soft pelts of timber wolves. A full basement is below. There are five rooms in all. The wolf bitch Tara was not named for this house, but there is more analogy than meets the eye, for it is as handsome a cabin as there is in the country, and could be a setting to remember if the life here were to vanish with the wind.

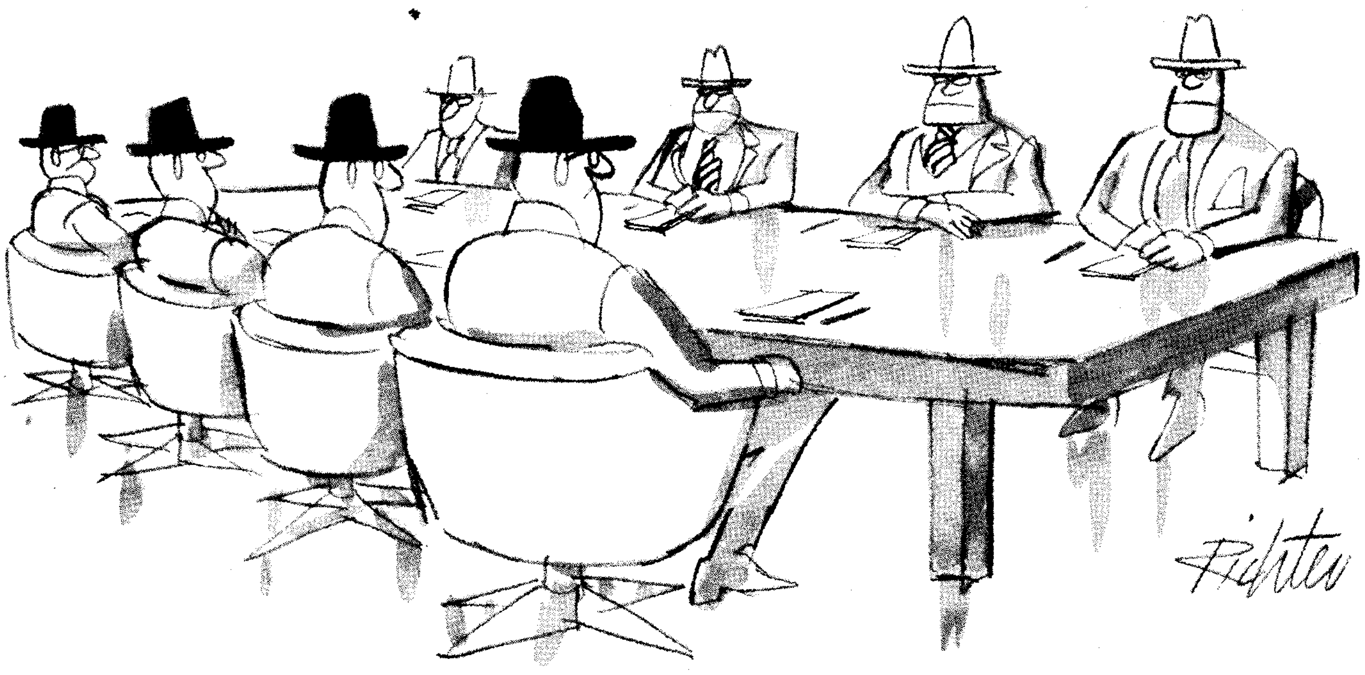
WHEN I have stayed with the Gelvins, I have for the most part occupied a cabin toward the far end of the airstrip—a place they acquired not long ago from an old-timer named Curly Allen, who was in his seventies and went south. He had no intention of returning, but he left his cabin well stocked with utensils, food, and linen—a tin of coffee close to the pot, fifty pounds of flour, five pounds of Danish bacon, firewood in three sizes stacked beside the door. Outside, some paces away, I have stood at a form of parade rest and in the broad light of a June midnight been penetrated in the most inconvenient place by a swarm of indecent mosquitoes, and on the same spot in winter, in a similar posture at the same hour, have stared up in darkness from squeaky snow at a green arch of the aurora, green streamers streaming from it all across the sky. At home, when I look up at the North Star I lift my eyes but don't really have to move my head. Here, I crane back, lift my chin almost as far as it will go, and look up at the polestar flirting with the zenith. The cabin is long and low, and its roof is loaded white—mantled eighteen inches deep. Its windows are brown-gold from the light of burning lamps. The air is so still I can hear the rising smoke. Twenty-two degrees below zero. Balls of ice are forming in the beard. I go back inside and comb it off, and jump into a bag of down.

The spruce in their millions are thick with snow, but not heavy snow—a light dry loaf on every bough, with frost as well, in chain crystals. Just touch one of these trees and all of its burden falls, makes craters in the snow of the ground. The load is so delicately poised a breath can break it, a mild breeze denude the forest. Day after day, the great northern stillness will preserve this Damoclean scene, while the first appearance of each February dawn shoots pink light into the trees, and colors all the blanketed roofs, the mushroom caps on barrels and posts. Overhead, sometimes, a few hundred feet above the ground stillness, the wind is audibly blowing.

I have flown with Ed in winter to this place and that, in his Bellanca Citabria, landing on frozen rivers and sloughs. The first time he set down, I did not know the plane had landed. The snow was so deep and so dry there was no feel of the skis touching. When we ran into some unseasonably warm air one day—a williwaw blowing over the mountains from the south—the Citabria's oil temperature began to climb toward an unacceptable level. He landed on the Yukon, got out, opened the engine cowling with a Phillips screwdriver, and removed a sheet of cardboard. He had put it there to block off the oil cooler, to keep it from doing too good a job. "When you bring an airplane into this country, you have to modify it in various ways," he said. "You prepare it for our kind of cold. Block off the oil cooler. Cut a bigger hole in the breather tube so it won't freeze up and blow your nose seal. Partly cover the bugeyes—the air intakes—on the cowling. You adapt for summer, too. When a new plane comes into the country, people say, 'It's still in wheel pants,' because wheel pants are the first things to come off. You put on tundra tires, and a big Scott tail wheel." The Citabria is built for short takeoffs, but, even so, when he bought it he replaced its fixed prop with a constant-speed prop, and he drooped the ailerons and adjusted the gap seals so he could get off the ground in two hundred feet (unloaded). "That's the way it is out here—you adapt things to the country. If something breaks down, you tear it apart and learn that way. Stanley is way better than I on airplanes. He built the new bungee-cord landing gear for his Champ. It originally had a sixty-five-horsepower engine. He took a ninety-five-horse engine from a wrecked 140, rebuilt it, replaced parts, put it in the Champ, and took off. Stanley can listen to an airplane from a distance and tell its horsepower, and with one glance he knows if it has a PA18 rudder, a PA11 horizontal stabilizer. I'd rather have him working on my airplane than just about any licensed mechanic I know." We got back into the Citabria and prepared to lift off from the river, but the snow was soft, the skis stuck, and the plane at full power plowed along well below takeoff speed. We were glued to the Yukon. Ed, though, had had this possibility in mind and had therefore chosen to land on a smoothly frozen segment of the river many miles long. He turned around and taxied back to where he had started, completing a large oval imprint, which suggested a race track. Then he went around and around it, packing and smoothing the surface until the plane began to move with increased speed and the skis at last came off the snow.



Ed did not know how to fly when he came into the country but inevitably took it up as an important skill of the bush. Since there are so few people in all Alaska, the coincidence is more commonplace than remarkable that he was taught by Don Jonz. Jonz, whose name had once been Jones, instructed in Fairbanks, and Ed remembers him as "a flippant, cocky sort of guy." He was the pilot of the Cessna 310 that disappeared on its way to Juneau in 1972 with Alaska's Representative Nick Begich and his Louisiana colleague Hale Boggs. The plane apparently iced up and fell into the Gulf of Alaska. As it happened, the issue of *Flying* magazine that was on newsstands at that time contained an article called "Ice Without Fear," by Don Jonz. "The thought of inflight structural icing inspires the crazies in a lot of airmen," he wrote. "In my opinion, most of it



is a crock. . . . It's hard to convince some people that the sun is always shining on top. . . . If your bid for blue sky is unsuccessful, you have a monkey on your back. The trip down won't be pleasant. . . . Ice can be, and is, consistently deadly. An aircraft under severe ice loads suffers on both ends of its speed range. Stall goes up. Cruise goes down. When the two meet, the world comes to an end."

The Gelvins never fly anywhere without leaving a note on the kitchen table saying where they have gone and at what time, and giving a flight plan. They are known as people who will go out of their way to fly over someone's remote cabin to be sure that smoke is visible there, but the cabin will be in their flight plan. On long trips, if something of surprising interest attracts their attention—some digression they would like to make—they resist the temptation. They stay with their plan, because if searchers had to look for them they might look in the wrong place. Their planes have emergency-locator beacons, and each contains survival gear—an axe, a week's food, flares, a tent, two sleeping bags. Snowshoes are strapped to the wing struts. They haven't had much trouble. Ed and Stanley once had a rough landing at the family's cabin on the Charley River. The "airstrip" there is so short it looks like a helicopter pad, with a surface of grapefruit gravel. The plane bounced hard and did a half gainer, coming to rest upside down. Father and son crawled out, righted the plane, and assessed the important damage. A strut was bent to the point of fracture. The propeller was bent, too. What were they going to do? Build a raft and float the Charley? They were a hundred river miles from just about anywhere. On the hill above them was the wreckage of a Liberator lost during the Second World War, from which, they had heard, a single survivor had walked in many weeks to safety. That was not their style. They cut a spruce and wired it, as a splint, to the damaged strut. They removed the propeller and laid it across two big logs. With a third log, they pounded the prop until its gross disfigurement essentially disappeared. They put it back on the airplane, revved up, and flew away.

Ginny worries now and again about her husband and son. I remember her pacing around one day when they were two hours overdue from the mountains, where they had gone to work on the airstrip that would service the development of their gold claims. They were using Stanley's Champ. She kept watching the dogs outside, waiting for them to herald the plane, for they always hear it long before she does. She spoke of going to Circle, thirty-five miles away, to ask Frank Warren to fly reconnaissance with his plane to see if there was trouble, but first we would wait a bit longer, with a glass of MacNaughton's Canadian. "I'm not really worried," she said. "But I always get to thinking about it when they don't come home when they say they're going to." Tara at last delivered an annunciating howl. The other dogs joined in.

After the plane arrived, Stanley opened the cowling with a penny, poured in some oil, gassed up from a gravity-feed tank, got a towel and some soap, spun the prop with one hand to start the engine, ducked under a wing, climbed aboard, and flew eight miles to the Springs to take a shower. The planes are used more than the VW and the pickup. Flying is the talk of the table, when the talk is not about gold. Weather, parts, loads, structures—Stanley flips through aviation magazines and tells his father about stall-spin accident rates in various aircraft per thousand hours. Stanley was once cruising in the mountains looking for a place to fish, Ed has told me. He saw a gravel bar that looked negotiable, so he set the plane down, but the bar was rougher and shorter than he had thought. It was Mistake No. 1 to risk landing there. Now he made Mistake No. 2: he went fishing. The sun came out. The day warmed up. Warm air is less dense than cold air, and provides less lift. The warmer the air, the longer the run for takeoff. When Stanley tried to leave the gravel bar, he went off the end of it and almost into the river. The tail of the plane dragged in the water as he barely lifted away. "His legs were shaking," said his father. "He learned judgment there."

Ed is a careful and skillful pilot unendangered by bravado, and I would rest on his judgment wherever he thought he could go—all of which, I feel, is an essential preamble to going on to say that on the day I arrived from upriver, by canoe from Eagle, he cracked up the Citabria. The word the family used was "dinged." He dinged the airplane. Patricia Oakes, down the road, said "pranged." In a place where flying is in many situations the only means of travel, people are careful how they land certain words. Whatever happened, no one said that the plane had crashed. This was only the second accident in all Ed's years of flying. Like the first time, he flipped over while landing. He had been up in the gold-claim valley, where still there was unmelted snow, on which he landed (with wheels). Rolling to a stop, he set the hand brake, so the plane would not slide in the breeze. When eventually he took off, he forgot the hand brake. Like skis, his oversize tundra tires, locked and rigid, slid along the snow. The Citabria got up all the speed it needed to lift into the air. Ed flew home with the brake still on. At the lower altitude of Central, the gravel runway was bare and dry. He came in on final, flared, and made a three-point full-stall landing. When the wheels touched, they grabbed the ground. The Citabria did a forward flip. Ed hung there for a moment in a ganglion of straps. Then he disengaged himself and finished his trip on foot. The extent of his physical injury was a cut on one hand, but his pilot's pride was pranged. For the plane's part, the prop was bent, the windshield was smashed, a wing member was cracked, a strut was gone, the fuselage was dented, the tail was crumpled. Ed got out his Buck knife, his welding torch, his hacksaw. He cut away fabric. Carrying parts into the shop, he repaired the plane. He figured the job would cost at least six thousand dollars in Fairbanks, so clearly he was making money. A guy seizes an opportunity when it comes, in the bush. "Drive a car long enough and you'll have both minor and major scrapes," he said, straightening with force of muscle the rudder's tubular steel.

"That's the sort of thing they say in Eagle," I told him. "They say about the pilots there, 'You can't learn to ski without falling.' "

On a wall of the shop is a museum of traps—a catalogued collection of about a hundred and fifty, of various types and ages. Hanging opposite are some dozens of furs—wolf, fox, wolverine, lynx. Most will go to markets outside, but Ed and Ginny also sell quantities of wolf ruffs to regional Indians. Their snow machine—Ski-Doo Alpine—rests on the floor below the furs. It goes ten miles an hour on the trail, and the two of them ride it. Ed took me out with him once, and as we chugged along among the laden spruce at least a thousand trees thanked us for coming by dumping on our heads a tumult of snow. We collected a marten that had climbed up a pole-set for a grouse wing and was now hanging by a leg in a lifelike pose, frozen stiffer than taxidermy, its forepaws stretched as if leaping for prey, its eyes, at fifteen below zero, like white chick-peas. The coat was toast brown. We saw the scant remains of a wolf-killed moose, and a bowl in the snow full of feathers of grouse. A springing lynx had killed and eaten it. Amazingly, for a cat of such size—big as an ocelot, thirty pounds, with long dangling legs—its tracks were shallow in the deep dry snow. The pads of a lynx are like pancakes.

Ginny wears a one-piece snow-machine suit with a sewed-on wolf ruff, Ed a down parka with a wolf ruff and an Eddie Bauer down cap that he has trimmed with mink. Both wear mukluks with felt liners and felt insoles inside the liners and more felt between the liners and the soles. (Mukluks, with their soft moosehide bottoms, thin leggings, and layered contents of felt, are the lightest, driest, warmest, most comfortable things I have ever had on my feet. Water is their nemesis, so they function only in cold snow.) The Gelvins make their sets for the most part near lakes east of Central. They use single and double long-springs—the sort of trap that has a "pan" held by a "dog" (trigger), which releases snapping jaws. They use coil-spring traps and jump traps. They use Conibears—traps made of rectangles of heavy steel rods that are brought together with enough force to destroy vertebrae. The Gelvins might cut a hole in lake ice and dangle a snare that is baited with cottonwood. A beaver, caught in the snare, drowns. Most of their trap sets are cubbies, though—contrived shelters of cut boughs—with a grouse wing or a piece of lynx or beaver inside. They make rounds every three days. When they find, say, a lynx in a trap, the cat is generally just sitting there, patiently waiting for another surprise. They choke it with rope or wire. If a fox is alive, they rap the snout with a stick. The fox loses consciousness. Standing on its chest will cause its heart to stop. Mink and marten ordinarily freeze, but if one is alive it is taken in hand and squeezed. Caught in a Conibear, a wolverine or a fox is usually dead. If not, it is shot with a .22. (Some trappers shoot everything.) Wolves, standing in their double long-springs, are shot in the ear. Owls, hawks, and ravens occasionally get into the traps. Ginny tried to trap a bear once, within a few feet of their cabin in Central. She strewed grouse carcasses in a tempting circle. The bear sat on the trap, leaped six feet in the air, and ran off defecating cranberries. Despite such failures, the take of a typical recent season has been ten thousand dollars' worth of fur.

Ginny looks through *Alaska* magazine, where her attention is arrested by letters from the Lower Forty-eight. " 'There was a time when man was justified in taking wildlife,' " she reads aloud, " 'for then man's survival was at stake, but that time is long gone. What is left of wildlife now belongs to all of us, and not to a few.'

" 'The Kodiak bear is brought back to the Lower Forty-eight to be mounted as lifeless trophies on rich men's walls.'

" 'There is absolutely no defensible position for trapping.'

" 'I would hope the day will come when men no longer want to kill everything that moves.' "

She slaps the magazine down on the table. "They don't understand," she says. "Trophy hunters go for big boars. That gives younger grizzlies a chance to breed, and makes for better breeding stock. These people who write these letters are not even rational. They say we're out to kill everything. People in the Lower Forty-eight do not understand Alaska."

"They have everything wrong," Ed inserts. "They think it's all ice and snow and igloos here."

Ginny continues: "They wonder how Alaskans get their mail, and what they do in winter. They can't believe anything can grow here. They're amazed we can't buy any land. They think Indians are Eskimos. They know nothing about Alaska, and yet they've been manipulating us for years. We thought statehood would put an end to that."

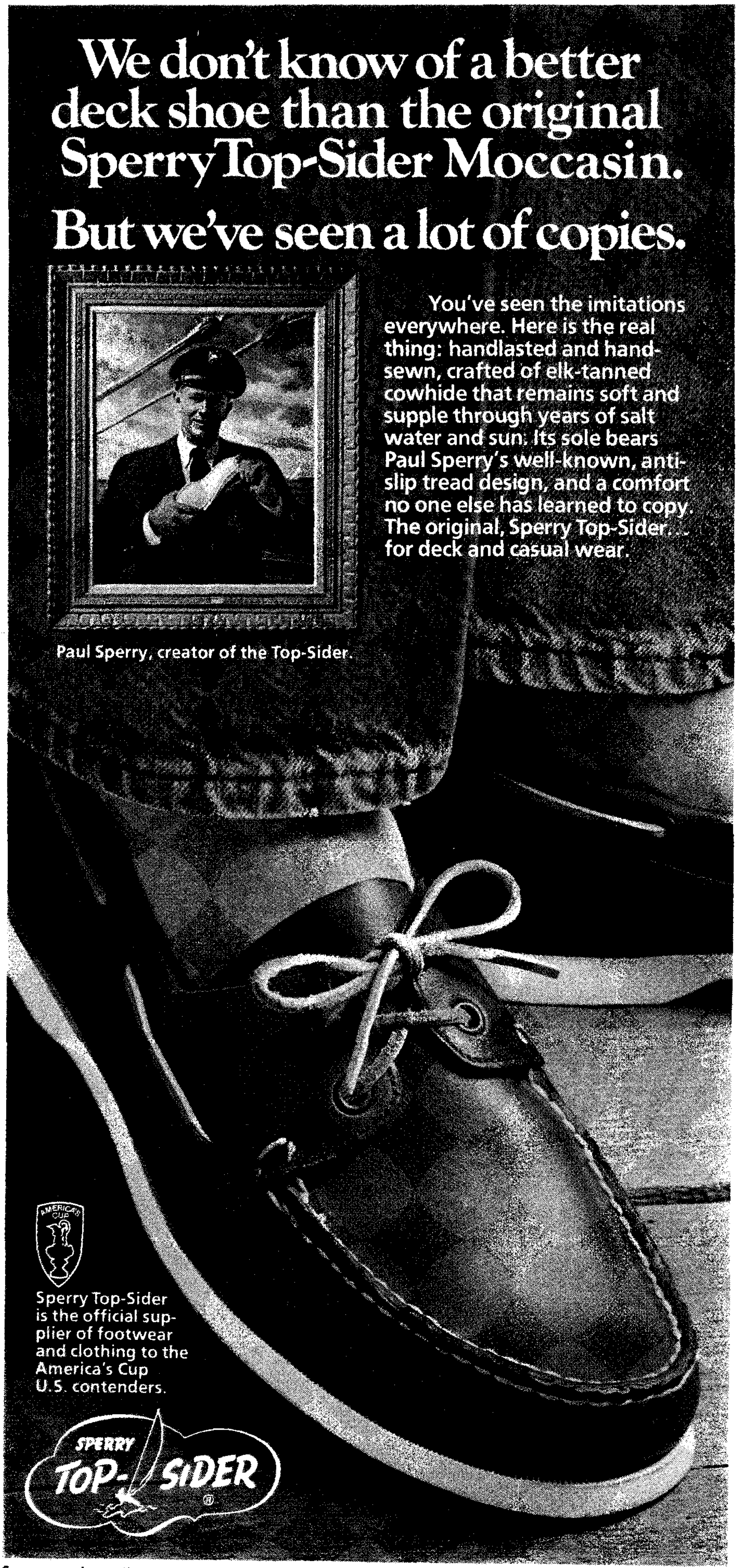
"They don't understand trapping. They don't understand the harvesting of animals," Ed says. "And they say that Alaska is 'fragile.' All this delicate-ecology business just kills me. How could it be so delicate if it has survived all these Siberian winters? Alaska would be O.K. as a state if the feds hadn't kept two-thirds of it. Now, under the native-land-claims act, they want to make eighty million acres into parks. My contention is that nothing stays the same in this earth. Everything changes. You can't keep anything. Even the vegetation changes. So all this preserving things—it doesn't work."

Ginny is still fuming at the magazine. "Oh well," she says, shoving it aside again. "The bad image of trapping has at least raised the price of furs. People down there are afraid they won't be able to get them."

Moose racks protrude from under the gables of buildings in the compound. It is important to the Gelvins, as to Alaskans generally, that this custom be seen as a symbol of respect—respect for the moose and for the needs of the people who use moose to sustain their lives. "If people had to buy meat and raise a family, it would be pretty rough," Ginny says. "It is a serious thing to get that meat. During the season, in the fall, people don't say 'Hello,' they say 'Did you get your moose yet?' We help each other out. People who don't get their moose will be given a quarter here, a quarter there, by others."

"The best way to shoot a moose is to be doing something else when he walks up to you," Ed says. "The best thing in the world to call a moose is to chop wood. When one comes near, I grunt like another bull, and he comes nearer."

The four dressed quarters of a good-size bull moose will weigh maybe seven hundred pounds. Deduct a little over a third for trim and bones, and what is left is upward of four hundred pounds of meat, or nearly enough in itself to see a family of six through a winter. Meanwhile, the competition for the meat moves in packs through the nearby terrain—the Preacher Creek pack, the Porcupine Creek pack, the pack near Medicine Lake, the pack between Central and Circle. Ed remembers a time when he was off working on a drilling rig somewhere and saw a copy of *Not Man Apart*, the journal of the conservation organization called Friends of the Earth. It contained an article on Alaskan wolves. "I couldn't believe the misconceptions. Some of the things it said were outright lies. It said wolves live on weak, sick, and crippled moose and caribou. That is not true at all. Do you think a moose that has run hard for many miles and has been encircled four or five times is weak, sick, or crippled? Sometimes you see a moose standing up with blood pouring out of it and big hunks of meat torn from its body. Would a sick moose be standing? There aren't that many sick moose in the country. Wolves seem to know when calves are coming. They hang around and grab them when they drop. Are the calves sick? They are certainly weak. People like the Friends of the Earth and the Sierra Club have the idea that we want to kill *all* the wolves up here. We like wolves. They're a



We don't know of a better deck shoe than the original Sperry Top-Sider Moccasin.

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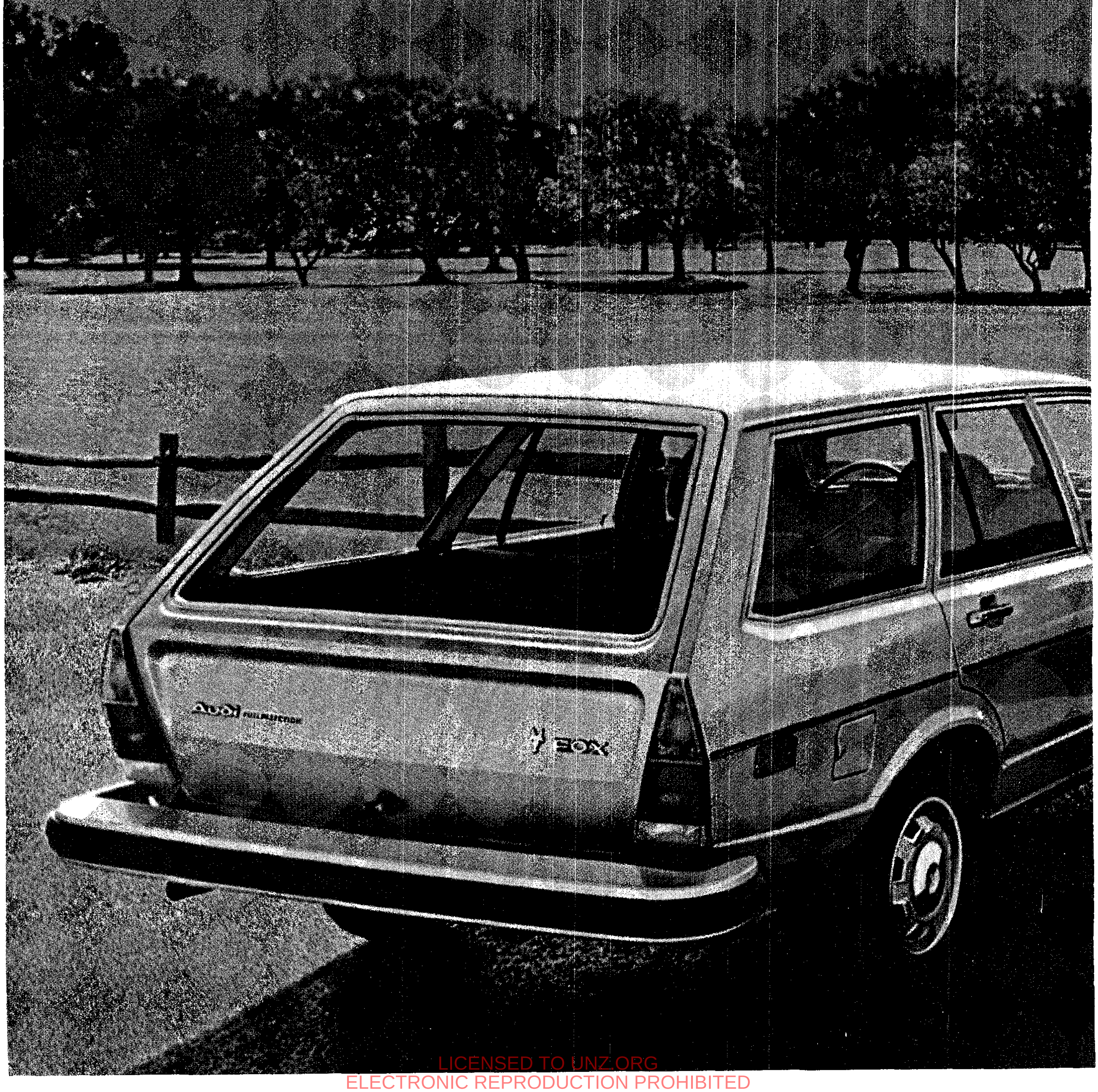

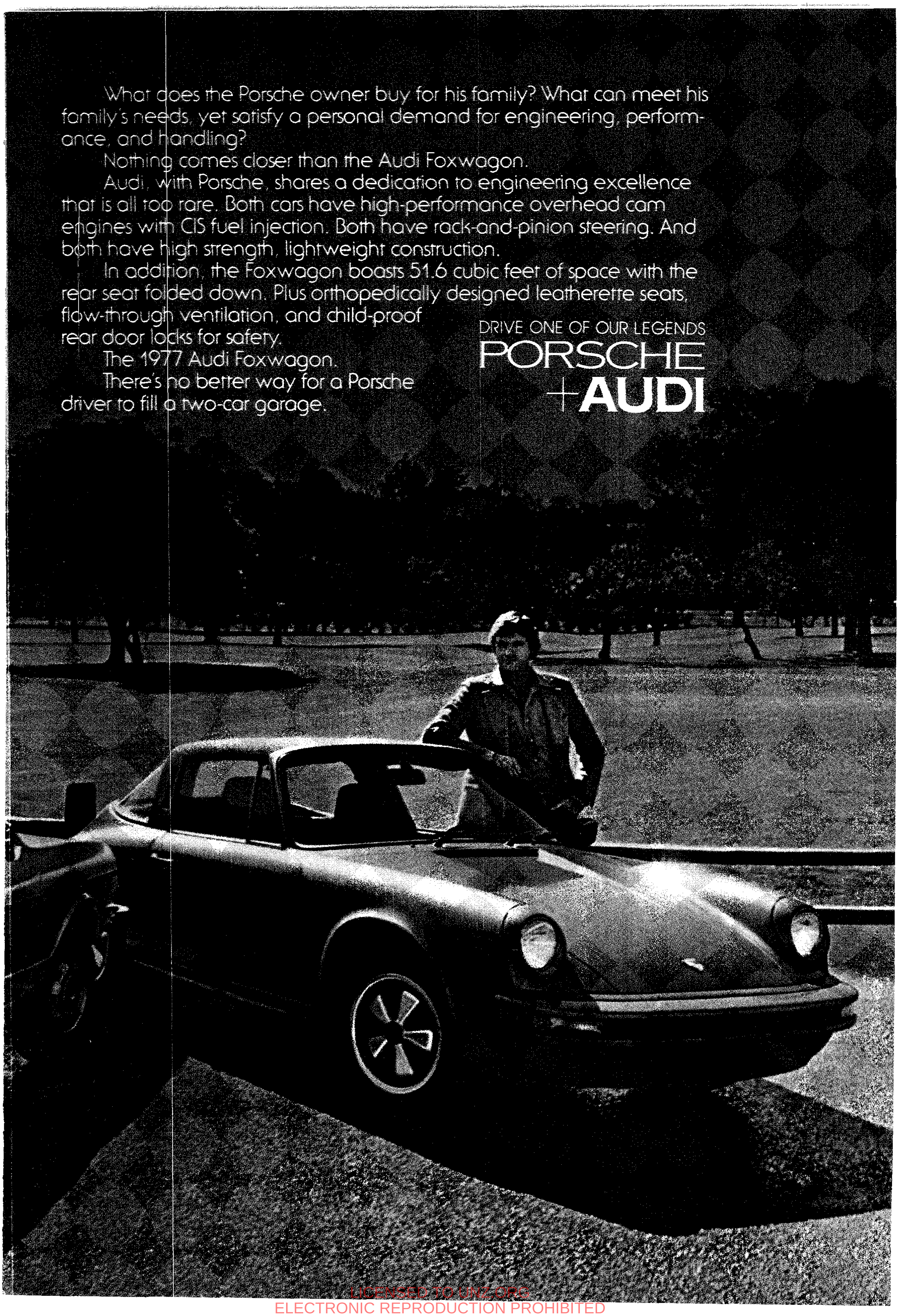

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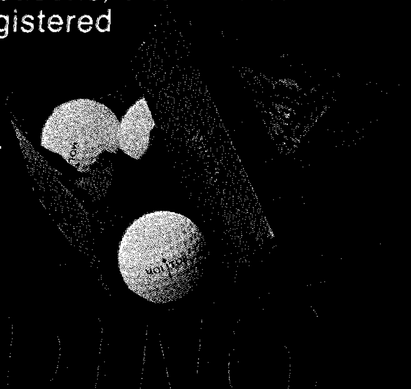

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SPALDING

part of everything else. People need their fur for ruffs. But they also have to be controlled if we are going to harvest game."

"I see a lot of women writing these articles," Ginny comments. "Seems kind of strange."

The State of Alaska has been auctioning the skins of wolves killed by the state in a program of wolf control. The program annoys the Gelvins. Wolves, they say, belong to the people, not to some government agency. For the state to—in effect—get into the fur business is a bad precedent. Hunters at present can shoot two wolves a year, and trappers can take all they want, but that does not keep the numbers sufficiently down. "In the forties, there was a situation like now," Ed Gelvin says. "Wolf were up. Caribou, moose, and sheep were down. A big poison and bounty-shooting program followed. By the sixties, things were just about right. There were plenty of wolves and moose and caribou and sheep. The bounty was still on, and we could hunt from planes. Then all these wolf-loving outfits came along. The outside pressure stopped aerial hunting. Wolves are high now and game is low."

Even Ginny's brother is sometimes "one of them that don't understand." In the same mail with the *Alaska* magazine was a letter from him saying that nature has its balance and advising her, "Don't fool with it."

"But it's not a balance," she says. "It's feast or famine. The cycles go up and down. Some years there are rabbits all over the road to Circle. Some years there are none. Nature can't cope with itself. Wolves should be shot, poisoned—whatever is necessary to keep things even."

From the air, the Gelvins see the wolf-moose story in all its phases—the chase, the standoff, the kill, the sign. They see a ring of wolf tracks where a pack first encircled a moose, and a while later another ring, and then another, another. Each time, the moose fended off the wolves, recovered its wind, broke out, and ran on. Now the plane goes over the resting pack, perhaps five wolves. Not far away, the Gelvins will see the moose, its forelegs spread like an A-frame, its head down, its blood bright red on the snow. Returning later on, they see nothing where the moose was but a hoof and some hair, within a tracked circle. A sticker on the rear bumper of their Chevrolet pickup says "EAT MOOSE—10,000 WOLVES CAN'T BE WRONG."

A number of times a day, as I walk

back and forth between Curly's cabin and the main one, I pass Tara, in her pen. Not only is she fenced in, she is also chained to a stake—a double precaution. I have spoken in a soft soothing voice in her direction for weeks on end, but I remain a stranger, and whenever I come near her she races around her stake in the tight circles it prescribes, while from her throat comes a threat so guttural and wild that it calls into question the strength of the chain and the fence. Her mother was pure wolf, from Anaktuvuk Pass, dug out of a den by Eskimos. Tara—pale, silken, a flowing runner when she pulls a sled—has the long legs of the timber wolf, and they fairly whirl her around the stake, a flying blur, but, as fast as they move her, her eyes are always on mine. Her eyes are ochre. She once got out, and slit the throat of Andrea's pet dog, Lazarus. Lazarus survived. But I have no doubt that if Tara were to come off that chain and out of that pen as I am passing by, there would be nothing much left of me but a rubber hoof and a little hair on the unencircled ground.

One summer day, Ed and I made a two-hundred-and-fifty-mile run in the pickup to collect a shipment of dog food in Fairbanks. Not far from town, we came to the Trans-Alaska Pipeline, which descended a long incline like a pneumatic message system in an as yet incomplete department store. We pulled off the road to contemplate this wonder; and as we sat there Ed mentioned an oil-drilling rig he had helped assemble in the far north, years ago. It had a jackknife mast. "You do the work on the ground, and then the thing stands up—a hundred and fifty-seven feet high." He had done all of the welding, in winter, with temperatures at forty and fifty below.

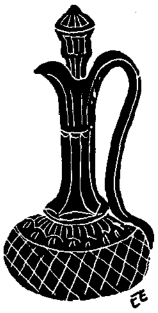
"How was that?"

"Pretty cold, most of the time."

The rig drilled a dry hole, and then was moved sixty miles to try again. The second drilling found oil. It was the discovery well of the 1968 oil strike in Arctic Alaska, and was called Prudhoe Bay State No. 1.

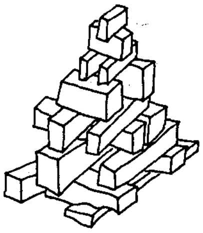
Across a sea of fresh dirt, a D9 Cat with a side boom was holding a section of pipe in a sling. Welders, with their pinpoint fires, were beading away, making a butt-weld joint. We walked over for a closer look. With their face masks, their heavy suiting (against cold that did not happen to be there), they looked like astronauts. Ed said they had six passes to make, six revolutions of the pipe—the first bead, the hot pass, the filler (three times), and the cap. The pipe was no wider than the spread of a child's arms, but nonetheless the work seemed to me long and tedious. "To me it's not," Ed said. "You have to pay attention to see that the metal's going in there right." He spoke with the welders. He said he was surprised they weren't using low-hydrogen rods. The welders looked up with interest, and talked tensile strengths in Oklatexan accents. Unused rods were lying around in profusion on the ground. As we left, Ed picked up some, like a figure gathering flowers. One of the pipe welders—a big man in cowboy boots—called out, "Hey there, y'all don't need to do that. Y'all just back your truck up here and we'll give you some." Ed responded to the suggestion. Into the back of the pickup the welders set several cylindrical cans full of high-tensile rods. Driving away, Ed said the hourly wage those men got was no more than it would be in a place like New York. What attracted them was overtime—ten- to fourteen-hour days, time and a half Saturdays and Sundays. Some miles up the road, we stopped and looked at another pipeline, of larger diameter, built many years ago on an eighty-three-mile route to carry water to float gold dredges. Ed said he resented the long struggle carried on by environmentalists telling Alaskans they should not build their oil pipeline. The delays caused by the great battle had injured the state. "The pipeline is using resources," he said. "It's a way the state can pay their bills. It doesn't spoil the appearance of Alaska."

An hour later, we were looking from a summit pass long distances across the peaks of the country. We paused, taking it in, and he told me another story remembered from the North Slope. He and the others would now and again see a lone raven, flying over the flat tundra. It would fly on and on, close to the ground. Below the raven, almost always, was a running fox. Mile upon mile, the fox stayed under the raven. If the raven sped up a bit and settled to the ground, the fox then stalked the raven. When the fox sprang for the capture, the raven—at the last moment—would jump into the air, and fly on across the tundra, with the fox running below. The relationship was apparently static, a ritual equilibrium, a possible pantomime. One day, such a pair came flying and running almost into camp. The raven set down. The fox went into its assassin creep—one crafted step after another—and then made a sudden dash. The raven jumped into the air. After a short flight, it came down, and was again stalked and rushed by the fox. Again it made a short flight, and settled down, even closer to the crew. The fox renewed its subtle glide, this historically futile contest with the raven's eye. Once more came the move, the rush, the leap. The fox caught the raven, ate it on the spot, and left a pile of black feathers on the ground.



Joe Vogler came into the country in 1944. He was from Barnes, Kansas, near the Little Blue River, where he grew up on a farm that had been homesteaded by his grandfather. On a boyhood day that stands particularly fresh in his mind, he saw a guinea hen running around the farm in agitation and dismay. "I mean, she was a-talkin'. She was raising hell." Near her nest was a large bull snake, awkwardly out of streamline, with bulges below its neck. He feared serpents, but he killed this one with his corn knife, and cut off its head. "My goal in life is to serve a good purpose." From its tubular body he gently squeezed twenty-one eggs. He wiped each one with his handkerchief and returned it to the nest. The guinea hen eventually hatched twenty-one chicks. Joe had come along before the snake had a chance to crush the eggs.

He went to a one-room school. He bucked his teacher. He swam in the Little Blue, fished for bullheads and carp, and put out trotlines for channel cats. "We planted a hundred and eighty acres of corn one year and we didn't raise a cob as big as my finger. When it's dry, it's bad there. My mother and father are dead now. This is my country up here." As a result of the dry weather and agricultural depression of 1921, a number of neighbors had to give up their homes, and Joe formed a boyhood wish for enough gold dust to pay his taxes as long as he lived. He went to the University of Kansas and earned a law degree, and was admitted to the bar in the same year. It was 1934. There were no jobs, so he went home and put up the harvest. The Great Depression kept him on the farm, and he never really practiced. He was not much interested in the law anyway, but the general absence of opportunity embittered him. A few years later, he had a job with Dow Chemical in Texas, and he lost it—in large measure because he referred to Franklin Roosevelt as "a dirty rotten son of a bitch of a Communist traitor." It was an era of intense patriotism. It was the height of the Second World War. Vogler's remarks were not looked upon favorably by his superiors. His animosity toward President Roosevelt was grounded in the view that Roosevelt "put the government into the business of providing security instead of opportunity," and it seemed just a matter of time before a good part of the creative vitality of the American people would disappear into an absorption with security, a craven and self-defeating need. The Dow people told him he was unfit to work for Dow Chemical, unfit to get along in the American society. This was clear enough to him, and he left for Alaska. "The only two things I have ever been afraid of are snakes and claustrophobia," he likes to say. So he chose to live in a country where he had nothing to fear.



Vogler is a friend of the Gelvins, and I met him when he stopped by and exploded with pleasure at the sight of their infant grandson. I have seen a fair amount of ground with him since. He is a roamer, a garrulous companion, perhaps the most active prospector in the country, and least active miner, although he owns several patented claims, including Woodchopper, two hundred and thirty-three acres close to the Yukon. If the Gelvins, in their quiet and straightforward way, exemplify the versatility of people who are long established in the bush, Joe Vogler is a sort of cartoon Alaskan, self-drawn: a part-time politician with strong attitudes and a stronger, not to say incendiary, way of expressing them. In recent years, he has become a figure of some significance not only in the upper Yukon but all across the state—as an advocate of independence for Alaska.

"A colony is any people or territory separated from a ruling power but subject to that power," he says. "The United States has made a colony of Alaska. When they want something, they come and get it. We are their oyster. They open us when they need us. Under the flag, you've got to have uniformity of laws. They have laws in the Lower Forty-eight that protect their environment, their resources. They need those laws. The laws unfortunately apply to us, and we do not need them. They hinder us. We are a developing nation, like any developing nation in the world, and we cannot develop under American laws. They can take their Fourth of July and go to hell with it. They have their independence from Britain. We do not have our independence from them."

He is tall, weathered, rangy—now in his middle sixties—his features strong and handsome. His hair is sandy, and his clear blue eyes seem set in a permanent squint. His voice is husky, its register high. He wears khaki work clothes, and a dark visored cap, and on his hip, bouncing in rhythm as he hikes along, is a holstered Smith & Wesson .44 Magnum revolver, which he refers to as "the hog leg." One day when we were resting from the exertion of climbing a granite-pinnacled hill above his claims on Ketchum Creek, he leaned against a boulder, wiped his forehead with his cap, and said, "If we ever get a revolution going, I want to import a bunch of guillotines. Lots of black currants up here. If you're dying of thirst, you can get water out of those mossberries. My government is my worst enemy. I'm going to fight them with any means at hand."

"What are you going to do when the feds take away your hog leg?" I asked him.

"Ever see one of these little fellas?" he said, and he dug down deep in a trouser pocket for a derringer .22 Magnum. It was as small as the palm of his hand but had two barrels, one above the other. "When the bureaucrats come after me," he went on, "I suggest they wear red coats. They make better targets. In the federal government are the biggest liars in the United States, and I hate them with passion. They think they own this country. There comes a time when people will choose to die with honor rather than live with dishonor. That time may be coming here. Our goal is ultimate independence by peaceful means under a minimal government fully responsive to the people. I hope we don't have to take human life, but if they go on tramping on our property rights, look out, we're ready to die." (Vogler does not avoid confrontations. For example, he once said to the mayor of Fairbanks, "You son of a bitch, get ready to look at this town for the last time, because I'm going to close your left eye with one fist and your right eye with the other." Joe's violence was entirely in his rhetoric, though. His difficulty with the mayor led to a courtroom, where the mayor paid a fine.) "The czars exiled misfits to Siberia," he said. "The Soviets do that, too. The Siberian exiles will eventually break away. Alaska is the place for misfits from the Lower Forty-eight. And we will eventually break away. Alaskans are inheritors of determinative genes that took people out of Europe to the New World. Alaska attracts construction workers who are wild hairs, willing to take a chance. The Gelvins would be misfits somewhere else. They're doers. They don't destroy. They build. They preserve. They are conservationists in the true sense of the word. They have killed wolves right and left. They are responsible for many moose being alive today. That Ginny—she's a hell of a gunner. She can take a Browning and shoot the hell out of wolves."

His voice lowering a bit, he said, "Ed is fortunate that Ginny likes it here. This is a hard country on women. That makes or breaks a man here—a woman." His own wife had left him, and gone outside, some thirty years before. "She did not like this country." His children were one and three when he put them on a plane with their mother and saw them for the last time. "My daughter, I think, is married to a professor in Manhattan. I would not know my children if I saw them right here on the trail."

The granite pinnacles were an enlofted Stonehenge, an alpine garden of standing rock. The views were of the local domes and the middle-distant bluffs of the Yukon. There were dwarf spruce and lupine. There were lovely young aspen, their leaves spinning like coins. "What do you think of my little private park? Isn't it nice?" Vogler said, and he called attention to the unusual size of the feldspar crystals in the granite, which could not have become so large unless they had cooled very slowly, so there had once been at least a mile of rock above the place where we stood, of which the pinnacles, with their big crystals, were a slowly uncovered vestige. "To me," he said, "that is the writing of God."

He had bulldozed the trail to the summit, on federal land—a mile and a half from his gold claim. He said, "God, I like to move dirt with a Cat. I may make another road up here from one set of pinnacles to another, just for my private use. I could level the top with dynamite, and build a cabin. Wouldn't that be a crow's roost? Parks should not be federal—that's where my bitch comes in. The federal government should have nothing to say. I'd like to have seen the natives get a hundred million acres—anything to get the land away from the federal government. They tie it up. They just set on it, making jobs for bureaucrats. They're going to destroy private ownership in Alaska."

He picked up and tossed idly in his hand a piece of dry wolf feces with so many moose hairs in it that it looked like a big caterpillar. "Greedy gut-ripping son of a bitch," he said. "Stinking dirty cowardly predator. I'd kill the last pregnant wolf on earth right in front of the President at high noon. People who are against killing wolves are sentimental idiots who don't live up here. If they came and lived here, I'd listen to them. If the majority here did not want to kill wolves, I would not want them killed. But the meat the wolves take is needed. I believe in my own kind. I believe in gold, I believe in yellow scrap iron, and I believe in my own kind."

"Yellow scrap iron?"

"Bulldozers. Cats. Earthmoving equipment."

Vogler travels the mining district in a big three-axle truck so much the worse for wear it appears to have been recently salvaged after a very long stay at the bottom of the Yukon. He drives it on what roads there are and, where roads do not exist, directly up the beds of rushing streams. Lurching, ungainly, it is a collage of vehicular components—running gear from one source, transmission from another—that Vogler selected and assembled to be "good in the brush." The front wheels are directly under the cab, and the engine mount (high off the ground) is cantilevered a full eight feet forward to become a projecting snout, probing the way toward gold. The cab and engine are military fragments, artifacts of the Second World War. The frame was taken from a twenty-five-year-old tractor trailer. A long flatbed reaches out behind and is towered over by a winch and boom. There are no fenders. Much of the engine's cowling is gone. The headlights, far out front by themselves, suggest coleopteran eyes. Enfeebled as the rig looks, it has six-wheel drive and, thunking up ledges and over boulders, is much at home in a stream.

With his colleague Wayne Peppler, Joe has been using the truck to transfer from one claim to another steel pipe to be used in hydraulic mining, and they have taken me with them on their long working days. There is no muffler system in Joe's truck, and most of the bulkhead is missing between the engine and the cab, so the full detonations of the engine come directly to the ears, enough to mask the sound of any roaring stream, to blot out everything but Joe, shouting, as he did one day, "Jefferson got away with the purchase of Louisiana. Seward did the same thing here. The purchase of Alaska was unconstitutional. There are only two clauses whereby Congress can purchase lands—for a seat of government, or for military forts, docks, arsenals, and magazines—unless you go to the common defense and general welfare, which is the trash bin of the Constitution. Since the Congress had no authority to buy Alaska, they in effect held the land in trust for the first legally constituted government to come along. The federal government should now, therefore, yield all the lands of Alaska to the state."

Since it seems unlikely that the United States will pursue such a course, Vogler would like to advance his cause by suing the federal government for violation of the statehood contract. In the Statehood Act of 1958, Alaska was given twenty-five years to select a hundred and three million acres, but thirteen years later, to clear the path for the removal of oil, Congress passed the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act and gave forty million acres to the natives, while setting aside eighty million more as proposed federal wildlife and recreational reserves. The State of Alaska had by that time chosen only a small fraction of its promised land. Now, suddenly, its latitude of choice had been drastically narrowed, and Vogler meant to sue. He would ask the court to set aside the statehood contract for substantive violation. After the case was decided, he said, he would like to see certain choices on the next Alaska ballot: (1) a return to territorial status; (2) reaffirmation of statehood, with appropriate damages; (3) commonwealth status; (4) independence.

Generous by habit, Joe brought lunch for the three of us in a brown paper bag, and as we gathered convivially he spilled the lunch onto the bed of the truck—Hershey bars, Butterfingers, Mounds, Bit-O-Honey. These candy bars were all we ate in seventeen working hours. Tearing off a Bit-O-Honey wrapper, he released it into the wind, saying, "We are totally controlled. We can't even kill our own wolves. The posy-sniffers yelp too loud. With statehood, we were supposedly given management of our game. Now they won't even let us do that. Our sole desire is, we'd like to run the show."

When I felt myself becoming sick on Butterfingers, I ate an antidotal Hershey bar, while Joe stayed with the Bit-O-Honey—agglutinated, Pre-Cambrian corn syrup that seemed peculiarly appropriate to the effort it was serving, which was, after all, the removal of gold.

"This ain't part of

Gahan Wilson

"I think this calls for a little drink. As what doesn't?"

America. This is a foreign country," Wayne Peppler said.

"Just as removed as the Colonies were three hundred years ago," said Joe.

"People up here are running scared and bewildered," Peppler said. "They're afraid they ain't going to be free anymore."

Peppler is a lean, sinewy young man with dark, swept-back hair and a face that makes an angular silhouette. He came to Alaska more or less directly from a Los Angeles high school, because—as he remembers imagining—"the little guy could count for something here." In Alaska's 1974 gubernatorial election, he was the Alaskan Independence Party's candidate for lieutenant governor, a nominee by petition. The Party's candidate for governor was Joe Vogler, and his name appeared on the ballot with those of William Egan, the Democratic incumbent, and Jay Hammond, a Republican. In implication and influence, the results of Vogler's campaign were more sizable than anyone might have guessed. All told, just under a hundred thousand votes were cast. The number by which Hammond defeated Egan was only two hundred and eighty-seven. Almost five thousand people voted for Joe Vogler and his declarations of independence.

VOGLER and I stopped by one morning, some fifteen miles up the road from Central, to say hello to Fred Wilkinson, a soft-spoken and retiring bachelor, whom Joe described as "a working fool." Wilkinson's grandfather staked claims to four miles of Miller Creek in 1903. His father and uncle also mined there, and Fred now works the same claims, living alone in isolation, with five pieces of heavy equipment, including two D8 bulldozers and a D9, with which he moves not only the gravels of the stream bed but also the gravels wherever the stream, in the shifting courses of its geologic history, has been. In a process analogous to the separation of isotopes, he goes through roughly forty thousand cubic yards of pay dirt a season and from it removes a handful of beautiful teardrop nuggets and several pints of flaky dust worth tens of thousands of dollars.

For a man who works in the summer sun, he looked remarkably pale this day, and in his rubber boots and torn brown denims seemed to have come out of a coal mine and not from a stream of placer gold. Solidly built, rugged, attractive, he seemed above all else grim. He soon told us he was feeling lonely and scared. Vogler, out of sheer good nature, had brought along some sandwiches and pie, and Wilkinson, as he sat at his table and ate, said that an International Scout belonging to the federal government had appeared there yesterday, with four men in it, one of whom had handed him some papers, which he now shoved across the table past the pie. They were from the Region X headquarters of the United States Environmental Protection Agency, in Seattle, and were titled "In the Matter of Fred Wilkinson, Alaska. Findings of Violation and Compliance Order."

"Somebody's got to go, Fred," said Joe.

Although Wilkinson had been advised nearly a year before of the requirements of the Federal Water Pollution Control Act, he had not applied for a National Pollutant Discharge Elimination System permit, the documents said, and he was forthwith to apply for one or incur fines up to ten thousand dollars a day. He was to dig settling ponds for all the mud stirred up on his claims. If the water five hundred feet downstream at any time contained more than twenty-five Jackson Turbidity Units above normal background levels, he was subject to penalties also at the rate of ten thousand dollars a day. If he had questions, he should call Area Code 206, in western Washington, 442-1275, and speak with an attorney there. The nearest telephone—not that Wilkinson would have hurried to pick it up—was more than a hundred miles away.

"The government swine," said Joe. "Hate 'em, hate 'em, hate 'em, Fred."

"Three of them were from the state," Fred went on quietly. "The federal man's name was Lamoreaux. He told Del Ackels, up Gold Dust Creek, that sulphides uncovered by his Cat were polluting the stream."

"I wonder what Lamoreaux is going to do when I jab him in the belly with my .357."

"He was just the man the government happened to send," Wilkinson said.

"If you step on a rattlesnake, does the rattlesnake go for you or for the man who sent you?" said Joe. "I am a rattlesnake, and I will sink my fangs into the ones that come. They're taking our country away from us, Fred. They're taking our country away. They're taking private property without due process of law."

Nearly all mining claims are on public land, but under the Mining Law of 1872, which remains in force, miners not only own a hundred per cent of the gold they extract but have traditionally been able to do almost anything they wished on the land, just as if they, and not the people of the United States, were the owners of the property. The pick-and-shovel miners of the gold-rush days started out with that understanding. Across the decades, hydraulic miners, dredgers, and Cat miners have all had a sense of uninhibited franchise, too. And now, after more than a century, Bill Lamoreaux, of the United States Environmental Protection Agency, Jeff Mach and Lance Elphic, of the Alaska Department of Environmental Conservation, and Bob Fedeler, of the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, had come to say that things had changed. Fedeler was worried about the grayling in the stream. The fish could not spawn up a tongue of mud. Wilkinson was ordered to "ensure that the receiving stream is not blocked to fish passage," or risk heavy fines for that, too.

"Ten thousand dollars a day," Vogler repeated. "You've got to kill for that."

(Vogler has actually taken a shot at a man only once in his life, but that was long ago in Texas and he missed.)

To Wilkinson's considerable surprise, there was a stir of arrival outside, and Bob Littlefield appeared in the door. Gold miners work backbreaking hours, seven days a week, and it is most unusual for one—let alone two—to appear on another's claim in the middle of a day. Littlefield is a short, pleasant, round-faced man with a beard and tortoiseshell glasses and a ready smile that was not ready just now. He had come over from his claim on Harrison Creek, about eight miles away, because he wondered if some government people had been to see Fred.

Wilkinson had thought he was alone—singled out by the government as an example to other miners. He felt some relief, he said, and his pallor began to recede. "What did you say to them?" he asked.

"I said, 'I ought to shoot the four of you and bury you with your car,'" Littlefield told him. "The fed, Lamoreaux, bragged that he was going to close down all miners who do not comply."

Vogler said, "I'm going to run over

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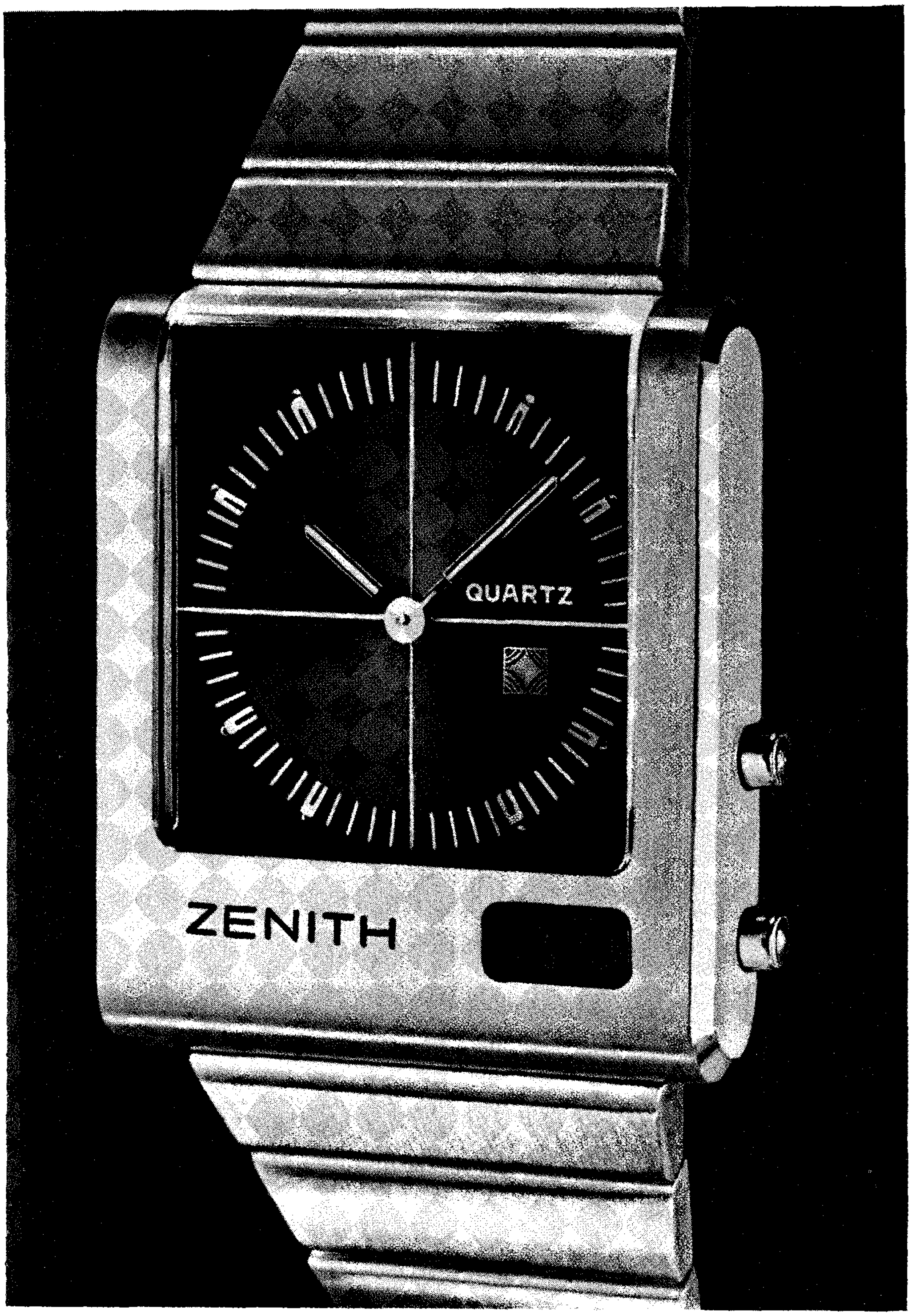

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him with a Cat and turn mosquitoes loose on him while he dies.”

“We’re not polluting,” Littlefield went on. “We’re creating turbidity with what is already present—with rock, mud, and dirt. We don’t do more than what Mother Nature does in spring or after a rain.”

“It’s the nationalization of gold.”

“The mining law says the man below you has to put up with what comes down from above. Settling ponds won’t work. They’ll silt up in a week’s time. Wildlife will get mired in them. The E.P.A. says we have to push the silt out, but that is unreasonable, expensive, hard on the equipment. In five feet of silt, most Cats would sink out of sight.”

“It’s a tragedy that we must live by their laws.”

And now another figure appeared in the door (Joe Green, of Mammoth Creek), and another (Bob Sherwood), and another. Miners’ meetings, at the turn of the century, were the courts of the country. They heard cases of every kind, and decided the fate of the accused. Whether they “blue-ticketed” an offender, exiling him or her forever, or merely levied a fine, it was a system of justice that worked. In Fred’s place now, there was an iteration of the old way, and as the miners presented their cases to each other they made up in spirit what they had come to lack in authority.

“We’re just trying to make a decent living, and the government won’t let us.”

“The reason they’re after us is because they’ve received complaints from canoers on Birch Creek. They complain that the fish can’t see the hook. Canoers stay a week and contribute nothing to the economy.”

“They got a package, they throw it in the creek. They’re here today, gone tomorrow. We’re here. It’s our way of life.”

“Thomas Jefferson said you need a revolution every twenty years to keep the country in balance.”

“These government people coming around amounts to harassment.”

“I said to them, ‘I’m going to go on mining—and mining here. Meanwhile, get your ass off this claim.’ ”

“Murder! Kill! Burn! Torture!”

“I’ve been working the same creek fifty years, and when I shut down for the day I always caught grayling for dinner until tourists started coming and fished out the stream.”

“Settling ponds have to hold a full day’s run through the box, which is impossible.”

“They say miners resist change.”

“Anyone’s going to resist getting his head bashed in.”

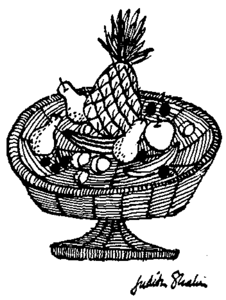
“They can’t really pinpoint what damage we’re doing.”

“We’re not damaging anything.”

“We’re not dumping acids—we’re only stirring up what’s there. The same laws that apply to Homestake and Kennecott apply to us.”

“The posy-sniffers are behind all this.”

“When John Seiberling, the congressman, came to the country, he saw the tailings at Woodchopper and Coal Creek, and he said, ‘What a mess.’ He’s the same one that would ban all handguns in the United States. His family is from Akron, Ohio, and makes tires. His family has probably released more pollutants than have ever been released in all Alaska.”



“He probably feels guilty about that.”

“We are *improving* the creeks from the standpoint of game. After the bulldozer has cleared the overburden, redtop grasses grow up that harbor mice and small rodents. Ermines and foxes come in to eat the rodents. Then comes your willow brush, and that brings in your moose. Before, there were alders, which moose don’t eat. So I say we are improving the creek.”

“Kill!”

“It’s an independent life. We keep our bills paid. We make a little money. We hurt no one—except maybe finer sensibilities who don’t like to look at our tailing piles.”

“We’ve left some passable road. We’ve left something to make up for the ‘destruction’ of the creeks.”

“Henry Speaker has a lawyer in Portland. He’s up in years, but he’s good. He specializes in mining laws and defends small miners.”

“I’ll put in a thousand dollars for a lawyer,” Wilkinson volunteered. “I’ll go along with the rest of you. I’ll do what the lawyer says, and I’ll hope he’s on the right side of the law.”

When the others, including Vogler, prepared to disperse, Wilkinson, still far from relaxed, decided to go over to the North Fork of Harrison Creek for an audience with Henry Speaker—the richest and oldest working miner in the district. I asked if I could go with him, and Wilkinson said he would be glad to have the company.

At speeds as low as five miles an hour, we moved south through the mountains in Wilkinson’s pickup on a road roughly scraped into the tundra. It led first up Mammoth Creek to Independence Creek and Mastodon Creek, past huge hills of tailing gravel, where the C. J. Berry Dredging Company had mined in the nineteen-twenties and thirties. Wilkinson pointed up Mastodon as we went by its mouth, and said that the 1893 discovery, first in the district, had been just up there—“only one reef away.” He noted, too, that wherever a creek would “rib in” to another the names of both tended to change. In the early days, miners could stake only one claim per creek, so they divided the waters with semantic abandon. Mammoth Creek was actually Independence below Mastodon; Crooked Creek was actually Mammoth below Porcupine; and the whole lot of them emptied into Birch Creek. We followed Independence Creek until it was a rivulet, and then moved up into high terrain and crossed a dome of alpine tundra that gave panoptic views of higher domes and more tundra, yellow and purple with avens and saxifrage. “Once you scrape it, it takes aeons to grow back,” Wilkinson said. The tundra was in places moving on its own. Down the steep treeless mountainsides the surface soils were creeping—wet now in summer, heavy-liddedly sliding over the permafrost, forming semicircular folds like bunting on a bandstand. Solifluction. We crossed a divide and descended steeply to the North Fork of Harrison Creek, still another Birch Creek tributary, which had been evaluated by some professor, Fred said, at a million and a half dollars a mile. Henry Speaker was down there now, proving the professor right. Unhindered by the constant upkeep of bulldozers, unencumbered by a need to stockpile many drums of fuel, moving just as much gravel per season as the Cat miners and with a cost overhead ninety-seven per cent lower than theirs, he is a hydraulic miner, one of the last in the country of his kind. The drawback of the method is the need for ample water, which is not always there. Speaker had begun his operation by building a reservoir a mile and a half upstream. Then, with a little Cat, he had cut a beautifully engineered minutely inclined ditch along one steep side of the V-shaped valley of the stream. The ditch, being almost on a contour with the reservoir, would carry water to a point some three hundred feet of altitude above the segment of the North Fork that he meant to mine. The water would then plunge down the mountainside from the ditch through iron pipe of decreasing diameter and come out through a giant nozzle with such force that from one established hosing position it could tear to bedrock more than a hundred thousand square feet of land. The giant, as such nozzles are in fact called, has the appearance of a naval cannon, is attached to the pipe with a ball socket, and is counterbalanced with a "jockey box" full of small boulders, the result being that, for all its power, it can be controlled with one hand. Speaker, a hand on the giant, stood almost literally astride the stream. Behind him, in the direction of the reservoir, open spruce forest ran down the steep slopes and across the valley floor, all but concealing the as yet unmined, meandering stream. The banks were still shelved with thick blue ice. In the other direction, in the range of the working giant, the valley had been torn apart from wall to wall. Every vestige of what had been there before—forest, tundra, soil, gravel—had been driven asunder, washed over, piled high, and completely changed. It was an exposed boulderfield, all its overburden flushed away. The nozzle opening was five inches, less than the spread of a hand. At a hundred and twenty-five pounds of pressure per square inch, though, the column of water shooting out of it had the hard, compact appearance of marble. Its great arc of power, as it trajectoried over the stream, seemed to subdivide into braided pulse units hypnotic to the eye. And where it crashed at the end of its parabola it sounded like a storm sea hammering a beach.

Henry Speaker is a little over five feet tall. Clear-eyed, firmly put together, in his seventies and obviously in fine condition, he appeared to have figured out how to extend beyond previous limits the so-called prime of life. The skin of his face was hickory brown—tight skin, across sharp peregrine features, wrinkled only with a welcoming grin. He wore hip boots, overalls, and gold-colored monkey-fist gloves. On his watchband were rubies embedded in an egglike field of placer gold. On his head was a brown Stetson—the only Stetson I've ever seen that was made of hard plastic. It had a crack in it that was patched with grout.

He said the horsepower of a D9 Cat was about half the horsepower he had coming out of that hose—look out, you could burn your fingers on the water. To be burned by water seemed irresistible. I put my fingers on the solid ice-cold projectiling cylinder a few inches out from the nozzle tip, and pulled them away in an instant, burned. Speaker suggested that I toss a rock into the water jet to see what would happen. I lobbed up a big one. It intersected the jet about a foot from the nozzle, shot through the air like a discharged ballistic shell, and smashed into a pile of tailing boulders several hundred feet away. There was an eternal rainbow under the jet. The air around it swirled with mist and spray. Speaker said he had been operating giants for sixty years—in Oregon before Alaska—and he had once seen a jet of water (out of control) go straight through the body of a distant grazing cow.

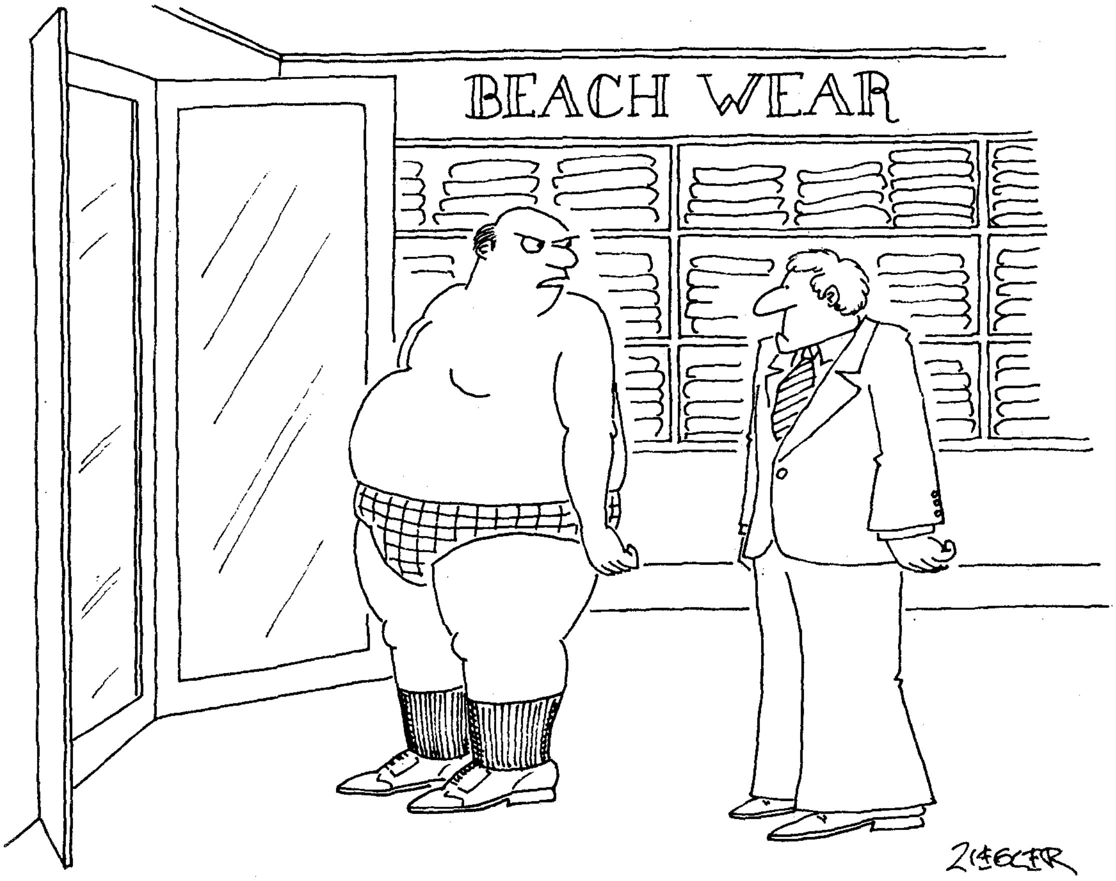
Nearly three hundred feet from the nozzle was a sluice box with wide wooden "wings" that helped funnel the gravels through. The art of the giant, Speaker said, was to clean all the gravel off the bedrock without digging into it holes that could entomb the gold. With only a slight miscalculation, an error of timing and the eye, the jet could destroy the wooden sluice box, which was forty-eight feet long and five feet wide. To build up water for the sluicing, he drove gravels before the hose, causing them to heap up and dam the stream. He waited twenty minutes for a pond to fill. Then he aimed the giant at the dam, played the jet up and down, and cut a deep aperture directly in front of the box. Water and gravels roared through—a roiling brown inferno.

Speaker soon built another dam, swishing the jet carefully from side to side, piling up gravel and rocks. Certain small boulders struck by the jet leaped ten feet into the air. While he waited for the pond to fill again, he went up his pipe to check his ditch. The whole mountainside system consisted of four thousand feet of steel pipe, eleven inches in diameter at the lower end, increasing up the slope to twenty-two inches at the top, where it came out of the ditch. "Notice how much harder it is underfoot near the bottom," he said as he briskly walked up the pipe in perfect balance, his voice as pantless as if he were sitting in a chair. I had to run to hear him—struggling the while not to fall. Near the top, he said, "The pipe is not quite full up here, you can feel it jumpin' yet." It was studded with pressure valves and ringed with slip joints. Without the valves, he said, changes in pressure could "suck the pipe flat." Without the slip joints—sleeves made from fifty-five-gallon drums—the pipe could expand and buckle in the sun. He had taught himself to weld, and had built the system alone, for less than twenty thousand dollars. At the top, he checked the level of the water in the ditch, the rate of its flow into the orifice of the pipe. "This ditch is seven thousand six hundred feet long, and I built it in eight days," he said. "How's that for bulldozin'? I guess that's the record, ain't it? See the grass here. Moose and caribou come to this ditch and graze here, the full length of it. This ditch is just a flower garden when the flowers are in bloom."

Speaker had crawled across the mountains with his wife, Lora, in a twenty-thousand-dollar Winnebago—his cabin. He winters in Oregon. Rejoining Fred Wilkinson, we went into the Winnebago for a cup of coffee. On the door was a decal that said "Sheriff's Posse Comitatus," and one with a sketch of a Colt .45 over the message "Warning. Intruders and Trespassers Beware. This Property Protected by Armed Citizen." Speaker sat Wilkinson down and told him not to worry about the government invaders, with all their compliance orders and threats of fines, because what they were doing was unconstitutional. "The Constitution protects you and I," he said. "Our forefathers saw to it that our government, just like the King of England, can't harass the citizens. The government cannot harass the individual. I've been studying the Constitution now for two years. The people is the master, Fred. The government thinks they are. They've just turned that right around and they've made the people believe it. The Bureau of Land Management and the Office of Environmental Quality say they are concerned here, but two branches of government enforcing the same law is unconstitutional. In fact, government agencies are unconstitutional, because they infringe on your constitutional rights. They're trying to kill private enterprise, but don't worry. Your livelihood is guaranteed by the Constitution."

Wilkinson wanted to know what Speaker had said when the four men in the government Scout appeared on his claim. "I said to them, 'You go harassing me and I'll be looking at you through bars. I will put you in jail.' " To back up his threat, he had handed them a printed document with big block letters that said "LEGAL NOTICE: To federal officers of the IRS, HEW, HUD, Environmental, Health, and other unconstitutional agencies . . . WARNING! If two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten, or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution . . . they shall be fined not more than $10,000 or imprisoned not more than ten years."

"Their complexion just changed when they saw that," Speaker reported. "I told that Lamoreaux he should be ashamed of himself, for he was killing private enterprise, and when it is dead, people will accept Communism. No law is constitutional that says you're guilty before you do something. The people on their property's got the right to choose to do as they please. Now government agents are coming to tell us what we can't do, but don't worry, the laws they are going by are in violation of the Constitution and are therefore ultured virus and not law. Now, that's right in the god-damned book. That's the law." He picked up a copy of the United States Constitution and held it out for Fred and me to see. "Boy, this is exciting to read," he went on. "It's too bad when our own people wants to sell our country out. Pretty near every law in the books is unconstitutional, because they conflict with protected rights. I'm afraid we're going to have to fight now for our freedom."



"And what, if I may ask, am I supposed to do all summer long with my pocket calculator?"

• •

Lora Speaker, who lacked her husband's lean, smiled amiably, nodded agreement, and, at a gesture from Speaker, brought out of a cupboard an economy-size Jif creamy peanut-butter jar in which was twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of gold. It was so heavy I thought it would break the glass. It was all dust and small flakes, and had with the greatest of patience been separated—most of it by Lora—from the black and ruby sands (magnetite, hematite, scheelite, garnet) that are heavy enough to stay down with the gold all through the sluicing and the cleanup. Some miners nudge the sand aside by letting the mixture fall through the wind. Some use electric fans. Most wash it free with water in a gold pan. Some gold is so fine that on the water's surface tension it will float. Wilkinson mentioned that he sprays his gold with Windex as a means of keeping it down.

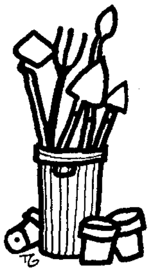
Speaker said he was "ratholing" the Jif jar. He was not ready to pay the Internal Revenue Service any portion of the gold's value (his privilege until it is sold). Cradling the jar like a sixteen-pound shot, he said, "The United States government has two ships out on the ocean right now looking for new sources of gold. They got a source of gold right here, and they want to shut it down. How god-damned crazy can those god-damned guys get? According to the Constitution, our money is supposed to be gold and silver. That's the way our forefathers set it up. Paper backed by paper is worth nothing. With gold from California we paid our debts to England—gold that came from our soil. It should be like that yet."

Some days later, I met Bill Lamoreaux, of the United States Environmental Protection Agency, and I asked him about his trip in the Scout to see the recalcitrant miners. Lamoreaux seemed easygoing and calm. Sandy hair. Brown beard. Twenty-nine years old. He had degrees in sanitary engineering from San Jose State. He said he had found the miners, on the whole, an amiable and agreeable lot—not bristly and tough, as he had expected them to be. In his travels among them, there had never been a threat of violence. He had found Wilkinson confused but apparently eager to do right. Littlefield had said he would soon build settling ponds. Speaker had been friendly and polite, even while explaining to Lamoreaux that "everything since the 1872 mining act is unconstitutional" and saying that he was going to take the case to court and personally fine Lamoreaux ten thousand dollars a day for trying to enforce unconstitutional laws. Most of the miners in the country had applied for permits. "They can appeal permits. They can work within the law. They have real good attitudes generally. That Joe Vogler keeps his mind right on what he's talking about. There's a hell of a lot of nice people out there. I enjoy them. They're some of the most straightforward people you'll ever meet. They don't beat around the bush."

EARL STOUT, who was teen-age and full-grown before Henry Speaker was born, is too old to be concerned with settling ponds or enforcement orders or turbidity units in any form. He worked Sly Creek, Fourth of July Creek—and in 1959 he retired to his cabin on Crooked Creek, in Central. He eats potatoes. They are the fundaments of his breakfasts, his lunches, and his dinners. "I ain't too heavy on the meat situation. I never was. I get my outfit in the fall of the year. Potatoes." He is in ruddy health, white-haired, of medium height, a little stooped—eighty-five years old. He smokes a pipe. In his cabin are three calendars and three clocks. He gets up at exactly five-thirty every morning. Evenings, just before he goes to bed at nine, he goes to the calendars and crosses off the day.

This is a Friday in February, as it happens. Sometime this morning, he filled his gas lantern. That is about all he has accomplished today. "In fact, I ain't done a whole lot since I retired in '59," he says, and in the silence that follows the ticking of his clocks sounds like the puffing of locomotives. There is an iron bed, a couple of chairs, and a big galvanized tub full of melted stream ice. When he needs more, he will cut it out of Crooked Creek and haul it on a go-devil behind his old Oliver Cat. In his Bean's boots, open wool shirt, and gray trousers, he sits and sleeps and reads—*Newsweek*, *Popular Science*, *National Geographic*, *Prevention*. On a shelf beside him is a book called "Upper Tittabawassa Boom Towns," in a couple of which (Hope and Sanford, Michigan) he grew up. He came to the upper Yukon fifty years ago.

On Fridays now, at precisely four o'clock, he goes down the road to collect his mail. He could run this errand at almost any time and on almost any day. In good weather, the mail plane arrives three times a week. But Earl Stout likes to gather mail in weekly units. "What's the use of getting it," he explains, "before it's all in?" Saturday nights, he used to play pool at the Central store—stick in hand, cigar in mouth, brandy on the cushion. "That was until the old Chevy went out. Now I stay home. All the years I was on the Yukon, there was no place to go. The nearest person was five miles away. You got to get used to staying home." He sorely misses Bob. A black, short-haired mongrel, Bob was for many years Earl's only companion. Five wolves running on the creek overtook Bob not long ago. They left his collar and a small piece of his tail. After finding the blood and the fragments, Earl drank a bottle of rum. It is 3:45 P.M. He gets up and pulls denim overalls over his trousers. He ties strings around the ankles. He puts on mittens and a wool cap, and he says, "I can't take the cold the way I used to." The air outside is ten below zero. I make a move to leave. "You don't have to go," he says. "It isn't time yet. There's still ten minutes." He waits until the clocks say four. "Now," he says, "it's time to go."



FOR all its miners and trappers and conjugal units on the river, the country seems to have an even higher proportion of people who prefer to be surrounded by but not actually to be in the wilderness. To describe Eagle, for example, the last word that I would once have imagined ever coming to mind is the one that comes to mind now: Eagle, in its way, is suburban. This remote cluster on the Yukon, two hundred air miles from Fairbanks, is as good a place as any to avoid being too much on your own if you wish at the same time to draw a circle around yourself a very great distance from the rest of your life. In all directions from Eagle are tens of thousands of square miles of deep and total wild, into which a large part of the town's population—living in dependence on supplies from cities—rarely sets foot.

Jack Boone came into the country in 1973. "Basically, I'm a square," he says, and in Eagle he has built an octagonal cabin. He makes no effort to conceal his justifiable pride in his work. The cabin is a log structure of clean lines and apt proportions—as apparently durable as it is imaginative. "I have the ability to earn my living completely with my brain, but I don't want to," Boone remarks, making an instant friend of the visiting writer.

He sits at dinner, three children around him—Margaret, Cindy, and Daniel Boone. His wife, Jean, is in Anchorage, five hundred miles away, with a fourth child, who was in need of medical attention. Lacking money to pay for the journey, Boone went down by the river to the cabin of Jim Scott, explained the situation, and sold Scott two cords of firewood as yet uncut. "I don't believe in welfare, in assistance of any kind," Boone says. "There have been times when economic circumstances have forced me to take a small amount of it. Some people here make it a way of life. The poverty level for a family of six is eight grand. I made four grand last year. I do not constitute the way I am living as poor."

He is a big man, with a woolly beard and a woolly crewcut around pale-blue penetrating eyes. There is often a bemused smile. His voice is smoothly rolling and timpanic. He seems to drive it, like a custom-built car, to play it like a slow roll of drums. "You may have noticed my speech is not perfect," he says. "That is deliberate. My language was once a distinct liability. I have had to alter it over the years to get along with the people I have worked with."

I remark that in his conversation there is an indelible aura of culture and education, whether he likes it to be there or not.

"I am putting that on for you," says Boone, opening a quart of homemade beer. "Fifteen years ago, I spoke perfect English. I deliberately destroyed that capability. Every beer drinker in this town has drank this product, admired it, tried to duplicate it, and failed. I can still write perfectly, with no difficulty."

"Why have you come here?"

"The advantages of modern civilization do not impress me."

He grew up in Oroville, in northern California, and for a time studied electronics at Caltech, but had no desire to join the surrounding society. "I do not like the forcing of the individual toward a high-expense manner of living," he explains. "I do not like restrictions placed on one's life just because of close proximity to several million people." He is a direct descendant of Daniel Boone, on what he refers to as "the squaw side." First, he migrated to Juneau, and set up a marine-electronics business, but, as small as Juneau is, even Juneau was too restricting for him. So he chose a town on the Alaskan Yukon, where there was more elbowroom than he would ever care to explore, and not a great deal of employment opportunity. "Those who are trying to live an independent life style in the country are paying a very high price for it," he says. "Unless one's name is John Borg, it is difficult to find much of a job—indeed, any job—in Eagle." Boone eventually found one—as a seasonal laborer with the local road crew. And so did his neighbor Jack Greene. Working together all day, the two scarcely speak. It is a feud of buried origins, apparently deep, a feud not dissimilar from all the countless crosshatching cabin-fever feuds of Eagle, in some measure having to do with the general fierceness of competition for the few available jobs, in some measure with rivalry over the building of their cabins, but mainly as a casualty of place—a community deeply compressed in its own isolation, where a cup of borrowed sugar can go off like a grenade. The Boones and the Greenes live on Ninth Avenue, a euphemism for a pass a bulldozer once made through woods at the uphill end of town, about

(The Trials & Tribulations of a Business Executive Mother Pillow)

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sit down - watch me work at it

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Here's how it all happened:

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Give us "E" for effort; with this "Mother Pillow" activity we hoped to gain lots of attention for our business computer called ADAM. For after all, ADAM too, makes life plenty *"cushy"* for the business executive.

ADAM is so straightforward, you *program-it-yourself*—in English. ADAM pays for itself with savings in time, labor, simplicity of operation, and gives *you* back "business control."

As you can see, we were not against making it terribly "soft" for anyone, but we have to do it with something we know a great deal about—and that's computers. Sorry, West Virginia, we're not about to switch professions (especially after we read your 8-page booklet of laws on bedding and upholstery).

Somehow to acquire a Mother Pillow, it looks as though West Virginians are going to have to acquire one from out-of-state and sneak it "in" (past the commish) under their belt or over their belt depending on whether they wish to look well-fed or flaunt a well-endowed chest.

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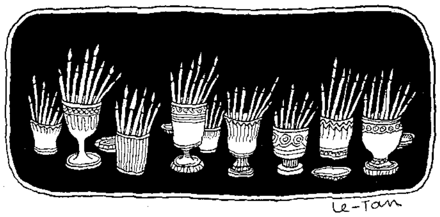
half a mile from the Yukon. Outside Boone's cabin is a sign that reads "Welcome to Those Who Wish Us Well, and the Rest of You Can Go to Hell." Boone means what it says. "Anyone who walks past that sign is probably broadminded enough that I can get along with them," he explains. "Diana Greene will not walk past that sign."

Diana Greene is a doctor of philosophy in classical literature, her husband an electronics engineer. Their awareness of Boone's sign is in the subbasements of subliminal. They came into the country in 1974—on a ten-thousand-mile journey in search of a place to build—to create a life exotic to the ones they had known before, and a cabin to contain it. He was from Greene, New York, she from Long Island. They had met in Boulder, where she was in graduate school and he with the National Bureau of Standards. He was her first husband, she his second wife. In the course of their quest, Eagle seemed the only choice. ("Everywhere else we went in Alaska, people were really rowdy—no couth.") By mail from Colorado, they later bought a building lot at auction, and, starting with a big wood-sided flatbed Chevrolet truck, began assembling things for Alaska. They bought a two years' supply of food—fifty pounds of rice, fifty pounds of rye, two hundred pounds of wheat, a hundred pounds of salt, and so on to twelve pounds of almonds and twenty-five pounds of black-eyed peas. They packed up their cellar of homemade wines. He built five cabin windows. Each was three panes thick, all quarter-inch glass, heavy as a desk top, set in a redwood frame. The first and third panes were sealed with synthetic rubber, while the inner one gapped an eighth of an inch from the bottom, so air could circulate to either side. This would be a tight cabin. They also piled onto the truck a double bed, a couch, chairs, a rolltop desk, two stoves, chain saws, a generator, a washing machine, a Louis Quatorze boudoir dresser with a mirror that might once have framed Marie Antoinette. With this altitudinous load, they backfired downhill into Eagle one spring day, and braked to a halt at the roadhouse. "I'm embarrassed to say this," said Greene to Ralph Helmer, "but I've come here to build a cabin and I don't know where my land is." Helmer pointed back up the hill.

Greene is as good with his hands as Boone. Their cabins were begun at about the same time, with exchanges of beer and wine. There was a tacit race—to the ridgepole, to completion. The Greenes won, three months to seven. Between them, the two families cut upward of three hundred logs, finding them dead on an old burn forty miles down the road, where the Bureau of Land Management would permit the cutting. The Greenes' cabin is eighteen by twenty-four, with attached foyer, long-lash eaves, and big overhangs at either end supported by a ridgepole thirty-eight feet long. Greene's brother-in-law was with him at the time, and the two of them twitched the big logs out of the forest with rope and brute effort. Boone concluded that he could not do that. He decided that logs twelve feet long were all his daughters could manage. Therefore, he would build an octagonal cabin.

For ceiling poles, the two families cut and peeled an aggregate of five hundred three-to-four-inch green spruce. Each of them also set ten fifty-five-gallon drums, filled with gravel and punctured at the bottom, gingerly into the ground—twenty separate excavations, dug carefully so as not to melt or break away the permafrost. Building his floor, Greene used the shiplapped boards from his truck body—and two kinds of insulation. Boone chinked his walls and insulated his floor and ceiling with moss collected by his children, planning to supplement it with cement and lime, while the Greenes used fibre glass between their logs. With their heating stove and cooking stove, the Greenes had powerful defenses against the coming cold, almost enough to drive them out into the snow, because if their cabin was handsome, it was ten times as snug. A lighted match could make it warm. The Greenes nonetheless burn wood at the rate of ten cords a winter. The Boones, with their larger cabin, use fifteen. Both are large sums among the wood budgets of the town.

Jack Greene has built an efficient cistern, with an adroit plumbing system that services a kitchen sink and a solar-heated shower. His cabin's interior, while not as soaringly airy as Boone's, is spacious and, like the Greenes themselves, is amply touched with elegance. He is blond, with a strong and handsome face that would not be out of place on an old coin, she light and slim, with brown, quick, smiling eyes. Around their table pass sparkling cherry wine, additional wines from varietal grapes, wines they have made from berries in Eagle, wild-cranberry ketchup, baked salmon, mincemeat made from moose. From under the gable at one end of the cabin protrudes a pair of moose antlers fifty-six inches tip to tip, truly a mighty rack. Greene was humming along in his orange Volkswagen bug one day when the moose stuck its nose out over the road. He has shot spruce grouse from the VW, opening the door and firing a .22. In like manner, with a shotgun, he dropped the big moose.



"They will not live long here," Boone says of the Greenes. "You have been there. How would you describe their cabin?"

"Very nice."

"It is very fancy, I would say. They serve gourmet meals. No one in Eagle will ever appreciate that. None of us slobs will notice. She's a Ph.D. Between her and this town there's a sociocultural gulf."

Boone rolls himself a smoke while I make a trip to his outhouse. On its interior walls are a set of rules for displaying the flag of the United States. Boone's octagonal cabin, from the outside, has enough grace of line to be saved from resembling a military blockhouse. He is building an identical structure close by, as a garage and shop. The ceiling of the main cabin is eighteen feet high, and there are two balconies, with two children bunked on each balcony. A footbridge runs between. From window to window, the logs of the walls are horizontal, while above and below the windows the logs are vertical, creating an unusual and effective symmetry. "I'm kind of anti-money," Boone says. "I don't hardly believe in the stuff, but in Auke Bay, near Juneau, I built a place for two thousand dollars that was appraised when I left at forty-three. I'm an accomplished scrounger." He and his tall, sharply intelligent wife are also accomplished teachers. Their children are educated at home, and in national testing place as high as five years ahead of their ages.

He opens another quart of beer. It is brewed in a plastic garbage can, in which the Boones mix twelve gallons of water, ten pounds of sugar, a tablespoon of yeast, and forty-eight ounces of hop-flavored extra-pale malted barley syrup, yielding the equivalent of a six-pack a day, or a little over five cases every three weeks, saving themselves approximately two thousand dollars a year against the twenty-four dollars a case charged by Eagle bootleggers. Moreover, it is fine beer. One would have to bypass Milwaukee and St. Louis and scour Europe to find its peer. It may be getting to me. Boone says not to worry: "I have drank it for years and never had a hangover." Close by him is a gun rack with three rifles. He sees me looking at them and says they are loaded. "Hunting season comes in the fall, and the fall is the busiest time of year for anyone who is trying to live any kind of subsistence life style," he says, apropos of nothing much, since the season just now is spring.

"Do you hunt a lot?" I ask him.

"No. I cannot say I am a hunter. I have not hunted anything in the three years since we came to Eagle. The purpose of the rifles is protection."

"Do you fish?"

"We buy our salmon."

"Do you use the river?"

"We have a small boat and a kicker but have not yet been out on the Yukon. We have not had time."

"Have you travelled some on foot in the country?"

"Since I've been here, I've done very little that did not have a purpose. I'm not really sure that I could enjoy trekking ten miles without a goal. I don't think I would defend that position. It's probably wrong. It's how I am. I know I'm a freak. That's why I moved to Eagle." He rolls another cigarette. He lights it thoughtfully. He spreads a screen of smoke through the octagon. "If you live in this country awhile," he says at last, "you really get to appreciate a stove and four walls."

BOONE's forked message of warning and welcome—the sign on the path to his cabin—is by his report an effective deterrent to virtually every member of the Eagle Bible Chapel, known to the laity as the fundamentalist bloc. "They are here for the religious climate," says Boone. "I don't go to church. I'm not a religious man. I wouldn't go to church *here* if I was. We are moving closer to anarchy now, but the bloc still controls every winter paying job but schoolmaster. Eagle is excellent for unemployment, incidentally. If you work part of the year, it's a good place to be sure of not being offered a job. On public assistance, people can live quite well here. Even members of the bloc take food stamps, unemployment, and welfare, in various combinations. They are very social. They have dinners, prayer meetings, men's Bible study and women's Bible study once a week. They have a sewing circle that is open to Indians. Indians do come. Social relationships between the bloc and the Indians are good but condescending. To the best

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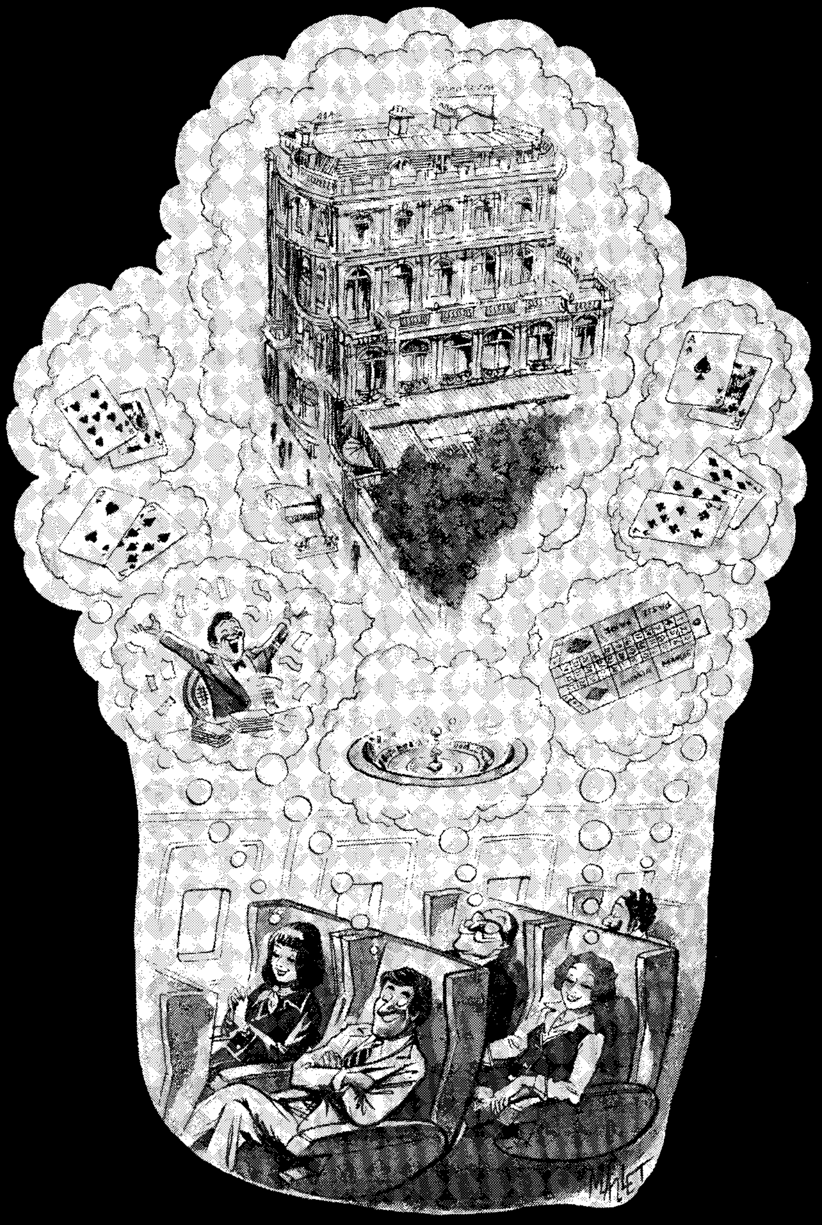

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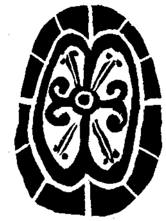
of my knowledge, no one in the bloc touches alcohol. In Eagle, there is one lush. Also, there are five or six people who live in the town because it is dry—who go out of their tree when a bottle appears. None of these are in the bloc. Those of us who are not in the bloc are rugged individualists, and we can't get along with each other. When I was elected to the city council a couple of years ago, I had eight friends. After six months, I had two. This does not happen among the Christians. They sit down and pray about it and decide it isn't worth it. In Eagle, there are many arguments, many short-term enemies, but few permanent enemies. The bloc will forgive and forget—the day after they have screwed you."



Eagle has upward of fifty registered voters. Roughly twenty are in the bloc. Not long ago, when the population was smaller and the bloc was proportionately larger, most of the city council was of the religious group. Eagle was their town. The landscape is what lasts around here. The people huddled upon it are—in the long span of things—as rootless as the wolves. The religious bloc, already losing its political grip, has been a factor in the town for less than a decade—its existence dating to the arrival in the late nineteen-sixties of Betty and John Borg. Other couples soon moved to join them, their common affiliation being a relationship with the Central Alaskan Mission, in Glennallen, with which the Eagle group has since relaxed its ties. While the rugged individualists went on being rugged and individual, the people of the bloc helped each other in the finding and swapping of jobs, and they cornered the job market: fire-control officer, school-bus driver, school custodian (the grammar school is three miles away, in the Indian Village), teacher's aides, preschool program, and on down a list that attained to much length through the many positions—postmaster, weatherman, customs officer, and so forth—of John Arthur Borg, the mayor. The group's minister, for a time, was Roger Whitaker, who resigned to become constable, and was replaced by Dan Kees. "The whole bloc is a Communist front," commented one resident observer. "First, they get to the kids. Then, when they feel the time is right, they take over the police power."

Resident observers have a great deal to say about the bloc, which has harvested in Eagle the timeless fruits of hegemony, the ripest of which is gossip:

"They feel threatened at every turn. They are frightened, terrorized."

"They came not with a sense of mission but to seek a protected enclave. Religiously, they keep to themselves. Politically, they want to control the town. They preferred it here when everybody knew everybody—knew what everyone was up to. Everybody let everybody else know what they were doing. Now they see rigs going through town and they don't know who is in them. They don't like that."

"They have dug a hole in the world and are trying to stay in it."

"They have a map of Eagle with flags on the cabins of sinners. They invite one sinner a week to dinner, and attempt a conversion."

"On the school bus, their children sing hymns, recite the Twenty-third Psalm, and tell other children, who are not 'saved,' that they are damned forever to Hell."

(On December 12, 1917, at a meeting of the Eagle Common Council, a citizen complained that Miss Owen, the teacher, was compelling her pupils to pray in school.)

"Neither the religious people nor the river people have any interest in seeing Eagle develop economically. In that one respect, we see eye to eye."

"They were against the federally funded alcohol program, because there was nothing in it for them. The money bought a pool table, card tables—alternatives to booze."

"It was all for the natives. Alcoholism is widespread among the whites, too. But they don't show up as well against the snow, you see, as these buggers with the dark skin."

In 1898, in Eagle, small building lots sold for a thousand dollars. In 1947, thirty dollars would buy an entire acre—a price that reached two hundred by 1967 and two hundred and fifty by 1971. By then, however, some outsiders were beginning to ask not so much about the price of land as about the legality of the manner in which lots were sold.

"If you went to their church and were one of their kind, you could buy land. But if you were a drinker—that is, not one of them—they wouldn't talk to you. You couldn't get nothing."

"They were five out of seven on the city council. It was the city council that sold the undeveloped city lots. If you were not acceptable to them, you were turned down."

"Man named Carr, from Anchorage, owned eight or ten lots here, and wanted to sell them. He arrived one day with letters he'd received from people in Eagle. He went into the roadhouse—some Christians were in there, and Sarge Waller—and asked where he could find Jo and David Barnett. The Barnetts were living in a tent, hoping to get land for a cabin. No one said a word. The man repeated his question. Where could he find the Barnetts? Finally, Sarge said, 'Well, God damn it, I know where they are if nobody else does.' And he went and got the Barnetts."

In the fall of 1973, a majority was elected to the city council which was—in the adroit parlance of this community—unchurch. Within a year, the town held its first public-land auction of modern times—and now the way was open to the Greenes, the Boones, the Vandals, the Visigoths. The invaders had to pay, of course. Here in a wilderness that reaches out beyond comprehension, two thousand dollars became a going price for less than an eighth of an acre.

"The do-gooders used to control the town, but at last they are being outvoted."

"They really blowed their cools when I got this place."

While other things erode, John Borg remains the focus of Eagle. Because of his power and positions, he is the focus of the tattle as well. In a community of palavered reputations, no one is so thoroughly discussed as Borg. First, there are the usual and expectable patterns:

"Borg is confused, conservative."

"He professes to be quite Christian, but his religion is shallow."

"He's an opportunist."

"He hasn't missed any bets around here to date, but he is basically honest."

"He gravelled his road at the city's expense."

But even more of what is said about him is confided almost in whispers:

"I don't want you to say who said this. Do you promise not to mention my name?"

"Yes. Tell me what you like. It will not be attributed to you."

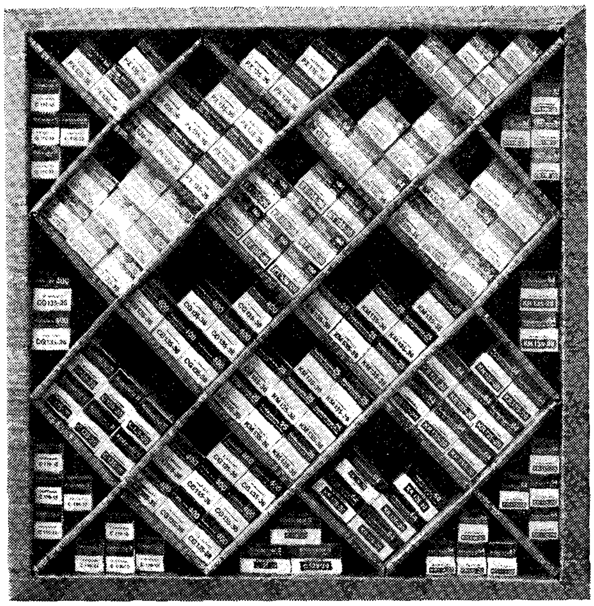
"Is that a promise?"

"So help me."

"Well, I think he's one of the finest persons in town. He's always willing to help anyone. He's friendly. He keeps his likes and dislikes to himself. His religion is his personal concern. He doesn't try and force it on anyone else. He is one of the few people in Eagle who is willing to do things. He keeps the well house going. He tills people's gardens."

"He is the one person in his group that tolerates the river people."

"In general, he has tried to help us,



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3. Both Kodachrome films* have about the same resolving power, the ability to render fine detail from a perfect lens in perfect focus.

4. We do not claim (nor can anybody else) that photography (or TV) can present the brain with exactly the same color sensations as the original subject. But perception and sensation are different matters. You may therefore prefer the perception of flesh tones, green vegetation, wood browns, and the difference between apples and oranges that you get from a slide made on any of three new films which actually have more resolving power than the Kodachrome films.

5. The new ones are KODAK EKTACHROME 64 Film (Daylight), KODAK EKTACHROME 160 Film (Tungsten), and KODAK EKTACHROME 200 Film (Daylight). The 200 can be "push-processed" to 400 speed. It is not quite as sharp as the 64 but a lot less grainy than its predecessor, KODAK High Speed EKTACHROME Film (which was slower).

6. You can process these films yourself if you enjoy that sort of thing. Dealer can sell you a kit, including directions for "push-processing." It's simple, whereas processing Kodachrome film is very far from simple.

7. We make professional versions of the new Ektachrome films. Those have to be kept refrigerated until use and processed promptly thereafter. The reward is a professional-grade tolerance in color balance. The nonprofessional version should give its best balance if *not* refrigerated.

8. The new KODACOLOR 400 Film is designed for pleasing paper prints, whether exposed to daylight, tungsten, fluorescents, flash, or some mixture thereof. With that 400 film speed, 1/30 at *f*/2 is enough exposure to dispense with flash at 5 footcandles. That's average illumination for an evening at home when not watching TV.

9. If 100 is speed enough and you plan on big enlargements, use KODACOLOR II Film.

10. Do plan on a nice big enlargement for a shot you like a lot. Put it up on the wall and incorporate it into your ambiance. Just in case albums and slide shows are not your style.

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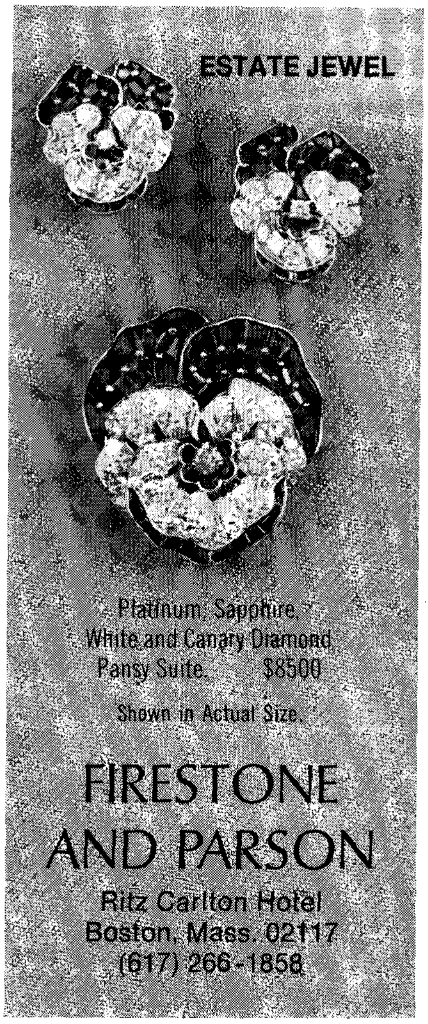
*Kodachrome film in 1977 is an entirely different article from what it was in 1935. Back then the miracle alone sufficed.

Kodak



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has tried to help the Indian community."

"He has a lot of energy, and he lives in a place where there are limited outlets for such energy, and that's why he holds so many jobs."

"He is a leader, a goer, a doer. At thirty below zero, he will get on his snow machine and go fifty miles—for a reason. At zero, he will go for no reason. During the winter we lived at Gravel Gulch, he was the only one who came to pay a visit. John could live in this country on his own. He could do it without the group. Most of the others never leave their stoves in winter."

"Even if I don't like their ways, I still talk to him. He's good."

BORG insists that he has no ambition to run the town he runs. He implies that he does so by default. "I would be tickled to death if someone would take over some of these jobs—*and* do them," he told me one day when I was helping him lug cartons off the mail plane. "I'm certainly not trying to build a kingdom around me. I have accepted these responsibilities not because I think no one else can do them. I do the weather job, and the U.S.G.S. river job, and the U.S. Customs work because they interest me. People say I'm trying to build me an empire in Eagle, but I don't think they'd be breaking down the door to ask for these jobs if I were to leave."

Like Boston and Chicago, Eagle seems to foster strong central figures. Bob Steele, whose daughter Roberta still lives in town, once ran the roadhouse and the post office and was, as well, United States Commissioner and United States Deputy Marshal. Esther and Anton Merly, now for the most part retired, preceded Borg in various positions, including the weather, the customs, the roadhouse, and the post office.

"When the Merlys turned their jobs over to John, they were looking for someone they could control."

"Borg wouldn't say yea, boo, or nay without consulting the Merlys."

"In this town, they are the puppeteers, Borg the puppet."

"The Merlys began the 'right people' idea long before the Borgs came into the country. Anton once said to me, 'It used to be so good when everybody thought alike here.' I said to him, 'How dull life must be for you.' "

Anton Merly is a tall man, bald, approaching seventy at apparent full strength. Esther has a shrewd and watchful look. She is dour and apronly and has a warm smile not easily won. For all the gossip they draw in parts of the white community, it is worthy of note that they enjoy high respect—for their understanding and compassion—among the Indians. When they were children, the Merlys grew up five miles apart on homesteads in North Dakota. Their parents had arrived there in wagons. "The winters we remember in North Dakota were worse than any we have known here," Esther has told me, and Anton explained: "In North Dakota, it blows pretty near all the time. Here, the wind doesn't blow. In North Dakota, we had thirty-five-mile winds at thirty below. Here, you go out and you can see where you're going, and there is no danger. There, if you went out and a blizzard came up you were lost, unless you had a fence or a good horse that could take you home."

They came to Alaska in 1949 and to Eagle in 1955. "We could see there was a future here, with places so cheap—as low as a hundred and fifty for a cabin and a lot." They bought seven lots and four cabins as a start. "You're crazy," an old-timer said to them. "The town is dying." In 1959, the year of statehood, the population of Eagle was nine. Almost the entire city was on the city council. The Merlys took turns as mayor. Inevitably, they all but cornered the paying jobs, and were only too glad, they say, to pass them on, when they could, to Borg.

"Borg may be independent of the Merlys by now."

"No. The Merlys are the land barons here, the manipulators of everything that goes on behind the scenes."

"When I came into the country, I asked the Merlys if they knew of a cabin for rent. They said no. We talked awhile, and discovered we had a mutual acquaintance in Tok. The Merlys suddenly remembered a cabin that was vacant. It was far out of town and had no door. We talked some more, and it turned out I knew a friend of theirs who lives somewhere near Big Delta. Anton then remembered an empty cabin close to Eagle with a door but no windows. Later, when we hit on the name of a really good friend we have in common, I ended up with a fine cabin in the heart of town."

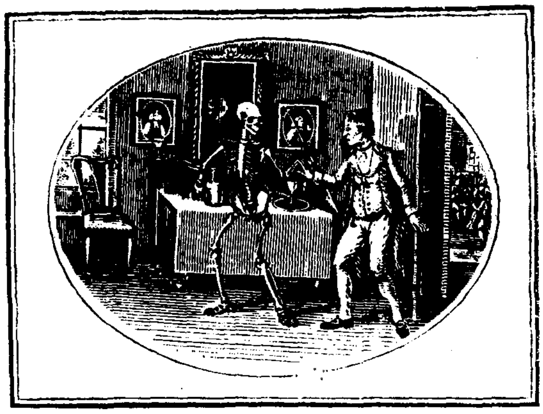
"Make no mistake—the seat of government of Eagle, Alaska, is Esther Merly's kitchen."

It is a spotless room, a Midwestern farm kitchen with a big wood stove and, of all things, a big white refrigerator. Anton established the first generator in Eagle, and later sold it to Borg. The

Merlys now buy their power from him.

Borg has no specific trade or skill, but he feels that he could support his family anywhere, because "jobs exist if you are willing to do the work." Among his constituents are those who may sit around and disagree, but no one, at least, will ever say of Borg that, given a task to do, he is not willing. He is up at 6 A.M., twiddling shortwave dials. He listens, some days, to news on the BBC. His cabin is on Third Avenue, in deep woods. A fresh black bearskin is nailed to an outside wall. Borg does not welcome the bears that come to town. He shot one not long ago on Jefferson Street, near the post office, after children came running to tell him it was there. This one was near his own door. He seldom goes out of town to hunt, and describes himself as "not much for fishing." He gets a few grayling each year. Neat as he is in person, his yard is a scavenger heap of fuel drums and machine fragments—a true Alaskan ornamental garden. He has three snow machines, a pickup, and a Mercedes-Benz, which appears to have left Germany during the Weimar Republic and to have been driven across Canada without reference to roads. There is a hutch of rabbits, which he calls his Arctic chickens—two fat bucks and a bordello of does. "This type of life style isn't all that severe," he says. "The severity of it is a state of mind. You have your basic cabin, and you need water and wood. It is easy to get wood. Certain people, that's all they do. They live on money they earned elsewhere. When I have absolutely nothing to do, I'm just driven up the wall. I don't know what I'd do if I didn't have something to get me up in the morning. So I open my mouth and get another responsibility." Some people in Eagle don't even haul wood. Borg hauls it for them—for twenty dollars an hour or fifteen per cent of the wood. He takes his Cat across the river ice, two bobsleds riding behind him, and goes three miles through the spruce to the site of an old forest burn.

A trail leads from his cabin to his post office through a beautiful grove of aspens. To keep in close touch with his home and his bloc, he has a battery-operated field-telephone system of the type that contributed to battle tactics in the Second World War. As the resident officer of the United States Customs Service, he pretty much lets the business come to him. He is responsible for anything that comes floating or flying out of Canada, but problems are almost nil. Around the turn of the century, there was a certain amount of



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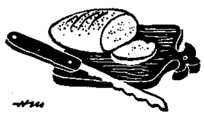
waltzing with customs. A boat built in Canada with Canadian trees was a "British bottom," and by the rules of U.S. Customs had to pay a handsome fee to continue downriver past Eagle. The duty on Canadian sawboards was negligible. So Canadian crews arriving in Eagle would unload their boats, unscrew the decks, totally disassemble the hulls, and pay duty on a rick of Canadian lumber. Then they would put it all together again and shove off into Alaska. Monitoring something like that kept customs men busy, but what Borg sees now are mainly homemade rafts, many of which are barely afloat, having disassembled themselves while still in the river. He examines gear, checks identification, asks people where they're from and where they are going. "I don't sit on the riverbank. The people come to me. I've never made a seizure." Occasionally, the Brainstorm arrives—a small barge that hauls fuel and building materials from Dawson, in Yukon Territory, down the Yukon into Alaska and up the Porcupine River back into Canada, to Old Crow, an aggregate five hundred miles. Borg does the customs paperwork, and says it is no less voluminous than it might have been for the Queen Mary. With regard to aircraft, "most pilots are aware of the fact that they are in bad trouble if they have not reported to customs somewhere along the way." So they seek him out, too.



("I have wondered whether the customs collection at Eagle pays for itself nowadays, or whether the salaries and other expenses of collection do not exceed the revenue," wrote Hudson Stuck, the Archdeacon of the Yukon, in 1917.)

In the small, seventy-five-year-old log-cabin city hall, Borg runs his council meetings with a skepticism (he is now the only member from the bloc) that is muffled toward his colleagues and less so toward the language of state and federal statutes. "All this government talk is so many big words," he says. Federal funds are contributing to the restoration of the courthouse, near the center of town. Wearily, Borg explains that careful archeological excavations must be performed with "magic wands and metal detectors" or the federal money will not be forthcoming. He calls it a "federal fiasco." He refers repeatedly to the Eagle Historical Society as "the Eagle Hysterical Society." He does not appear to be fond of history, but he is the president of the society. Councilman Horace Biederman, pressing for his dream of a new community center (also to rise on federal funds), mentions HUD and "what they call a block-type grant."

"Who is Hud?" asks Borg, and moves on to new business: the dumping of trash. A sign on the wall says "Get Into America."

At home in his cabin after a long complex day, the Mayor will sometimes relax with cassettes he owns of radio serials from the nineteen-thirties and forties. He leans back, presses a lever. The tape rolls. There is a sound of whistling gales. An announcer, urgent and stirred, says, "Now, as howling winds echo across the snow-covered reaches of the wild northwest, the Quaker Oats Company, makers of Quaker Puffed Wheat [sound of rifle shot] and Quaker Puffed Rice, the delicious cereals shot from guns [sound of rifle shot], in coöperation with the Mutual Broadcasting System presents 'Sergeant Preston of the Yukon' [sound of howling husky]. It's Yukon King, the swiftest and strongest lead dog of the northwest, breaking a trail for Sergeant Preston, of the Northwest Mounted Police, in his relentless pursuit of lawbreakers. [Voice of Preston: "On, King! On, you huskies!"] Gold. Gold, discovered in the Yukon, a stampede to the Klondike in the wild race for riches. Back to the days of the gold rush and the adventures of Sergeant Preston and his wonder dog, Yukon King, as they meet the challenge of the Yukon."

There is a sewing machine in the post office. Betty Borg works there when John—hauling wood, plowing gardens—is away. Dark-haired and bright-eyed, she is petite, and as trim as he. They have one child, Barbara, whose advance upon the years of secondary education has presented a dilemma to the Borgs. They feel that the supervised high-school work available to her in Eagle is more than a match for academic programs elsewhere, but they worry that she will be deprived socially, that she will suffer for lack of activities with others. Yet to leave the country in search of a high school is to give up what they have here. "I've got the most secure economic situation in Eagle," he says. "I've got it made here. To move means cashing it in, means starting all over again." A boarding school is not, apparently, in the conversation, but how about a high school in Anchorage or Fairbanks, where she might be able to live with friends?

"The life style is unacceptable there," says Borg.

"Unacceptable?"

"Too much garbage." He refers to

drugs in Anchorage high schools and police having to keep order there, teachers smoking in the classroom, a grade-school teacher using *Playboy* as a textbook—an overall atmosphere "where kids' rights reign supreme."

"Politically, most of us are conservative," Borg says of the bloc. "We have a common denominator, the church. We are the largest mutual-admiration society in Eagle. There's some truth in some of the gossip about the group. But we have a basis for conversation, a common spirit about many things. Others are interested in drinking. We are not. They gripe and bellyache. The problem is, so few people here have a steady job. They complain at council meetings, and when I assign them to a committee to look into their own complaints they can't back away fast enough. If you have a solid group, outsiders will chip away at it. When people say we don't want them, it's their rationalization, not ours. We haven't closed doors to anybody, and aren't about to."

When Borg ran the roadhouse, he tried to get the Common Council to advertise Eagle on the radio. He would hardly do that now. When he had been here four years, the population was thirty-six, and—in the flux that is the way of things with the careers of white Alaskans—he and his family were by then the fifth-longest continuing residents of the town. The river people soon arrived, and the Wallers, and whatnot. In a couple of years, the population more than doubled. "I don't say they'll have to sharpen my head and plow me into the ground to get rid of me," Borg says now. "Too many people, and I would want to leave. If you double your population, you geometrically square your problems. With a thousand people, Eagle would not be the same."

"It would be like the eighteen-nineties."

"Only worse. You don't need a vacation from Eagle to get yourself together again. People are not assigned here. They live here by choice. When the road closes in the fall, we are not snowed in. Other people are snowed out."
—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the third part of a four-part article.*)

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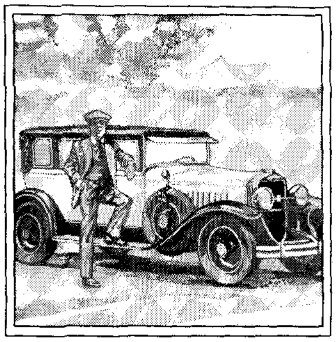
Since she's back in New York she finds that shopping is more convenient, she can see the latest art and dance shows, greet the kids when they come home from school, have dinner at a number of fine restaurants and go to the theater—all in one day.—*The Times.*

Has she been putting on weight?



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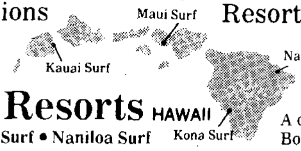

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Music at High Mall

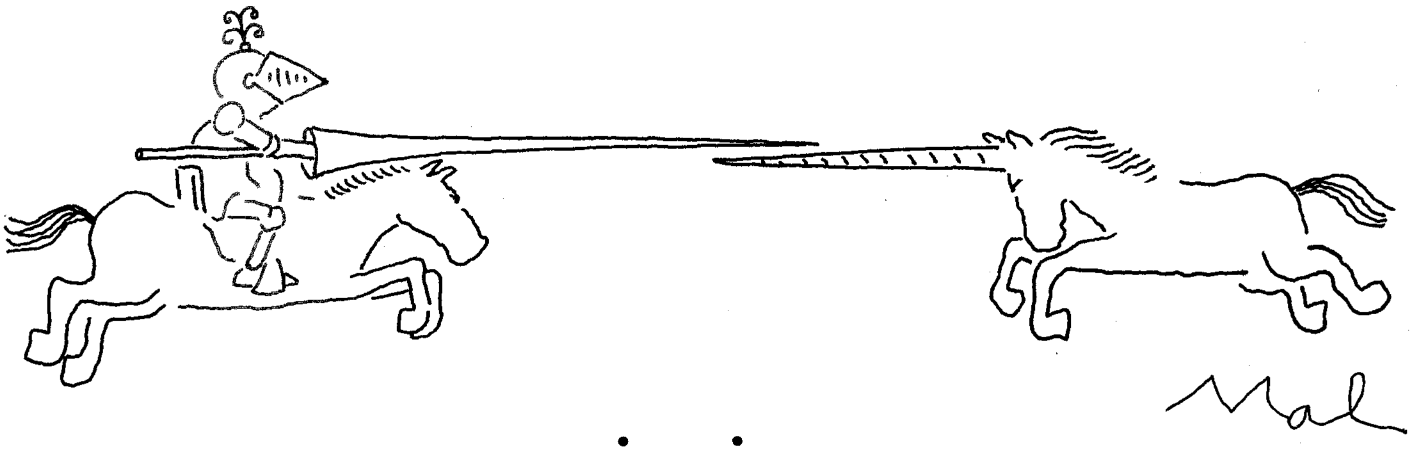
VANCOUVER, British Columbia, an agreeable city set on wide waters against a background of mountains, has a new concert hall—a new-old hall, the Orpheum, built fifty years ago as a Western outpost of the Chicago-based Orpheum circuit, refashioned and refurbished this year as the home of the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra. It was once the largest theatre on the West Coast. Charlie Chaplin played there. Beecham and Klemperer conducted there. Margot Fonteyn danced there. But when Vancouver's Queen Elizabeth Theatre, a multipurpose twenty-eight-hundred-seat house, opened in 1959, and became the home of the Vancouver Symphony and the Vancouver Opera, it seemed that the Orpheum's days might be over. The owners planned to convert the grand old house into a "complex" of "mini-theatres"—a fate that has befallen many large places of entertainment. A yet more common fate is demolition: New York lost the Paramount and the *Roxy*, which should have been protected national monuments; the splendors of the Albee, in Brooklyn, are even now being ground into rubble. Vancouver decided not to repeat mistakes that were made by New York and London. (I am glad I lived early enough to have known McKim, Mead & White's Pennsylvania Station, in the former, and the Coal Exchange, St. James's Theatre, and Philip Hardwick's Euston Station, in the latter.) In Vancouver, the grand Canadian Pacific Railway station still stands, awaiting some new use. So does a noble 1912 courthouse. The Orpheum has found its new use. It was saved by a combination of two things: community realization that the world is finite and what is old and good should not be destroyed for short-term profit; and the city's need for two large auditoriums, unforeseen at the time the Queen Elizabeth opened. So the city of Vancouver bought the Orpheum and turned it into a hall for music, at a cost of just over seven million dollars. (The city produced four and a half million, the federal government of Canada two million, and the province of British Columbia a third of a million; the rest is still being raised.) The Vancouver Symphony was not happy in the Queen Elizabeth, which has clear but dry acoustics; as in New York's Avery Fisher Hall before last year's reconstruction, an orchestra had to force its tone if it was to produce a big sound. The C.P.R. station and the abandoned spaces of a big department store that had moved its business into a Miesian monolith were considered as possible new homes. The Orpheum was chosen.

Happy choice. The main entrance of the Orpheum is on a mall—a word that in America has recovered its eighteenth-century connotation of a place for pleasant promenade. (London's Mall is traffic-free only on Sundays.) "High mall," the Anglo-Saxon equivalent of the Mediterranean *passeggiata*, flows past the Orpheum at concert time; the hall takes its place in city life. And it is welcoming, not a forbidding monument to culture. Orpheum theatres come in many styles. The entrance to Boston's, where Sarah Caldwell presents her opera, seems to have been inspired by memories of Nero's Golden House. St. Louis's, now named Powell Symphony Hall, and the home of the St. Louis Symphony, is a Palace of Versailles for the people. Vancouver's was described by its architect, B. Marcus Priteca, as "conservative Spanish Renaissance." Twenties Hispano-Mauresque and M-G-M Spanish are other possible terms. The building is lavish, exotic, and glittering. Colonnaded stairs, balconies, and landings provide the approaches to the auditorium. The frames over doors and niches follow an elaborate ogee curve suggesting memories of Bristol Cathedral and St. Mary Redcliffe. The plasterwork inside the hall itself blossoms with Manueline exuberance. As in St. Louis, the actual detail is coarse, but the effect of the whole is splendid. There was precedent for adapting an existing theatre rather than building a new hall: in St. Louis; in Pittsburgh, where the former Loew's Penn Theatre is now Heinz Hall, home of the Symphony; and in Oakland, where the Symphony plays in the Paramount Theatre, an Art Deco movie palace recently designated a National Historic Landmark. Such schemes save handsome buildings. They also save money. Powell Hall, in 1968, cost about two million instead of the fifteen to twenty million estimated for a new building; a year later, Pittsburgh spent only ten million on Heinz Hall.

The acoustical consultant for Powell Hall was Cyril Harris, working, for once, with curved walls and a domed ceiling, not a rectangle, and, by all accounts (I have not heard music in the hall), producing excellent results all the same. The acoustical consultant for Heinz Hall was Heinrich Keilholz; the sound there is also reported to be good. The acoustical consultant for the Vancouver Orpheum was Theodore Schultz, of Bolt, Beranek & Newman, and at the inaugural concert, in April, I could hear that the sound there is good. As in Powell Hall, the stage tower has been blocked off and turned into offices or rooms for the orchestra. The former stage has been solidly walled and roofed to make a concert platform that seems to be part of the hall itself, not an opening out of one end of it. In the Orpheum, the roofline of the new platform continues that of the hall; the platform has been extended forward well beyond the proscenium arch; orchestra and audience are effectively in the same room. It is a big place, with twenty-seven hundred and eighty-eight seats, but because in basic plan it is, like Carnegie Hall, essentially a cube, not a long cuboid, the back rows do not feel too uncomfortably far from the platform. There is a large balcony. I listened to some of the concert from deep beneath its overhang; the sound was still strong, bright, and full.

The growth of the Vancouver Symphony in recent years is a success story. To the 1968-69 season there were thirty-five hundred subscribers; to the 1975-76 season, over twenty-seven thousand; to this season, almost forty thousand, which must be a world's record. (The Israel Philharmonic has thirty-two thousand.) Some of the subscriptions are for short series, not for the full run of the main concerts (thirteen of them next season, each played three times). Even so, the figure is impressive and bears witness to community support for the orchestra. Actual attendance at the symphony concerts rose from 119,270 in 1968-69 to 282,486 in 1975-76. Next season's programs are not exactly adventurous. Tchaikovsky looms large (the Second and Sixth Symphonies, "Manfred," the First Piano Concerto). But there is a sprinkling of twentieth-century orchestral classics (Debussy, Ravel, Falla, Stravinsky, Bartók, Hindemith); and there are five contemporary works, four of them by Canadian composers.

Since 1972, Kazuyoshi Akiyama has been resident conductor and music director of the Vancouver Symphony. (Vancouver is his home, though he is also permanent conductor of the Tokyo Symphony, principal conductor of the Osaka Philharmonic, principal guest conductor of the New Japan Philhar-



monic, and music director of the American Symphony, in New York; he is billed to conduct nine of the thirteen Vancouver programs next season.) At the Orpheum inaugural concert, he conducted Pierre Mercure's "Triptyque" (composed for the Vancouver International Festival in 1959), Ravel's "Shéhérazade" (with Maureen Forrester as soloist), and Mahler's First Symphony. The Mercure, an exercise in after-Stravinsky timbres and rhythms, showed off the dapper playing of the orchestra and the clean, spacious acoustics of the hall. The Ravel demonstrated that the place welcomes and responds to a voice. The climaxes of the Mahler filled it with big romantic sound, well supported through all the pitch range; the delicate solo writing proved that its acoustics remain warm and immediate throughout the dynamic range—and it brought forward some eloquent woodwind players. Mr. Akiyama is not a "star" conductor but an unobtrusive and thorough musician. As often in his work with the American Symphony, I felt at first that his readings lacked strong character and then that his clear, honest, sensitive intentions were very satisfying. And he has certainly produced an admirably balanced, lively yet lyrical orchestra.

The Vancouver Orpheum is not yet quite finished. Those romantic lobbies and landings, picturesque though they are, are too small to hold a full house during the intermission. There is no place for a convenient bar or café, let alone the restaurant and the bookshop that a modern concert hall needs. But the city has bought the property next door and intends to provide these things. Cinema-organ enthusiasts will be pleased to learn that the Orpheum still houses its mighty Wurlitzer. From Powell and Heinz Halls the organs are gone.

BALTIMORE has a new civic theatre, the New Mechanic, at the heart of the town. The building stood desolate. There was talk of turning it into a movie house. Instead, the city took it over and spent half a million dollars restoring it. Work was not confined to the auditorium. Baltimore does not believe that going to a concert or a play or a ballet should be a penitential experience or that places of entertainment should open at eight in the evening and close at eleven. So in the flanks of the New Mechanic, giving onto the "high mall" of Charles Center, Baltimore's place of pedestrian throng, three restaurants were installed—French, English, and tetralemmatic in cuisine. In the theatre itself there is a gallery. The New Mechanic began operations last November. So far, the shows have been mainly Broadway plays and musicals, some on their way to New York, some from it, but this month the Minnesota Opera was invited to bring to Baltimore, a city where Poe associations still linger, its production of Dominick Argento's opera "The Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe." Four well-attended performances were given in the New Mechanic.

I reviewed the opera at length after its première, in St. Paul, last year. It was enjoyable to hear it again, for it is a romantic, imaginative, lyrical score, rich and various, often exciting, although the action is sometimes confusing. Even after a fresh reading of the libretto, it was hard to sort out, onstage, Poe's mother, foster mother, mother-in-law, grandmother, and Aunt Nancy; their roles are shared by three singers, who in addition play many other parts. But such confusion is essential to the work; the plot is a whirl of episodes from Poe's life, his stories, and his poems presented as if in a vivid, incoherent, delirious dream that fills his final days. That one character should blur into another was part of the composer's original idea. The Minnesota production, with most of the same singers as in St. Paul, had gained a new precision of focus; it was very confident. The orchestra was the Baltimore Symphony, the chorus that of Morgan State University, and both were stronger, more colorful, than those of the original show. The New Mechanic makes a fair-sized opera house, seating nearly sixteen hundred. Even the singers' lightest utterances could be heard so clearly that I suspected an amplification system was in use (I was assured afterward it was not), yet there was space for the "sonic perspectives" created by important offstage choruses to be distinctly drawn. The opera seemed to grow and flower. Its cunning variety of textures, and its kinship with Monteverdi—in fine-drawn duet writing and in madrigalesque interludes—were more apparent than ever.

There should be more such visits. Both the adventurous work of the Minnesota company and Argento's adventurous opera deserved this East Coast showing. The common practice of allowing an opera production to die after four or five performances, after it has satisfied local demand, is sadly wasteful. Things like the St. Louis "Comte Ory," which I reviewed two weeks ago, should be seen in Brooklyn; Brooklyn's production of Argento's "A Water Bird Talk" would fit well into the St. Louis season. There are difficulties. This "Poe" venture, which was supported by the National Opera Institute, proved that they can be overcome.

—ANDREW PORTER

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Pasco-Kennewick-Richland (Wash.) Tri-City Herald]

SACRAMENTO, Calif. (AP)—Can four fake owls scare a flock of starlings away?

Police hit upon the idea of placing some fake owls in the trees by the police building because birds droppings were fouling vehicles parked underneath. Owls, someone told them, were the natural enemies of starlings.

A work crew, however, placed the owls in the wrong trees. But it was all right.

DANCING

Beyond Ballet Theatre

ONE of the most frequent of the many favorable comments that have been heard about the "Live from Lincoln Center" broadcast of American Ballet Theatre's "Giselle" concerned the conducting of John Lanchbery. For years chief conductor of the Royal Ballet, Lanchbery is now music director of the Australian Ballet. His guest conducting of the televised performance gave viewers the kind of "Giselle" that patrons of Ballet Theatre as a rule don't get. The resident conductors, Akira Endo and Patrick Flynn, do not have Lanchbery's experience; but Flynn, who has been with the company less than a year, seems to be coming along at a faster rate than Endo, who has been music director since 1969. Endo tends to specialize in twentieth-century scores. He does a crackling "Petrouchka," a plangent "Verklärte Nacht" (for "Pillar of Fire"). In the nineteenth-century classics, he conducts absently or inconsistently. At one performance of "La Bayadère" this season at the Met, his tempo for the opening adagio started slow and got slower. A maundering "Les Sylphides" is a Ballet Theatre tradition; under both Endo and Flynn, the ballet has come to a virtual standstill.

The corps coped valiantly with Endo in "La Bayadère." (Incidentally, it seems probable that the exaggeratedly slow tempo of the opening has come about through a succession of Endos. Such a tempo would have been highly unlikely in Petipa's day.) But performances of this piece have generally been listless; it hasn't maintained the high place in the repertory it held only three years ago. Strangely, it is the work of the corps, then the big worry point, that has been the most stable element. The dancing of the three Shades, dropping off sharply after those first performances, is now in the competent-to-awkward range. Without Mikhail Baryshnikov or Fernando Bujones, the principal roles lose more than half their lustre. The female lead is not really of ballerina quality; it lacks variety and suspense. A dancer must make it seem to be more than it is. Martine van Hamel, who didn't dance the role in New York this season (she hardly ever does), knows how to do this without altering the choreography. Cynthia Gregory and Gelsey Kirkland add extra pirouettes and balances or substitute their favorite steps. Natalia Makarova tries to make a dramatic impression. But the secret of expansion in "La Bayadère" lies in perfecting the correspondence of its dance rhythm to the continuity of the score. When a dance phrase is made to flower as if in answer to a musical stress, the effect is automatically one of enlarged scale and vivid projection. But how a dancer is to obtain this effect without support from the pit is a real problem.

Neither Gregory nor Kirkland is receiving the help she needs to become great. Slack musical standards, coaching by committee, artistic direction that is indiscriminately rigid or permissive leave too much of the responsibility up to the dancer herself, and self-teaching can only go so far. Kirkland's début in "Swan Lake" seemed to be a reaction to these conditions; she looked overprepared. The white act was built of polished nuggets edged meticulously into place. The adagio was a matter of extremely soft and gradual extensions into arabesque, with delayed recoveries from that pose to an upright one; of exquisite crestfallen lowerings from full point; of full, unhasty, smoothly rounded multiple pirouettes. It was something to savor. The variation, taken at the drastically reduced tempo that has become set practice in this company, was superfine but not interestingly so, and the interjected steps killed time rather than filled it. Some of these interjections were Kirkland's own and some originated with Makarova. That odd retreat to place that twice interrupts the start of the climactic chaînés turns has also become set practice in this company; it can only be explained as Makarova's solution to a space problem at the State Theatre. Why retain it at the Met? In the turns themselves, which were brilliantly done, one must question the lack of a spot—not for technical reasons (the spot, or direction in which the dancer refocusses her vision as her head turns, is a way of avoiding dizziness) but for the emphasis spotting gives to the head positions that are a part of the poetic imagery of "Swan Lake." A lot of dancers who, like Kirkland, are more naturally suited to Odette than to Odile imagine that they must soften the profile of the white act in preparation for the black one. Kirkland seems to have felt a need to dispense with all angles in her performance. Her entrance in the coda eliminated the fouetté in the half turn into arabesque, and so another Odette cameo was partially erased. These and other changes caused some outcry, but the only sensible objection to altered text in "the classics" is to wrongness of effect. I'd have preferred some bright substitution for the standard relevé-passé/entrechat sequence, which, with Kirkland's thin thighs and calves, has no dazzle. But even though this Odette abjured dazzle, the overwhelming impression she left of originality and power was not damaged.

The black act took much the same shape at a slightly lower level: confidence and stylishness in the pas de deux, ineffective fancywork in the variation, a conventional and dullish coda. Kirkland prepares for everything but exigencies. If those high, wide attitude spins in fourth and triple pirouettes in second had worked out better, she might not have pulled her horns in so far in the turns of the coda. Still, to have attempted steps of overpowering difficulty shows that Kirkland's conception of her role isn't the best she could have. Dazzle certainly belongs in this act, but technical overkill doesn't bring it about. Odile doesn't seduce Siegfried by outpointing him.

Ivan Nagy was the Siegfried, dramatically and pictorially excellent, and the most sympathetic partner any débutante could wish. We saw some fine doublework in the fourth act, and a new ending, in which the joint suicide was accomplished with the two of them going over the brink together. (The swan boat—by design?—did not appear.) Kirkland has recovered her strength after a year of looking and dancing like her own shadow or not dancing at all. The audience that mourned her was entitled to its jubilation at this début. My feeling is somewhat less than jubilant. I feel that it marked Kirkland's return to her Ballet Theatre form, and she can do better. Putting aside errors of conception and execution, which she can correct in future performances, Kirkland is in possession of a clear victory. But there is still room to doubt whether she is back on the road to artistic fulfillment. I've mentioned the lack of guidance at Ballet Theatre. Kirkland aggravates the problem by a tendency, noticeable even in her New York City Ballet days, to aspire to a type of grandeur on the stage which is extraneous to her own true path of development. It's as if she wished to be any other kind of ballerina than the kind she is. When she first took the role of Giselle, looking very *vieille Russie*, her self-confidence and taste made me think she'd soon become more up-tempo and American in it. But today she's as Russian as ever. In the second act of "Swan Lake," she again looked like some distant Kirov cousin of Makarova's (Semenyaka, perhaps); in the third, she was something between that and Sibley, of the Royal Ballet. With her thin limbs, childlike torso, and long feet, Kirkland may suggest a fledgling, but that's deceptive. She has full articulation and star impact. For dancers, the starring role in "Swan Lake" traditionally signifies the assumption of diva status in the theatre. But Kirkland won't be La Kirkland until we know who she is.

The best performance I saw Cynthia Gregory give this season was of her only new role—"Firebird." I was a little dubious at first about the arms (they don't look organic), but this technical weakness turned out to matter not at all. It was a boldly glamorous, intoxicated performance. The ports de bras were persuasive. The sculptural contrasts in the signature poses were clean and tautly stated. The jump was lofty. And Gregory seemed to care enough about the ballet to want to put it over despite the audience's coldness toward it. She was helped by the conductor, Flynn, and by a new partner, John Meehan. Perhaps that combination would also have helped her "Sleeping Beauty." The bland, musically unresponsive performance I saw this season bore no resemblance to the glowing, firmly molded one six months before in Washington. And a "Bayadère" (the one distorted by Endo) was only capably routined—nothing like the impression Gregory made in the role when she first did it. What is the answer to the puzzle of Cynthia Gregory? When she reappeared last winter, after a year of inactivity, she looked so fresh and strong that it seemed she only needed to build up stamina in order to move on to new heights. Well, the new Gregory, much like the old Gregory, slips in and out of focus. Does she lose interest in her roles once the initial challenge is past? Although Gregory is temperamentally and physically wrong in "La Sylphide" and "Giselle," she still dances those roles beautifully, possibly because they elude her. Gregory used to lean on the audience for support, and she may miss

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the fans who used to scream and throw things for her as a matter of course. Gregory is no longer the favorite young American ballerina battling for status against the foreigners—Carla Fracci on one side and Makarova on the other. When Gregory decided to take her year off, several things had already happened to change the way the screamers felt about her. The arrival of Kirkland and the rise of van Hamel spread the focus of sympathy: Gregory wasn't *it* anymore. Fracci had virtually disappeared, and the foreign wing—indeed, the whole company—was now under the domination of Baryshnikov. He worked with small women—Makarova, Kirkland, Marianna Tcherkassky—and the management seemed to be fixated on supplying him with partners and parts, and to be losing interest in partners and parts for Gregory.

Since Gregory's return, nothing decisive has happened to change her situation, and the partner problem is one she now has to share with van Hamel. Charles Ward and Clark Tippet are soloists who do not belong in the premier-danseur roles they have to assume in order to partner Gregory or van Hamel. (Meehan hasn't been tried as yet in classical repertory.) But, for the first time since his arrival, Baryshnikov's swath through the company has been slowed. The season brought him no new roles, and he reacted with a blazing up of wild energy in his customary roles. Sometimes he overdanced or overacted. He lost pathos as Petrouchka, making of the character a comic, somewhat brash folk hero. To the solos in "La Bayadère" he applied shattering force. In "La Sylphide," he anticipated the beat in both dancing and mime.

THE day after Kirkland's début in "Swan Lake," I saw Baryshnikov consume himself in what turned out to be the most appropriate repertory role he has danced since he came to this country—the title role in Balanchine's "Prodigal Son." The event took place at the Chicago Civic Opera House and was preceded by a string of acts billed as the First North American International Dance Festival. Apart from the dancers of the host company, the Chicago Ballet, no Americans took part in this program. It was a night of exotic wonders. One saw the wondrously twisted line of X from Hungary, the wondrously crabbed feet of Y from La Scala, the magnificent new male ballerina of the Paris Opéra. The friendliest souls in sight were Merle Park and Wayne Eagling, dancing the Balcony pas de deux from "Romeo and Juliet"—and Baryshnikov, who rushed out in "Le Corsaire," his motor still racing, and turned a triple assemblé so tightly wound that the audience did not realize what had happened. Later, another record was broken by the terrific Elisabetta Terabust, who held a balance in the "Don Quixote" pas de deux longer than anybody has held anything. You can bet the audience realized it.

All the jumps in the Prodigal's role are placed near the beginning. Robert Kotlowitz once described the problem this presents:

> Its heart lies in [the ballet's] construction, which has two main lines, physical and emotional, that cross like an X. The physical line opens with a huge burst of energy at the top; but from the opening scene on, it descends quietly downhill. Emotionally, on the other hand, it opens superficially and builds steadily upward until the closing scene, when an exhausted Prodigal returns home on his hands and knees and painfully crawls his way across the stage to his waiting father. The problem is to intensify the audience's emotion as the physical movement gets smaller and smaller.

In addition, Baryshnikov had to do this with a sensation-benumbed audience. But the real challenge was the precedent set by the performance of Edward Villella, the greatest Prodigal of our generation. Baryshnikov, who was taught the role by Patricia Neary, once the Siren to Villella's Prodigal, looked a lot like Villella: he had the same explosive attack, the same devouring passion, the same ability to shrink himself physically in the final scenes. But Baryshnikov's own imprint was stronger than the memory he evoked—not Villella but the Prodigal himself returned.

Ghislaine Thesmar has danced the Siren opposite Nureyev at the Paris Opéra. She must be the most elegant ballerina in continental Europe, and on this bill she was a great relief from the roughnecks. Tall, as coldly enticing as Diana Adams but not as hard as Adams made herself in this role, she is a Siren very much in the classic Balanchine mold, and gave what I shall remember as a classic performance. Members of the Chicago Ballet, unnamed, lent strong support in a staging by Frederic Franklin, and the propulsive conducting for the whole evening was by Patrick Flynn.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

ä father as pronounced by speakers who do not rhyme it with **bother**
—*From Pronunciation Symbols in Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary.*

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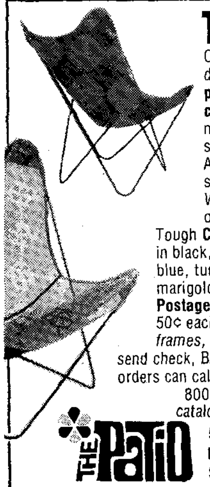

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THE RACE TRACK

Cauthen Is Back

THE best news of the week was that Steve Cauthen, who broke a bone in his right forearm in a spill on opening day at Belmont Park last month, is back at the races as good as ever. Last Thursday, in his first appearance in silks since the accident, he won with his first mount, named Little Miracle, by a length and a quarter, in a claiming race at six furlongs. He received a Seattle Slew-sized ovation from the crowd. He had two more winners on Friday, another two on Saturday, and two more on Sunday out at Hollywood Park, bringing his total so far this year to two hundred and eighty-two. His mounts have earned $3,035,985. Not bad for a seventeen-year-old.

On Saturday, Mack Miller hoped he might bring off the unusual feat of saddling the first three in the New York Handicap, for fillies and mares, with Rokeby Stable's Glowing Tribute and Cragwood Stable's Javamine and Nijana, the last of them ridden by Cauthen. (Miller wasn't fussy about the order of finish.) Instead, Ralph Kercheval's Fleet Victress, running true to her name, led for the mile and a sixteenth over the turf course, finishing in 1:39⅕—a new track mark—and winning by four lengths from Lady Singer. Welsh Pearl was a neck farther back, for the place. Because Miller's triple entry was unplaced, Fleet Victress paid $11.40 to win and $13.40 to show.

The seventy-ninth running of the Fashion Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, which ushered in the week's card, gave the crowd a lively finish when Sunny Bay, by Northern Sky, and Stub, by In Reality, each the winner of her first start, hooked up at the head of the stretch in the long drive to the wire. Sunny Bay won by a neck.

There was another good one in the Assault Handicap, a midweek attraction. It was won by Full Out, who had stepped with Forego in the Metropolitan Handicap and finished third. In sharp contention with It's Freezing and Talc for most of the seven furlongs, Full Out beat them by a head at the post.

SEATTLE SLEW will run for the Swaps Stakes at Hollywood Park on July 3rd. The purse for the race has been increased to $300,000 for his appearance. How many three-year-olds will meet him in the mile and a quarter is just a guess at this writing, but there will be a capacity crowd in the stand. Later in the week, he will go to Longacres, a track near Seattle, for a couple of public appearances. Then he will return to Belmont and probably wait until it is time to go to Saratoga Springs for the Travers Stakes, on August 20th—though there has been talk of entering him in the Monmouth Invitational Handicap, on August 6th.

CALIFORNIA, it seems, has a top horse in Mrs. Connie Ring's homebred Crystal Water. His most recent achievement was a victory in the $350,000 Hollywood Gold Cup, the richest race for thoroughbreds in the country. He carried 129 pounds, giving chunks of weight to the eleven other starters, and ran the mile and a quarter in two minutes flat to beat Cascapedia, winner of her last four starts, by a neck. Caucasus was third, inches behind. According to the chart, Crystal Water, a rugged four-year-old by Windy Sands out of Soft Snow, was never less than second. Austin Mittler led the first quarter in 0:22⅖ and the half mile in 0:45⅕, and then faded, whereupon Pincay, who rode Crystal Water, let out a wrap, disposed of Mark's Place, ridden by Shoemaker, and withstood the challenges of Cascapedia and Caucasus. Crystal Water's share of the purse was $210,000. Last March, he won the $273,550 Santa Anita Handicap.

ANOTHER double was brought off by Vincent O'Brien and Lester Piggott when The Minstrel, winner of the English Derby Stakes, finished with a great rush through the stretch to win the Irish Sweeps Derby at the Curragh of Kildare last Saturday. From all accounts, the Canadian-bred colt was under pressure and swerved badly at the end before he beat Lucky Sovereign by a length and a half, with Classic Example third. There was an inquiry after the finish, but the placings were not changed.

NEARER home, Jake Stafford's colt Sound Reason won the Queen's Plate Stakes at Toronto's Woodbine, wearing down the filly Northernette. Giboulee was third.

ELLIOTT BURCH, who gave up training Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable last December because of ill health, will take over the horses of C. V. Whitney early in July. This department wishes him all the best. —AUDAX MINOR

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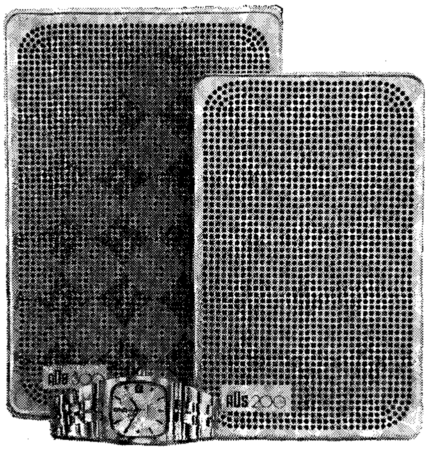

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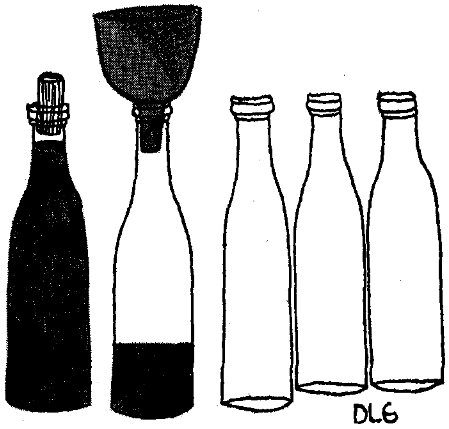
A REPORTER IN EUROPE

PARIS

ROLAND BARTHES has just written an alphabet of love called "Fragments d'un Discours Amoureux," and Parisians are busy discussing the plenitude of absence and the idea of the adorable. Michel Foucault is two volumes into a five-volume disquisition on the categories of sexuality which, with luck, should take him several years. Talk at the Flore and the Lipp runs to the new movies and the high price of summer houses, and the people gesturing so excitedly at the next table are probably in the middle of an argument about who, if anyone, is psychoanalyzing the President of the Republic. No one talks about Marx these days at the Café Flore. Now that the *éminences grises* of the Sixth and Seventh Arrondissements seem likely to get the government of the left that they have spent so much time and energy theorizing, they have decided that Marx is a *vocabulaire usé*, too dreary to go on with. The little theatre cafés of the nineteen-sixties, where Paris's young radicals improvised their fantasies, exist for tourists these days. Artaud, not Brecht, is this year's theatre guru. China is out of fashion. Religious ecstasy is tentatively in fashion. And quoting *Le Monde* is something that only the politicians do. People are worried about what the speculators and developers are doing to the city—from the great, shoddy symbols of their contempt, like the Tour Maine-Montparnasse, to the more subtle, systematic destruction, street by street, quarter by quarter, of nineteenth-century Paris—but they no longer find the substitution of François Mitterrand for Valéry Giscard d'Estaing a very interesting subject.

Paris is terrorized by its intellectuals, and Marxism has been one of the affectations among intellectuals here for years. Back in the nineteen-fifties, Jacques Lacan, the cranky avant-gardist of French psychiatry, called Marxism "*le discours universitaire*," but no one paid much attention to him then, and in 1968 Lacan himself became a cult figure of the left—the rumor being that he had smuggled Daniel Cohn-Bendit safely across the border into Germany in his own Jaguar. Parisian intellectuals have had an observers' stake in the French left. Their territory was the territory of "*l'imaginaire*," and in France *l'imaginaire* has the status of an atomic bomb or a cardinal with a good wine cellar—posing, as it does here, as a kind of rationalism for the future. Now, of course, they have a problem. The Socialists and the Communists have made an electoral arrangement that put Mitterrand, the Socialist Party Secretary, within a percentage point of the Presidency in 1974, and that in the next twelve months will probably give them control of the National Assembly—and give France its first full government of the left since the Front Populaire of 1936. And the intellectuals who have been dining out for years on the rhetoric of revolution are stunned at the prospect of finding themselves at dinner with the left's politicians—the one part of the left that they forgot to postulate.

The left that is coming to power in France is not the left of anyone's imagination. It is the establishment left, occupied by the *Énarques*, as they are called here—proud *hauts fonctionnaires* out of the École Nationale d'Administration and graduates of the other *grandes écoles*, technocrats of a better world but not necessarily a more humane one. Like their classmates on the right, they have been chosen by the state to train for power and are convinced of their right to power; and by this time they have waited so long for it that their ambition is enormous. They are the left's ideologues, but their other ideology is France. They crave the state at least as much as they do a new Socialism, and the state here is still Napoleon's creature—rigid and conservative and hierarchical. People will vote for the left, because they sense that France is troubled and needs a change—instead of the sort of change that the new Gaullists want to give the country. But they know that what they will be getting, mainly, is a change in management—even a radical change in public policy—and not a change in spirit. And so a lot of them are demoralized, and none more than the intellectuals who have made the left synonymous with a fine new sensibility.



THE politicians, right and left, have the field at present, and are providing France with the kind of drama it supposedly enjoys so much. They are crying crisis in a country that is getting by—not well but certainly as well as most European countries have been lately. They are talking about a divided France as if it were 1939 and the stakes were freedom or Fascism. They are preaching the end of the world in each ministerial blunder, trying to persuade people that the choices before them are mortal choices. The extraordinary chauvinism that they share seems to have left them with no vocabulary for the problems of a small Western country in the middle of an oil shortage and a world inflation, and so they are formulating the details of their new Assembly campaign as if the future of civilization rested on the outcome. People here, listening to them talk, are beginning to feel a certain tenderness for Giscard—who wanders through the Presidency like a harried householder, who may or may not put in his fifty-minute hour on the analyst's couch, who discovered himself a Republican President of Gaullist France because an ambitious Gaullist minister from the Corrèze named Jacques Chirac led a defection from his own party and handed Giscard the country in exchange for the kind of prominence that the Old Guard of the Gaullist club would never offer him. There is no doubt that Giscard has failed as a President, but no one here can really explain why, short of saying that he is weak and not what the French have come to expect in a President since Charles de Gaulle—someone who is *someone*.

Actually, the French have no word for Giscard or his problem. Americans would say that he is "laid back." From the beginning, he misread the Presidency, forgetting that in its Gaullist incarnation it was less an institution than an evocation of the awesome general who invented it. Georges Pompidou got by as President of France because the French, in some way, regarded him as the General's widow—wearing the Presidency in memoriam, the way a widow wears mourning. Pompidou managed to evoke de Gaulle by being so reverently and ludicrously *not* de Gaulle—the stern potato face turned into a potato dumpling. He got

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by for five years on nostalgia and his own camouflaged talents and a fine instinct for what the Gaullist electorate wanted, which was mainly his assurance that the narrow virtues of the French bourgeoisie would be honored as a kind of moral flowering of the national character. Gaullism, in France, was its own special sort of populism, and the Gaullist Party as much of a mass party, in its way, as the French Communists. For every village in the south that voted Communist, there was another little village in the north where every farmer was a Gaullist. For every Communist factory worker or Socialist schoolteacher, there was a post-office clerk or a *petit commerçant* who voted in the general's honor. The Gaullists might have made Jacques Chaban-Delmas President three years ago if Chirac had not persuaded enough of them to back Giscard. Chaban-Delmas was in trouble over taxes, but in France avoiding tax is a matter of wit and principle, and even the government fully expects that it will lose a sum equivalent to twenty per cent of its national budget every year. Tax scandals rarely hurt a clever politician here. Chaban-Delmas lost the first round of Presidential balloting to Giscard because Chirac, sniffing out his own main chance with an accuracy he had practiced at Pompidou's feet, managed to persuade enough Gaullists that Chaban-Delmas was not quite one of them, and those Gaullists assumed that, by implication, Giscard was. Pompidou had died in 1974 with all the credit for five of the most intense years of France's postwar growth economy; Giscard inherited that economy just after the oil crisis cut its growth, and he had no easy answers for a country geared during those years to absorbing its troubles by industrial expansion. There had been deep and jolting changes since the nineteen-fifties, but de Gaulle and, after him, Pompidou had tried to mask them with a rhetoric that was traditional and conservative and soothing. They proclaimed the old breadbasket values. They saw to it that every schoolchild knew that France was Europe's beautiful and fruitful farm; but the fact that France was also becoming the fourth industrial power in the world was handled cautiously and with great delicacy by the government—as if it were something threatening, or too confusing for ordinary citizens to appreciate. Two million migrant workers in the bidonvilles of the factory cities buffered most Frenchmen anyway against the brutal human price of their development, and few people here except the economists and the businessmen really understood the extent to which their economy had come to depend on multinational, and even international, trade networks and markets.

The Gaullists made a Proustian right. They took the old French dream of empire, which had died in Algeria—and which had always had less to do with empire in, say, the British sense than with the idea of re-creating the world in France's image—and turned it homeward. For the Gaullists, France became its own last colony, a place to be perpetually recivilized against the encroachments of a barbarous world. They were France's version of a Red Guard, preaching a permanent state of restoration. They stood for France. Some of them, with de Gaulle, believed that they *were* France—and, by extension, that the Socialists here were usurpers and the Communists traitors. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization insulted French sovereignty, and de Gaulle left it. The Common Market was acceptable when it came to agricultural arrangements that favored French farms and French produce but unacceptable when Germany got an industrial edge. (A billion dollars, or some twenty per cent, of France's trade deficit today involves the importation of industrial goods from West Germany.) And the idea of a European Parliament's setting policy guidelines for the French was simply dismissed as grotesque presumption.

The problem for the Gaullists was that nearly all the other contenders for the country shared their prickly nationalism—and still do. French Socialists today talk about increasing the population from fifty-two million to a hundred million by the year 2000. They say that the country needs more children to carry the economic burden of the aged in the Socialist France of the future, but, in fact, there are already more young people here, proportionately, than there ever were before, and the Socialists, like everyone else except a few of the country's new *écologistes*, want to be able to say that there are more Frenchmen in the world than Germans or Italians. French Communists, for their part, love the *force de frappe* now and the state's arsenal of bombs, and are protectionist to the point where they do not want to let Spain, Portugal, and Greece into the Common Market, because these countries grow a lot of the same foods that France exports. When it comes to the rest of the world, everyone in France is a Gaullist—everyone, apparently, except Giscard.

Giscard never found the idea of

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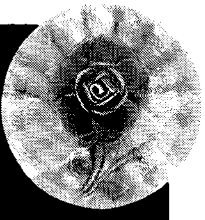

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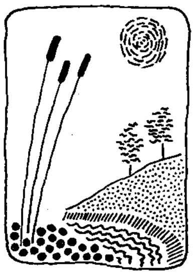
Europe very troubling. He was not particularly embarrassed that America was bigger or Germany richer. He had the odd and probably arrogant notion that the Presidency put him beyond politics, and he was willing to make his arrangements with the Socialists here, the Gaullists there—with anybody who would support his programs—and he expected neither side to feel compromised. His friends say that he wanted to divert the French from their interminable ideology—from thinking of every problem as political. Certainly he took a casual approach to the country's various crises, assuming that a certain benevolent neglect would defuse them and put them in perspective. He forgot that the French believe they are divided. They are invigorated by the illusion of crisis; they like the reflected glory of emergency. They see condescension in Giscard's neglect of their prejudices and passions. The people who voted for him thought they had voted to fight for France, not reform it. They did not want an aristocrat with liberal pretensions riding roughshod over their values, but Giscard wanted to be modern, and he ignored them. The reforms he made may have pleased the Republicans and the Socialists and Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's new Radical Party; they cost him his Gaullist supporters, more than anything else he did. He legalized contraception. He legalized abortion. He gave the country a new, liberal divorce law, based on the notion of mutual consent instead of culpability and punishment—when Gaullist women wanted errant husbands to be culpable and to pay for their indiscretions. Giscard's election reform, which lowered the voting age to eighteen, especially distressed the Gaullists, and not simply because they suspected that eighteen-year-olds would vote the left into power. Gaullists do not believe that boys of draft age are ready for the honor of becoming French citizens; *they* think of the Army as a boy's initiation into citizenship, and of military service as a sort of *grande école* in patriotism, where the children of the country get together for a while to earn their rights and their adulthood. They think, too, that the money they make when they sell a house or a family porcelain or a share of stock, or even a piece of gold, is their own affair, and not the government's. France has the most unequal distribution of income of any country in the West. There are six thousand tons of gold in private hands here—worth more than twenty-five billion dollars—but when Giscard gave France its first capital-gains tax last year people were so outraged that he had to postpone it, first for a year and now probably indefinitely.



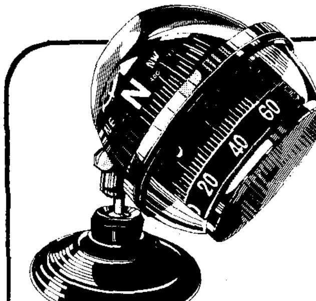
Chirac was waiting for the people's distress to reach their pockets. The French, so the saying goes, "*ont le cœur à gauche et le portefeuille à droite*," and Chirac knew that sooner or later even the most devoted Giscardians were apt to associate their new money problems with their new President and his contempt for politics. Chirac was only forty-one when Giscard paid the price of his support and made him Prime Minister; but there was nothing in Chirac's past to suggest that his ambitious energies would be any more appropriate to the problems of inflation and unemployment that began to plague France along with the oil crisis than Giscard's lethargy. There was nothing in his performance as Prime Minister to suggest it, either. The party he formed in December to run for mayor of Paris this spring, and eventually for President—it is the old Gaullist Party, revived and recruiting under the stirring new name of Rassemblement pour la République—has come up with an economic plan involving the sort of inflationary stimuli that would leave the franc to survive on French pride instead of French solvency. And now that Chirac has become the first mayor of Paris since the Communards threw out Jules Ferry in 1871, he is having more than enough trouble simply outwitting a Giscardian prefect and a hundred and nine squabbling councilmen. But Chirac knows his people in ways that Giscard does not. As Prime Minister, he courted the disenchanted. He carried the President's programs to the Assembly, but by the end he had managed to dissociate himself from them completely. He kept the job for as long as it gave him the leverage he wanted. While Giscard (noblesse oblige) was staging his little "visits with the people"—inviting peasants to the Élysée, dining out at the prison cafeteria—Chirac went right where the Gaullist vote was. He went to the clerks and the shopkeepers, whom Giscard had never thought of asking to a dinner party, and to the provincial mothers, who considered the birth-control pill a Communist plot against the Catholic Church. He read their feelings accurately, and their feelings were that

Giscard d'Estaing was sitting back and watching the left take over—as if the future were already decided and nothing was expected of him but a proper display of sportsmanship. Chirac warned Giscard that each of his reforms was losing voters, and tried to convince him that there was still time to mobilize a new majority. He wanted Giscard to dissolve the Assembly, to call a new election, to preach France to the people like a Gallic revivalist. He wanted the sort of drama that Giscard detests. And, failing that, he wanted to absorb the finance and economic ministries into the Prime Minister's office and take his own economic program to the country. Giscard, who had not forgiven his slick, populist Prime Minister for making him dependent, would never give him that kind of power. So Chirac quit last August, determined to succeed him.

PEOPLE on the French left call Giscard their Louis XV. Chirac they call Louis Napoleon. Chirac is an entrepreneur of politics—a plastic man, as handsome and bland as a forties movie star. He owns the obligatory château of a wellborn or well-made *Énarque*, but Giscard's people consider him a commoner and an upstart. They like to say that the smooth orange of his face comes from a daily dose of carotene (carotene pills, for all-weather tans, are the latest fad here), and that he is more at home in the glassy skyscraper glamour of his party offices, up on the thirty-second floor of the Tour Montparnasse, than he is in the discreet and shabby grandeur of the Hôtel de Ville, where he sits as mayor of Paris. Giscard might have kept Chirac out of the *mairie* with an effective candidate of his own, but Giscard's candidate turned out to be a dilettante aristocrat named Michel d'Ornano, whose most significant contribution to the country had been a big marina that he authorized as mayor of Deauville and that nearly silted up the mouth of the Touques River. D'Ornano was Giscard's Minister of Industry and Research. He was also the last straw for a lot of Giscard's other courtiers. One by one, like noblemen in the second act of some Shakespearean drama, they slipped away from the Palais de l'Élysée and took the self-service elevator up to the thirty-second floor of the Tour Montparnasse, where a good many reformers from the old Gaullist "left" had already forced themselves to shake hands with some of the country's most ardent reactionaries—converts to the cause of saving France from Communism.

It would take a real crisis in the country to put Chirac in power. The converts know it, but they are in a bind, because the kind of crisis that France is apt to get between now and next March, when the Assembly elections are scheduled, would probably make Giscard hold those elections sooner, and in early elections the Socialist-Communist bloc is almost certain to win. What Chirac's new recruits have done is to leave Giscard, the President of the French "center," with not even the illusion of a center to support him. They have forced him to play the patriot—forced him into silly chauvinistic postures designed to convince the French that he is as Francophile as anyone. The spectacle of Giscard at the London summit in early May refusing to eat dinner with Roy Jenkins, from the Common Market, was so ludicrous that no one there except Jenkins felt much insulted. So was the spectacle of Françoise Giroud, Giscard's Minister of Culture, campaigning in the municipal elections this spring as a Médaillée de la Résistance, when in fact she could produce no evidence to prove it; but the temptation must have been overwhelming for a Giscardian confronted with a slate of Chirac's electors, all campaigning in the name of France. It was ludicrous, too, for Giscard to let the Palestinian terrorist Abu Daoud go free and fly to safety in Algeria after the police here had made such a great occasion of arresting him. But the French knew very well that Chirac, and Mitterrand and Georges Marchais, the Communist Party Secretary, as well, would have thought of France's oil and France's petro-dollars first and justice later, and never arrested Daoud at all.

Mainly, the pressure of a revived right has kept Giscard from making any working arrangement with the Socialists, who are currently the strongest party in the country, to keep the economy in line and the demands of the unions in some relation to what the country can afford. Chirac's people voted this spring for a Plan Barre—it was drafted by Raymond Barre, the gentle and intelligent economist who is Giscard's Prime Minister—but they refused to endorse or support it. They saw to it, in effect, that a modest economic program involving wage controls and price restraints, which might not have solved all of France's problems but was at least an honest attempt at solving some of them, was discredited before it had a chance. And in the end they gave the left a kind of license to match them, point for



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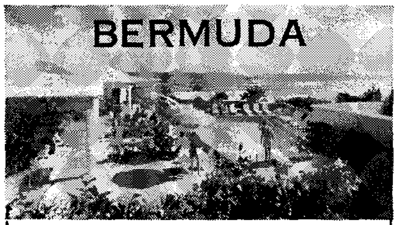

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point, in refusing to take on any of the burdens of a very necessary austerity. There was a general strike at the end of May—the first in France since 1968, when the Communists led a general strike during the *événements*, got their minimum wage increased by thirty-five per cent, and then went home to denounce the students who had given them their excuse for striking in the first place. But May's strike was less a protest against a failed government than a celebration for the government to come. Workers here have a lot to complain about in the Plan Barre. There are a million people unemployed in France. The general inflation rate is ten per cent, and the cost of a family's basic needs—a house or a flat, food and clothes, a car and the gasoline for it—has gone up enormously in the last few years. Foreign investment in the country, which amounted to six billion francs in 1975, dropped last year to a billion. The Concorde is a financial disaster; it has already cost the government several billion dollars, and it will keep on losing money, whether or not the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey ever lets it land at Kennedy Airport. And so it is hard not to feel a little sorry for the government when the unions, which helped promote the Concorde project, complain because Barre wants to save the state some money by reducing reimbursements on the laxatives and purges and bile-flow tablets that the French worker consumes in quantity before his poisonous morning coffee and his Disques Bleus.

FOR years, the Communists in France have been able to count on fifteen or twenty per cent of the vote. They control the biggest union in the country—five million of the twenty million people who work in France belong to unions, and half of that five million belong to the Communists' Confédération Générale du Travail—and they are strong in traditionally dissident provinces, like Provence, where the Communist vote is more of a *je m'en fous* to the Paris government than an act of politics. The rest of the French have come to expect that vote. They have learned to live with the Communists, but that does not mean that they live with them easily or fondly. The Party has taken up the libertarian rhetoric of the Italian Communists. Jean Kanapa, the Party's foreign-affairs secretary, writes about a new Communism in *Foreign Affairs* and comforts the Americans. In Paris, though, Kanapa has been nicknamed

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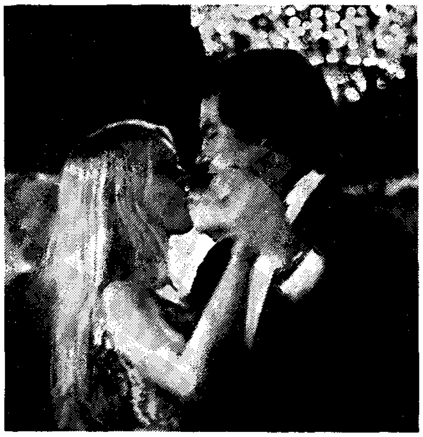
Lady Macbeth, and the rest of the left still thinks of him mainly as the Party's old hatchet man.

The Socialists may need their alliance with the Communists in order to win the next elections, but the idea of sharing power with them once they do win makes Socialists like Mitterrand extremely nervous, because the party that offered France so many valiant *maquisards* thirty-five years ago is in its rigid and conservative middle age now, and is about as welcome on the left as a sour maiden aunt at an orgy. It still displays a couple of luminary intellectuals—the philosopher Louis Althusser, for one, is fiercely loyal to the Party—but it is careful to keep those intellectuals out of the meetings where decisions are made. Its power in the universities has lately been more administrative than ideological anyway. The reason that Communists get good jobs at the universities here is that the government prefers them to the campus *gauchistes*, who practice the sort of chaotic democracy that disrupts the creaky routines of the Education Ministry. The government knows that at a place like Vincennes—the experimental campus, east of Paris, that the government put together out of prefab buildings after the 1968 *événements*—it can count on the Communists to keep the students out of university business and to come down strongly on the side of discipline and property. In fact, the Communists' battles with the *gauchistes* at Vincennes have made the university a kind of microcosm of political folly. Last year, the fight was over toilets. Communist English professors at Vincennes wanted locks put on the doors of the public toilets in their department, because the students—working-class children, mainly, who can enroll at Vincennes without a *baccalauréat*—were ripping off the seats and taking them home. The *gauchistes*, for their part, protested. *They* said that locked toilets were antidemocratic in spirit. There were meetings, of course. But the Communists held out and, in the end, won. The English department, following the Party's plan, now has three toilets—two unlocked Turkish toilets, for the students, and one immaculate toilet with seats, and with locks worthy of a bank vault, for the professors.

FRENCH elections are held in two *tours*, or rounds, and the arrangement between the Communists and the Socialists which put Mitterrand so close to the Presidency in 1974 and will probably give the left control of the Assembly next March, if not sooner, is merely an arrangement to run their own candidates in the first round and then to jointly support for the second round whichever ones do better. Mitterrand has apparently promised the Communists some of the country's Cabinet jobs if they keep their part of the bargain. The problem for the Socialists is which jobs they can safely give away and what authority those jobs will carry. The Socialists count on at least thirty per cent of the vote in March, and will probably get more, and that means that they will clearly control the formal structures of the state—the Army and the police and the administration—if the left wins. But the Communists will still dominate the unions and the factory committees and the universities, and so will present the Socialists with some very concrete power of their own. It will take a long time for the Socialists here to marshal that kind of power for themselves.

The Socialists in France are less a party, precisely, than an electorate—they have a hundred and sixty thousand members to the half-million Communist militants who are organized for the kind of hard work that continues whether there are elections at hand or not. Then, too, the Socialists are a coalition party: painstakingly put together by Mitterrand; drawing their strength as much from disaffection as from the commitment of people who have decided, simply, that the left has some sort of moral claim to the next government; and held together for the moment by the fact that their various factions are too close to power to risk everything because of arguments with one another. Mitterrand is a strange and tenacious politician. Most people here assumed that his career was over twenty years ago, when he leaped from his car in a rain of "Fascist" bullets; landed, a hero, in the Paris Observatory gardens; and, a week later, was accused of having staged the attack himself to "dramatize" the Fascist threat in France. For the next few years, he did keep pretty much in the background of party politics. But then in 1965 he ran for President against de Gaulle and ended up with more than forty-five per cent of the vote. He refused to run again in 1969, having got involved in his own splinter party; it was Gaston Defferre, the mayor of Marseilles, who ran as the Socialist candidate against Pompidou in '69, and lost with a humiliating six per cent of the total.

That election, though, coming in the wake of the *événements*, which had



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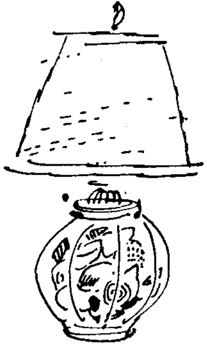

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stirred the French for exactly three weeks before they started calling for the police to save them, taught the Socialists a lot about the tolerance of their conservative country. By 1971, moderates like Mitterrand, Defferre, and Pierre Mauroy, the mayor of Lille, had managed to overlook some of the differences they had, and Mitterrand became the new Party leader, negotiating with all the groups that called themselves Socialists: his own moderate clique; the radical *grands bourgeois* from the Parti Socialist Unifié, and *their* leader, a charming economist named Michel Rocard, who is now vying for the succession; young Marxists from the Centre d'Études de Recherche et d'Éducation Socialiste (CERES), led by a testy E.N.A. *vedette* named Jean-Pierre Chevènement, who likes to have his picture taken playing chess with himself; assorted Catholic radicals who follow the *prêtres-ouvriers* of the factory towns and talk a lot about a "Christian communism;" and the bright young intellectuals of the Party, like Jacques Attali, who advises Mitterrand on economics and, at thirty-three, has managed to keep his reputation as an enfant terrible by writing a book called "Bruits," which apparently takes on Bach and Mozart as the musical harbingers of capitalist oppression.

An odd group to lead a political party but a particularly French group, being a fractious collection of super-educated *bons bourgeois*, with not a worker among them. The French, of course, find this kind of group reassuring. There is a vast new urban middle class in France, which will vote for *the Socialists—and in all likelihood* vote them into power—because it can identify with the Party now in ways that it could never identify with the left that stirred its imagination for those three weeks in 1968 and then alarmed it. The French live comfortably with their *Énarques*, left or right. They make the assumption that ambition of the sort that the state inspires will always temper fervor, and since most of them share that sort of ambition and understand it, their assumption is probably accurate.

THERE is a theory going around Paris that the French proceed confidently through their history by bouts of national amnesia. Some of the same people who blamed the loss of the *drôle de guerre* on the institution of the paid vacation and Marcel Carné's movie "Quai des Brumes" joined the left during the Resistance. And now some of the same people who called the police in 1968 are telling

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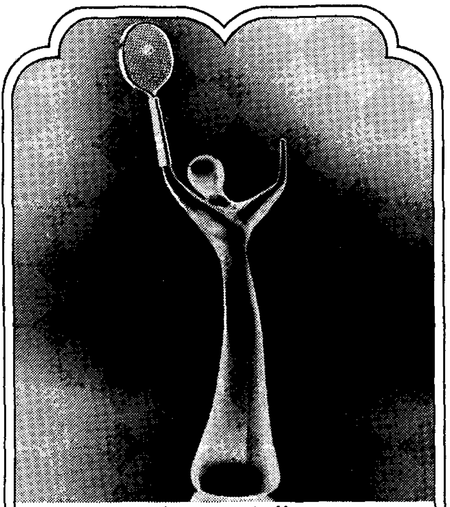
pollsters that the left "deserves" the government. No one in Paris seems especially worried about the left's Common Program, which is a five-year plan the Socialists and Communists drafted in 1972 and are still revising. A lot of the reforms in the plan have already been made by Giscard, who thereby saved the Communists the embarrassing job of having to take up issues like abortion and divorce with a couple of million respectable French workers. And people assume that most of the nine nationalizations called for in the plan would happen sooner or later, no matter who is in power.

The French have had forty years of nationalizations. Their railroads were taken over by the state in 1938, and the fact that those railroads run well, and on time, is much more significant to them than the fact that they run at a deficit. After the war, electricity was nationalized here, along with gas, municipal transport, a lot of the big insurance companies, and the powerful banks, like the Société Générale, Crédit Lyonnais, and the Banque Nationale de Paris. Renault was nationalized and does well. The government's aircraft company did well, at least until it started making the Concorde—well enough to have made Marcel Dassault, who owns the other big aircraft company in the country, agree to let Giscard take his company over, too, so that he wouldn't have to wait for the Socialists to get around to it. Actually, nationalizing big, noncompetitive sectors of the economy—the steel industry, for one, which is already in debt to the state for three and a half times its yearly income—presents no problem for a country the size of France. But the competitive export industries, like the electronics industry, are going to cost the country more to nationalize than the left admits, and, in the end, will suffer from the change. Investors know this, and, consequently, many of the big stockholders in those companies prefer the Communists' plan for indemnification, which would at least guarantee them a fixed payment for their shares, to the plan that Jacques Attali wrote for the Socialists, which would leave them as nonvoting stockholders in companies that are apt to lose a lot of money in the transition process, and, even making money, are certainly not going to be very lavish about distributing profits once a minimum dividend is paid.

Most other European Socialists are trying to find alternatives to this sort of classic state socialism, because the cost of state ownership—subsidized full employment, subsidized losses—is enormous, and the subsidies themselves are really smoke screens over long-term economic problems that do not get solved. In Italy, where the state already has a share in every important industry but Fiat, even the Communists seem to have given up on state socialism; in fact, they are making more money than anybody else in the country by sponsoring competitive agricultural coöperatives. But French Communists, at least in theory, advocate a kind of paleosocialism. (They are worried now that the Socialists will insist on worker management of the factories they want to nationalize.) And many people here assume that the Socialists wrote a nationalization schedule into the Common Program only because they wanted to bind the Communists to it, and because they needed a campaign issue and nationalization was the most acceptably "left" big issue they could think of.

The real problems in France are much more complicated than problems of ownership; they require the kind of attention and imagination that cannot be secured by a catch slogan, and solutions that are slow and not necessarily popular. French industry is undercapitalized as it is. The total investment in the Paris Bourse amounts to only forty billion dollars. Private capital has been leaving the country since Mitterrand came so close to beating Giscard in the last Presidential election. And most of the big investment capital around is making its natural way to countries like the United States, where the economy is stronger and investors have a better chance of realizing profits—and that clearly includes French investment capital, since by the end of last year the French officially had four times as much money invested outside the country as they had the year before.

Part of the problem, of course, is oil. France imports nearly all its energy, and nearly all that it imports is in the form of oil. This means that industry here has had to absorb a five-hundred-per-cent increase in the cost of oil over the past four years. But French industry is weak mainly because the French, in business, consistently confuse national pride and national economic interest. The Concorde project is a triumph of chauvinism. (Not even the arguments of their own environmentalists move the French much, since planes are not



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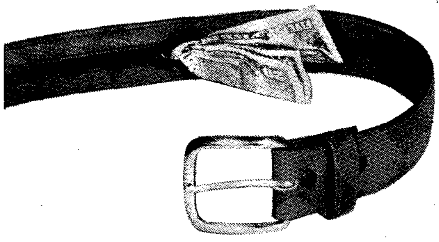

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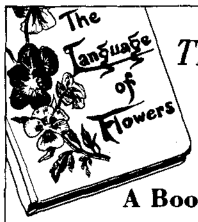

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permitted to fly over Paris, and few Parisians have ever lived with the kind of racket that the Concorde would make in Queens.) So is the tremendous investment of the state in its nuclear breeder reactors and reprocessing plants. The French have put an unconscionable amount of money into the business of developing their nuclear systems for sale abroad, and now that there is pressure on them to stop selling those systems, they could end up losing a lot more money than even the Concorde cost them. In May, in fact, Giscard cancelled the sale of a reprocessing plant to Pakistan. He must have got considerable trade concessions from America for doing it—if not some guarantees about the fate of the Concorde in New York—but the French were humiliated by his loss of face, and only the *écologistes* had anything good to say about the gesture.

The *écologistes* are new to French politics—a collection of housewives and professors and professionals who had got together at first in the spirit of citizens' groups, not as potential mayors or deputies. They backed their first Presidential candidate in 1974, and entered their first by-election in the fall of 1976, and by the spring of this year, when they ran mayoral candidates across the country, they were able to get ten per cent of the vote in Paris in the first round, and in some cities as much as twice that. In Alsace, they even put a few of their candidates in office. Now that they have shown some verve and staying power as a group—they "liberated" a radio frequency from the state this spring, called it the Bande Verte, and started broadcasting—Parisians who a year ago called the environment a charming fad are saying that the *écologistes* are the only people around looking at the country with imagination. And it is true that the *écologistes* have put into new political perspective questions like that of nuclear plants, which other parties here consider merely technical. They have tried to prod the Socialists into taking up some of these questions, but the Socialists, along with most of the other politicians in the country, simply planted a few trees for newspaper photographers this spring and then ignored the *écologistes*. The *écologistes* say now that Mitterrand may be able to run France better than Giscard or Chirac but that he will run it according to the same criteria that politicians here have always used. They are probably right, inasmuch as the Socialists seem to agree completely with the Gaullists that France cannot stop to consider those criteria until it has more people and more money, and more plutonium in its reprocessors, than the rest of Europe put together.

GISCARD wants to be President until his term ends, in 1981, whether the left wins or loses the Assembly elections. That is his fantasy, and maybe his folly, but he does not seem to find his position as embarrassing as everyone else seems to think he should. He is free, in a way, to humiliate himself. The Fifth Republic was de Gaulle's masterpiece. He dreamed it up with the understanding that he would live forever and that the vast majority of his flock, as he liked to call the French, would cheerfully vote for whichever politicians had his blessing, and reject the rest. Consequently, the French have inherited a constitution that does not even consider the possibility of Giscard's predicament, let alone offer any clues to how to resolve it. The President of France today has enormous powers. In a state of emergency, he can rule virtually alone, without reference to the Assembly. He chooses the two thousand senior civil servants in the country. And he has the authority to dissolve the Assembly, if he wants to, once a year. He cannot veto legislation—a problem that has rarely come up in the Fifth Republic anyway, the new tradition having been that legislation issues from the President's office, and from nowhere else—but then there is nothing in the constitution to make him sign legislation into law, either.

Foreigners here are always asking each other why Mitterrand's Socialists, Giscard's Republicans, and Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's Radical Party don't simply get together and form a center-left government—a nice, practical arrangement that would give the country a new majority, keep the Gaullists out of mischief and the Communists at bay, and guarantee the Socialists their program in exchange for Giscard's presence as the chief of state. Actually, a lot of Socialists would welcome a coalition of that sort, but now that they have worked so hard to talk their voters into an alliance with the Communists, *those voters are apt to* get extremely angry if they try to arrange any such coalition. By now, the Socialists need the Communists to guarantee their own voters, and the Communists, who have been waiting fifty years for this moment, are not about to let them go. The Communists will try to keep their bargain with Mitterrand, whether or not he wants them, because the choice before them now is to stay agreeable and docile or get sent back to the hustings for another fifty years. The Communists' problem is less Mitterrand than it is their own workers, whose expectations have been raised by the Common Program, and who are bound to feel betrayed and a little feisty if the left wins and does not manage to produce a rich new world overnight. The Socialists, of course, are counting on the workers to get feisty—not so feisty that their voters become scared and join a Gaullist backlash but just feisty enough to discredit the Communists and, by contrast, to extend their own control.

Mitterrand will certainly try to make some sort of arrangement with Giscard after the elections. Giscard is willing, and Mitterrand has to be willing, since he does not want to be stranded alone in government with the Communists unless, naturally, he is President himself. He could be President if the left wins in March and Giscard changes his mind and leaves gracefully within a month or two. But if Giscard squats in the Élysée for a year, say, and then quits, people will have started to blame the left for France's troubles—and someone like Chirac could ride on the reaction and take over. All this leaves Mitterrand and his friends involved in the most arcane and involuted sort of speculation. And their conclusions, whatever they turn out to be, may be worthless anyway, because the young Marxist ideologues from CERES, who control about a third of the Party members now, have decided that the evolution of a true French socialism depends on a working "dialectic," as they put it, between Socialists and Communists, and they could cause Mitterrand a lot of trouble before they accommodate.

The French tend to be cynics. They suspect that with the state up for grabs everyone will accommodate in the end, from Giscard d'Estaing to the *fils à papa* of CERES to Georges Marchais and the Central Committee of the Communist Party. People who have waited in line for years at the gates of the government's fine Paris palaces are not likely to lose their place for the sake of any *discours universitaire*. They have always had more in common with one another than with the beguiling theorists at the Café Flore—who are already leaving for the country anyway, and are not likely to take up politics again until September, if at all.

—JANE KRAMER

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Einstein said, "A clock in motion keeps time more slowly than one that is moving."—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

He was full of old wives' tales.

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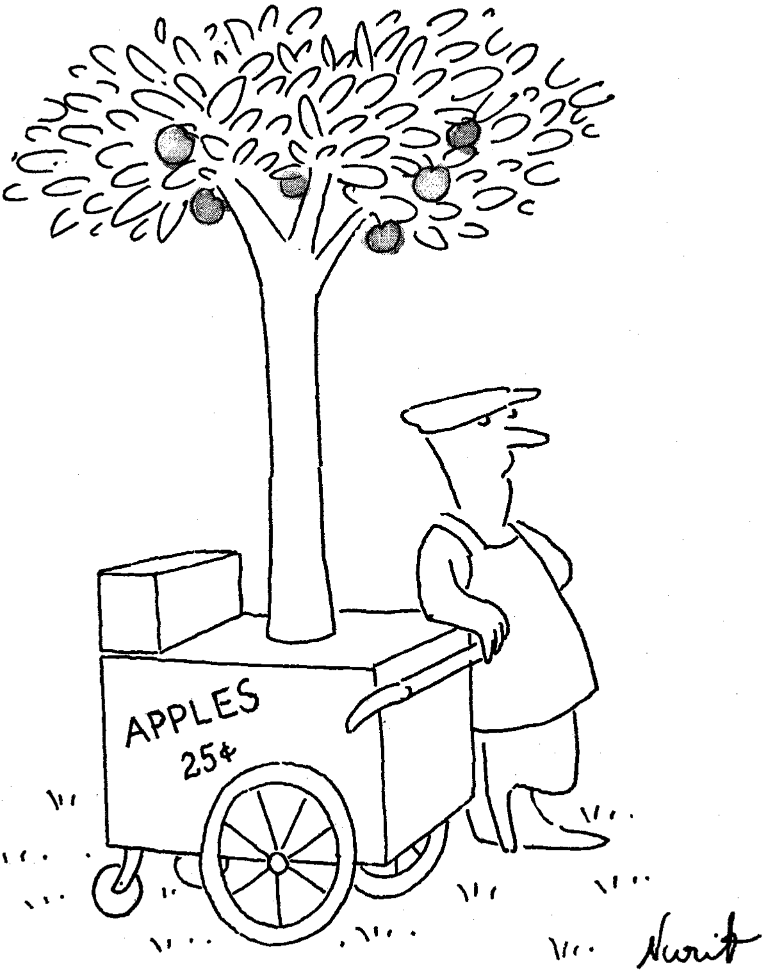
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Ho Hum, Ho Hum

“New York, New York.” Of course, of course. But no, not the famous Bernstein-Comden-Green number from “On the Town” but another song, from a Martin Scorsese musical film that has the cheek to pilfer the name. To make a movie called “New York, New York” with a “New York” number that isn’t the one you go into the cinema humming is rather like writing a children’s book called “Alice in Wonderland” which is about another Alice. The producers are Irwin Winkler and Robert Chartoff, one of whom is beloved by me for having said on the phone from Hollywood that So-and-So’s choreography was just a pistache of everything he had ever done before. This musical is a pistache if ever there was one. I suppose it could courteously be said to be an *hommage* to all those musical films of the forties and fifties in which a boy and a girl fell in love, found that, as the ads say, “a love story is like a song . . . beautiful while it lasts,” and then got driven apart by their talent.

The film opens on V-J Day in Times Square, with one of the few shots of the city we’re going to get. (A minor idiocy of “New York, New York” is that it nearly all happens not in New York but on Hollywood back lots and in crowded night clubs that might be anywhere and in band coaches on the road.) Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, wearing a hat like a maddened gardenia petal pushed forward onto her forehead. Robert De Niro, an equally struggling tenor saxophonist, joins the small-time band of which she is already a member. They fall in love. Well, not in love. De Niro says, “I mean, I didn’t say I love you. I like you, I dig you.” The film has much overlapping conversation, so as to seem natural, and many “you know”s, for the same reason, used like the commas of slow letter writers resting their pens in mid-sentence to think what to say next. De Niro—Jimmy Doyle—whips off Miss Minnelli—Francine—to be married in what seems to be a nightdress under an overcoat, breaking the glass of the front door of the local justice of the peace. Later, she faints and explains that she is going to have a baby. He doesn’t want this baby, he says to her, in a rage. Music is what he cares about. We’re told that he blows a barrelful of sax, and that he is keen on major chords. Francine writes him a pacifying song called “New York, New York,” which has the repeated “New York” in the lyric. Decca Records grows interested in her, and a Decca highup has a meeting with Francine, accompanied by Jimmy. He squints with jealousy and becomes involved in a night-club brawl, and in the next shot the back seat of a car is loaded with flowers. You wonder if she’s had a miscarriage, or maybe the baby, but it’s just a checkup. So then there’s “Honeysuckle Rose” sung by a girl with a flower behind her ear, aping Billie Holiday—many a piece of faked nostalgia here—and then there’s the baby, a boy, whom Jimmy refuses to see. And then Francine becomes a tremendous star, with the child, now fourish, allowed to sleep in the recording studio while Mummy sings, valiantly going her own way. Daddy comes to hear her in a stage performance doing a shameless copy of Miss Minnelli’s mother, Judy Garland, and edges his way into Francine’s crowded dressing room after she has sighted him in the audience and sung a song by “a friend of mine who is a great believer in major chords.” And then after he has rung from the stage door she says she’ll meet him downstairs. And then she slips away, lonely in her fur coat, leaving him to push off miserably on the wet street. The last shot is of the tip of his umbrella on the sidewalk and his poor damp shoes.

Well. Martin Scorsese has made some very fine pictures—especially “Mean Streets”—but this film commits a lot of blunders. There is the initial plagiarism of a title and an era, which I suppose could be excused by the makers as a bow to an age. There is the facetiousness of the dialogue (written by Earl Mac Rauch and Mardik Martin, but much of it improvised, which was a mistake), and there is the ersatz nourishment that the story offers filmgoers homesick for the movies of thirty years ago. There is the silliness of the movie’s plangency: hard to feel soupy about a talented couple giving up their love because of the stardust in their eyes. Francine has such a colossal natural entertainment personality that one doesn’t believe she has to struggle a great deal, so the Hollywood chestnut about ruthlessness being necessary to show-biz success doesn’t hold good, and there’s also not much tragedy about an ending in which two performers, both on their way to glory, choose to break up. The best thing about the film is De Niro’s firm, rapid performance. He is a wonderful actor. As a forties sax player finding his way into the fifties and bebop, he convinces the movie audience of a sort of desperation underpinning his talent. The essential weakness of the film is the lack of any



apparent sense of character given to the actors by Scorsese, which probably came about because he has undertaken what amounts to a remake of a style that didn't hold much feeling in the first place. "Mean Streets" was about interesting matters—the glamour to the Puritan soul of sin, a glamour that was slowly burned off by the blowtorch of Scorsese's own Catholic and more fanatic feelings of dingy guilt—but "New York, New York" is fatally knowing about its secondhand mode, and finds glamour to the end in the paltry hopes and punishments of its mechanical story.

IN "The Deep," directed by Peter Yates—the thriller that is Peter Benchley's successor to his financially phenomenal "Jaws"—Nick Nolte plays a scuba-diving hero called David. He talks to Gail (Jacqueline Bisset), his diving partner, about an eighteenth-century jewel he has found in a wrecked ship. She says, after research, that it belonged to Elizabeth, the Duchess of Parma. He objects that it can't have, because the initials on it are "E.F.," not "E.P."—which is rather like expecting the initials of George I to be "G.E.," for "George of England." She explains things to him patiently. The Duchess of Parma's name was Elizabeth Farnese, you see. The Bisset character is an academic girl, besides having a figure that, in a wet T-shirt after diving, rivals Sophia Loren's in "Boy on a Dolphin." Rather charmingly, she wears neat polka-dotted white gloves while scrabbling underwater for jewelry and other treasure.

"The Deep" is set in Bermuda. In Peter Benchley's novel, Gail and David are on their honeymoon in a resort bungalow. In the film, written by Benchley with Tracy Keenan Wynn, they are an unmarried couple on holiday together. Children in the audience who are familiar with both book and film offhandedly notice the non-marital status here; thus do movies form social attitudes. Gail and David have opened up a can of worms with the shipwreck discovery. A shaven-headed Haitian (Louis Gossett), who is an expert in voodoo, finds out that there is a huge stock of morphine ampules in the wreck, which he had believed to be full of nothing more than some old ammunition from the Second World War. This leads to a nasty scene with a sliced cat hung on the cabin of the boat that David has been diving from, and blood being trickled down Gail's naked torso when she is alone in the bungalow bed. The Haitian wants the morphine to sell to the city smut of New York, in the words of Robert Shaw as the potentially most complex character in the picture—a charter-boat captain who lives in a lighthouse. Gail and David are more interested in the aesthetics of the Duchess of Parma's jewelry, which is in another wrecked ship, buried under the Second World War wreck.

Some forty per cent of the film was photographed underwater. The deep is not really as deep as all that (ninety feet). The stars actually do their own diving, in light that is a giveaway of the shallowness of the ocean bed where they maneuver themselves with flippers and shine lights into holes in the wrecks. For adults who are going to have to get inured to children's favorite disaster films, somebody might begin to compile a book called "Tell Me When I Can Look." Moments to be on one's guard against in "The Deep" include the voodoo, the sound of someone's neck breaking, the sight of a whizzing outboard-motor propeller blade held close to someone's face in a fight to the death, the gymnastics of a repugnant deadly moray eel in one of the wrecked ships, a terrifying outdoor-elevator sequence that is very difficult to understand, and murderous scuba-diving Haitians hell-bent on getting their hands on the morphine. Children tend to take adults to disaster movies and to exercises in alarm so as to cheer the adults up; in such cases, exits for popcorn are an unhurtful excuse for intermittent escapes. There seems to be no protecting kids from this skillfully frightening picture, since the story is already flooding the country in paperback and book-digest form. We are breeding a generation equivalent to an adult one whose exclusive choice in drama would be the plot, sans Shakespeare's words, of the banquet scene in "Titus Andronicus."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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—HENRY CARLILE

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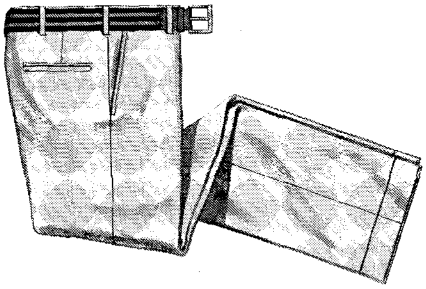

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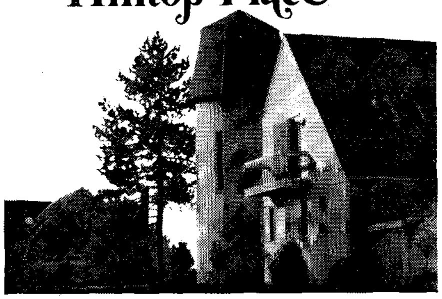

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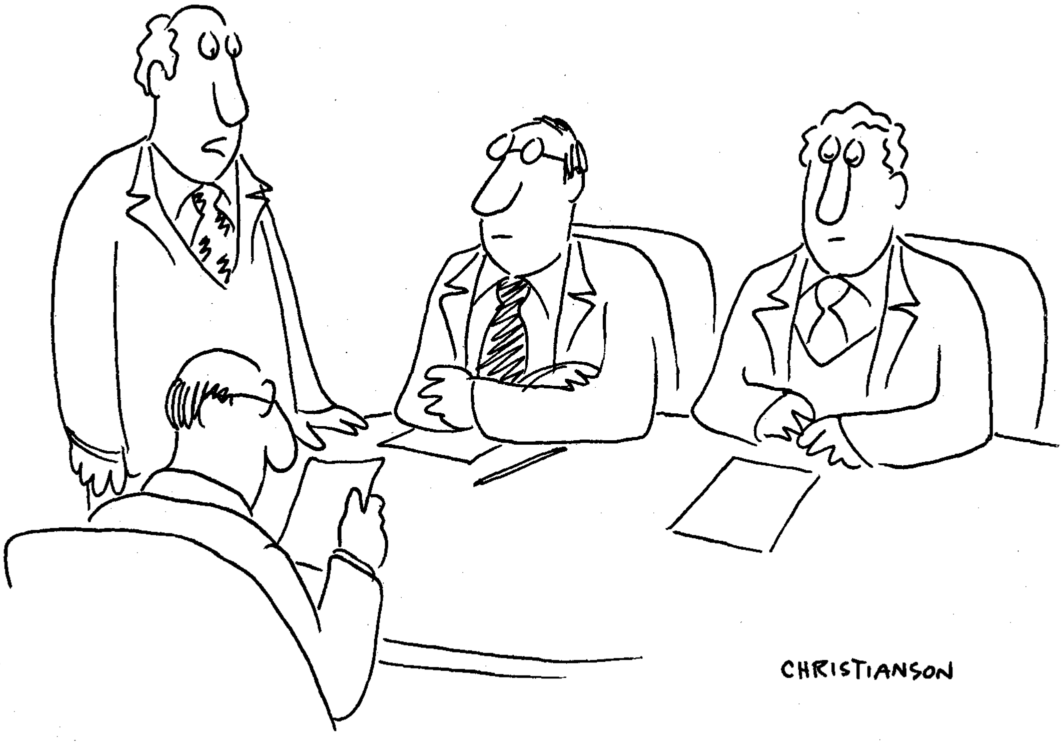
BOOKS

Vanguard Dealer

JULIEN LEVY opened his art gallery here in the fall of 1931, and kept it going throughout the Depression, through most of the war, and for four years afterward. During this time, he shuttled back and forth between New York and Paris, acting for Americans with advanced tastes as an unofficial scout among the latest creations in painting, sculpture, photography, and motion pictures. What was new in the art of the thirties—or still new, since its originative phase lay behind it—was Surrealism, as a mode of painting and poetry and as a style of social behavior. New in the same degree as Surrealism was geometrical abstraction; it had also passed its zenith, represented by Russian Constructivism, Dutch neo-Plasticism, and the German Bauhaus. Of the two vanguard modes, Levy was unhesitatingly drawn to Surrealism, with its cult of genius, mystery, romance, and frivolousness. Parallel to the Museum of Modern Art, which had been inaugurated two years earlier, the Julien Levy Gallery was a showplace during the thirties of Surrealists (Ernst, Man Ray, Dali, Giacometti in his Surrealist period), pre-Surrealists (de Chirico, Duchamp), near-Surrealist Americans (Cornell, Peter Blume, Gorky, David Hare), and neo-Romantics popularly mistaken for Surrealists (Tchelitchew, Berman, Leonid, Leonor Fini). In addition, Levy was interested in photography as an art that he himself practiced; in its early years his gallery showed photographs almost as frequently as paintings, and he amassed one of the finest photography collections in existence.

As an American buying advanced works in Paris and arranging to exhibit them in New York, Levy had the opportunity to meet many of the leading personages of modernism—artists, millionaire patrons, middlemen—and to know them in varying degrees of intimacy. His "Memoir of an Art Gallery" (Putnam) is thus a book of American-in-Paris reminiscences, plus tales of visits to America by now famous Europeans, and anecdotes of the sale of paintings and of high-life happenings in New York, Long Island, and Connecticut. "The immediate prestige of my gallery," Levy writes, "opened a vivid social life," and he adds that he was "easily persuaded that such constant gaiety was an excellent step toward better business." The book is rich in accounts of parties and outings where personages of the upper levels of the art world and their satellites met one another. It brings the reader Levy's encounters with the first performance of Stein's "Four Saints in Three Acts," with Dali and Buñuel's "Un Chien Andalou," and with Duchamp, Stieglitz, Cravan, Calder, Ernst, Tanguy, Atget, and Dali in the years before their glamour wore on. Levy even met Joyce, who rewarded him for a favor by making a nasty crack about him.

For Levy, the art world was a cult of personalities, and his writing tends at times to mimic the style and attitudes of the people he is writing about. In appreciation of the mystery figure Arthur Cravan, whose rare attempts at literary composition are represented in the "Memoir" by a piece of childish fantasizing, Levy rhapsodizes, "Bravado, Cravan, how you are transformed! Into a praying mantis that flew into my room years ago and nibbled into my ear that you were Arthur Cravan, friend of our best friends, father of my first wife's half sister. Are you praying now, or preying, out in the wild?" For an avant-garde temperament, Levy shows himself to be singularly immune to the fear of clichés. At a party at Peggy Guggenheim's in Paris, where "everyone"—from Hemingway and Pound to Gide and Cocteau—was present, Levy went around collecting bons mots: "Then Joella [his first wife] was in the room, like light breaking through clouds." He is also susceptible to hero worship, and there is a double dose in the following: "I was never to tire of listening to Edward James . . . In honor of Dali, Edward told me, he had installed red-gold lobsters as mouthpieces on all telephones in his Wimpole Street house. And for his country place in Sussex there was to be a Surrealist garden, in which he had already placed statuary in the form of Lautréamont's 'Chance Meeting of an Umbrella and a Sewing Machine on a Dissecting Table.' " Several of Levy's artists were inclined to put on an act to impress him, and the act usually worked: "Dali is a hurricane." Yet Levy's observations can be penetrating, too: "Matta looked like rather a pudgy little Rimbaud . . . And he often acted out what one might imagine to be the everyday behavior of Rimbaud." The "Memoir" can be read as the adventures of a romantic, but one tempered by business instincts. When Picasso, in response to a question, drew an illustration on a napkin, Levy reached out to pocket it, but Pi-



"And now, gentlemen, I'm going to suggest that we do something very, very bad."

casso snatched it away, and Levy had to be satisfied with a witticism of Leonor Fini: "You see how he holds on to his own excrement."

Levy is candid about having rubbed some artists the wrong way. Ben Shahn refused to give him the picture he was accustomed to collect from artists after he had exhibited them, and Giacometti denounced him for having failed to pay for a sculpture, though Levy claims to have mailed the money. Levy suffered other disappointments, mostly in regard to his ambition to be an artist as well as an impresario. In the orbit of the Surrealists, it was difficult to resist trying one's hand at being a Surrealist oneself. One played their games, adopted their attitudes and vocabulary, partook of their fantasies, copied their style—in short, became a neophyte Surrealist. But is it possible to be a Surrealist art dealer? Hardly more than to be a Surrealist magistrate or a Surrealist first baseman. Ideas that Levy conceived for movies and spectacles either failed to be realized or were taken over by others, who deprived him of the credit. Levy claims several "firsts"—"I had begun to realize that credits of discovery and early recognitions that were mine were being brazenly claimed elsewhere"—and his book situates him in the long queue of those who demand a revision of art history which will number them among the pioneers.

Beyond its saga of the social and professional life of an American candidate for membership in the Surrealist family, the "Memoir" provides a close-up of who and what constituted the aesthetic avant-garde in the United States in the last period when American art was under the domination of Paris. Its snapshot narratives document an interval in the development of aesthetic modernism in America—a link in the chain that stretches from the 1913 Armory Show to the crowded SoHo art world and museum openings of today. It was in the nineteen-thirties that subservience to Paris began to crumble, as America's expatriates of the Left Bank, pressed by the curtailment of cash from home, returned to America, acquired a new consciousness of their native land, and, in typical instances—ranging from Hemingway to Stuart Davis—found themselves engaged in political activity. The transformation of the community of American artists and intellectuals barely touched Levy and his coterie. Considering the period it covers, the "Memoir" is politics-free to an amazing degree. A few accidental encounters with political phenomena exhaust Levy's experience of the his-

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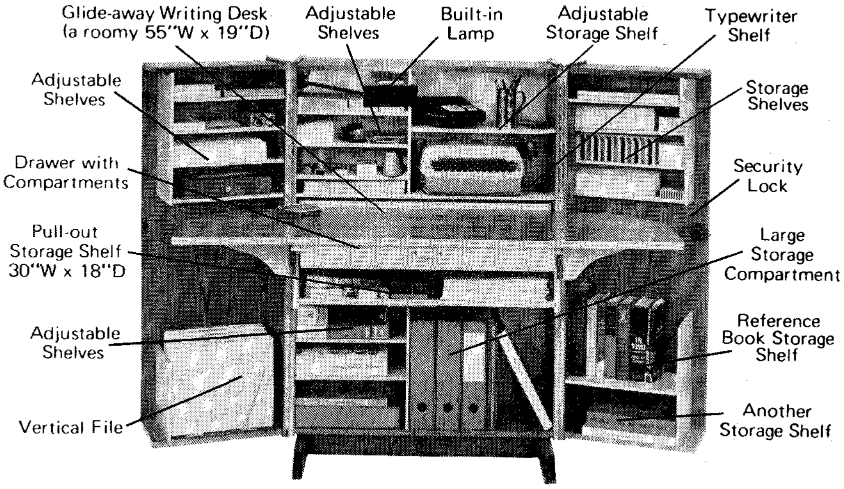

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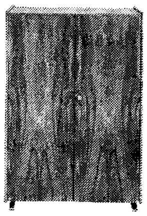

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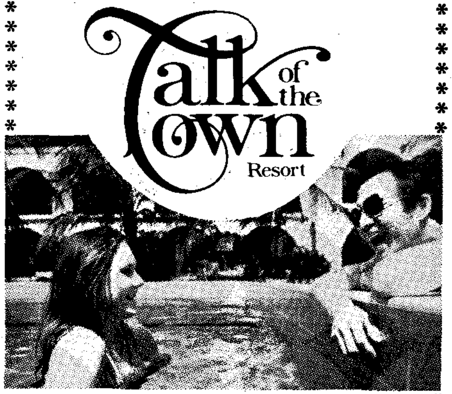

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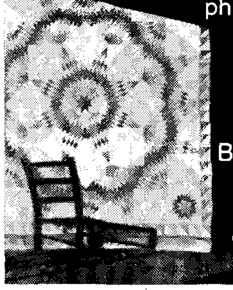

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torical character of the decade. Near Berlin, he visits a Nazi nudist camp, where he wishes to photograph "a beautiful blonde" in a German idealized pose but allows himself to be led away without comment when his companion warns him that the girl might be made to suffer if it was found that she had modelled for a Jew. Aboard a ship to Europe, Levy runs into a group of doctors and nurses on their way to Loyalist Spain and recalls that the Surrealist poet Aragon has joined the Communist Party, that he himself has "studied Marxist tracts," and that "some painters in America" have been "making 'socially conscious' paintings." But this train of thought peters out in the recollection of a vapid jest about "socially unconscious" painting.

Another brush with the ideologies of the decade comes when Levy and his friends organize a film society and find themselves in conflict with Communists on the board of directors; supported by the society's paid membership, the Levy faction ousts the Communists. Telling of exhibiting Peter Blume's "Eternal City," in which amidst the ruins of Rome the head of Mussolini leaps out of a jack-in-the-box, Levy sums up his position regarding politics in art: "I could sympathize with Blume's violent opinions at that time, but I never could bring myself to feel that propaganda took precedence over aesthetic elements in a painting." He says that he planned to instruct Blume on the matter but found himself unable to do so.

In his abnegation of political consciousness, Levy embodies the cultural lag of his American contemporaries who identified themselves with advanced art. In the years when his gallery claimed a forward position, art in Europe, like that in the United States, was being politicized, and this was especially true of the Surrealists, whom Levy sought to represent. In the thirties, what was most up-to-date about Surrealism was the effort of Breton and his collaborators to ward off assimilation of their movement by the Communists while continuing its radical criticism of society's accepted ideas and reputations. It was the politics of Surrealism that caused the movement's major internal battles, secessions, and expulsions. No wonder that, with his aversion to "propaganda," Levy was told by Breton that he could "never be a true Surrealist." In its failure to reflect what was happening in Surrealist thinking and expression, the Julien Levy Gallery was essentially an anachronism, intellectually situated in the nineteen-twenties, before the stock-market crash, when the carefree American aesthete could enrich his senses at the moveable feast of Paris-New York. For Levy and his circle, advanced art—still dependent on moneyed eccentrics while the main body of American art had begun to draw on government subsidy and to be judged by trained specialists—was centered on masters of shock and tastemakers of perversity. Levy missed the major experiences of the nineteen-thirties and closed his gallery in the spring of 1949, just as the new American art that had emerged from those experiences was making its appearance.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MAN FROM NEXT DOOR, by Honor Tracy (Random House; $7.95). Miss Tracy is an Englishwoman who makes her home in Ireland, and this rather tricked-up novel is really a setting forth of her thoughts about the two national characters. It is presented in the form of two diaries—one written by a starchy, conservative, diffident young Englishwoman in her late twenties who has recently come by a large sum of money in the football pools, the other by a bitter, blustery, handsome young Irishman who has focussed all his resentment of the English on the young woman. The plot, which involves various nasty tricks the man plays on the woman, is frenetic and unlikely, and neither of the two main characters comes across as much more than a national flag with arms and legs attached.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, by Leonardo Sciascia, translated from the Italian by Adrienne Foulke (Harper & Row; $7.95). A well-known artist driving aimlessly down a highway sees a sign with the words "Hermitage of Zafer 3" and decides to investigate. He finds an ugly concrete barracks, run by priests and described by them as both a hermitage and a hotel. The man in charge, an enigmatic eminence named Don Gaetano, wears glasses identical to those of the Devil in a painting in the hermitage's chapel. Soon, the artist learns, a group of people will arrive to undertake "spiritual exercises," and his curious visit to this strange place leads him through layer after layer of mystery, corruption, and violence. So, roughly, runs the

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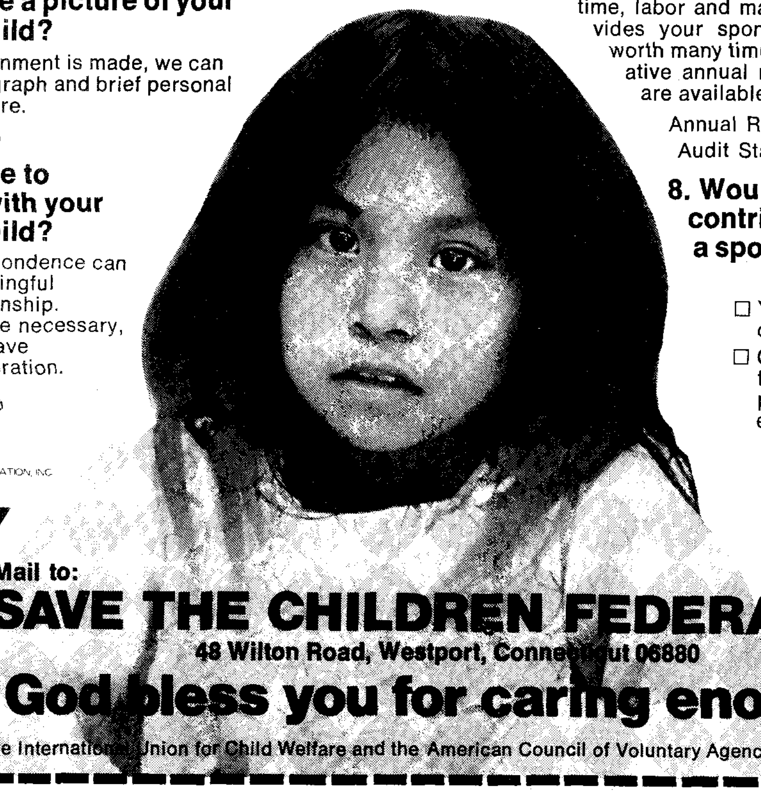

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story of this novel, which has a thin texture of teasing, sardonic dialogue that constantly hints at metaphysical and social satire. Neither a strict mystery nor a fully achieved fantasy, the book draws the reader on while leaving a nagging sense of having missed some important detail.

GENERAL

NABOKOV: HIS LIFE IN PART, by Andrew Field (Viking; $15). Mr. Field, an American teaching in Australia and a Russian scholar, came to know Nabokov and his wife at their home, in Montreux, in the course of writing "Nabokov: His Life in Art," and this book, as its archly assonant title proclaims, is a companion to that well-regarded critical study. It is not a conventional biography. That is largely precluded by the closeness of the author to his subject (he is not merely a friend and admirer of Nabokov but an adorer) and by his method, which is roughly that of the interview, with Nabokov's (and his wife's) occasional comments (usually wry or jocular) set in boldface type. Another oddity, also indicated by the title, is that the book breaks off abruptly with the Nabokovs' decision (never explained) to end their twenty-year residence in the United States, in 1959. As if to make up for this truncation, Mr. Field opens his portrait with a leisurely exploration of the distant Tatar origins of the Nabokov family and its place in czarist society ("The question which needs to be asked here is whether or not there ever was any social grouping in Russia which corresponds to the English notion of upper middle class"), goes on to Nabokov's grandparents and parents (his father was said to have his shirts laundered in London), then to Nabokov and his comfortable upbringing, and finally to the Revolution, the years at Cambridge and in Berlin, the flight (after Hitler) to France, and thence (in 1940) to the United States. Mr. Field digs deep for facts and he is pitiless in his use of detail. He tells endless and generally tedious stories about Nabokov's interest in tennis, soccer, boxing, chess, butterflies, and he notes with bibliographical zeal every poem, story, novel, and book review produced by Nabokov, and its eventual publication or rejection. There are, however, moments of interest: the glimpse he provides of the émigré life in Berlin in the twenties, the decay and backbiting of the émigré colony in France in the thirties, the joyful rise to fame and fortune in the United States, and the strange and competitive friendship of Nabokov and Edmund Wilson. As for Nabokov himself, he remains here as artfully ambiguous as ever. There are a number of photographs, but Mr. Field has not bothered to provide an index—almost indispensable in a book of this kind.

DAVID DUBINSKY: A LIFE WITH LABOR, by David Dubinsky and A. H. Raskin (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). "I enjoyed life because every day was a battle," says the retired president of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and the high-spirited pugnacity of his narrative, as told to the *Times*' labor specialist, makes lively reading. Dubinsky started in trade unionism as a teen-ager in Lodz, where his activism won him a sentence to Siberia by the czar's police. He escaped, fled to New York in 1911, and found his way to a garment factory, where he rapidly acquired skill as a cutter and almost as rapidly found himself embroiled in union affairs, speaking up for newcomers—immigrants like him—against the exclusionist policies of native-born union leaders. His mettlesome entry into union politics is a foretaste of his subsequent wars on Communists and racketeers—combats that took him in and out of the A.F.L. and the C.I.O., and led to the founding of the American Labor and Liberal Parties. Chatty, frank, and informative, Dubinsky explains why and how the fact that industries differ from one another means that their unions, too, must differ, and, though he is primarily concerned with the peculiar problems of his own trade and its workers, he gives a very good idea of the entire American trade-union movement.

NOTE: "Good News/Bad News," a collection of cartoons by Henry Martin, many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Scribners ($6.95).

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In visits to Copenhagen, I found primary points of interest to be the bronze Little Mermaid in the harbor, the changing of the guard at the Royal Palace, and a good looking young chef named Jorgen Moller, who could make duck Danoise better than Cordon Bleu at his best. —*Adv. by Jack Kofoed in Aloft, magazine of National Airlines.*

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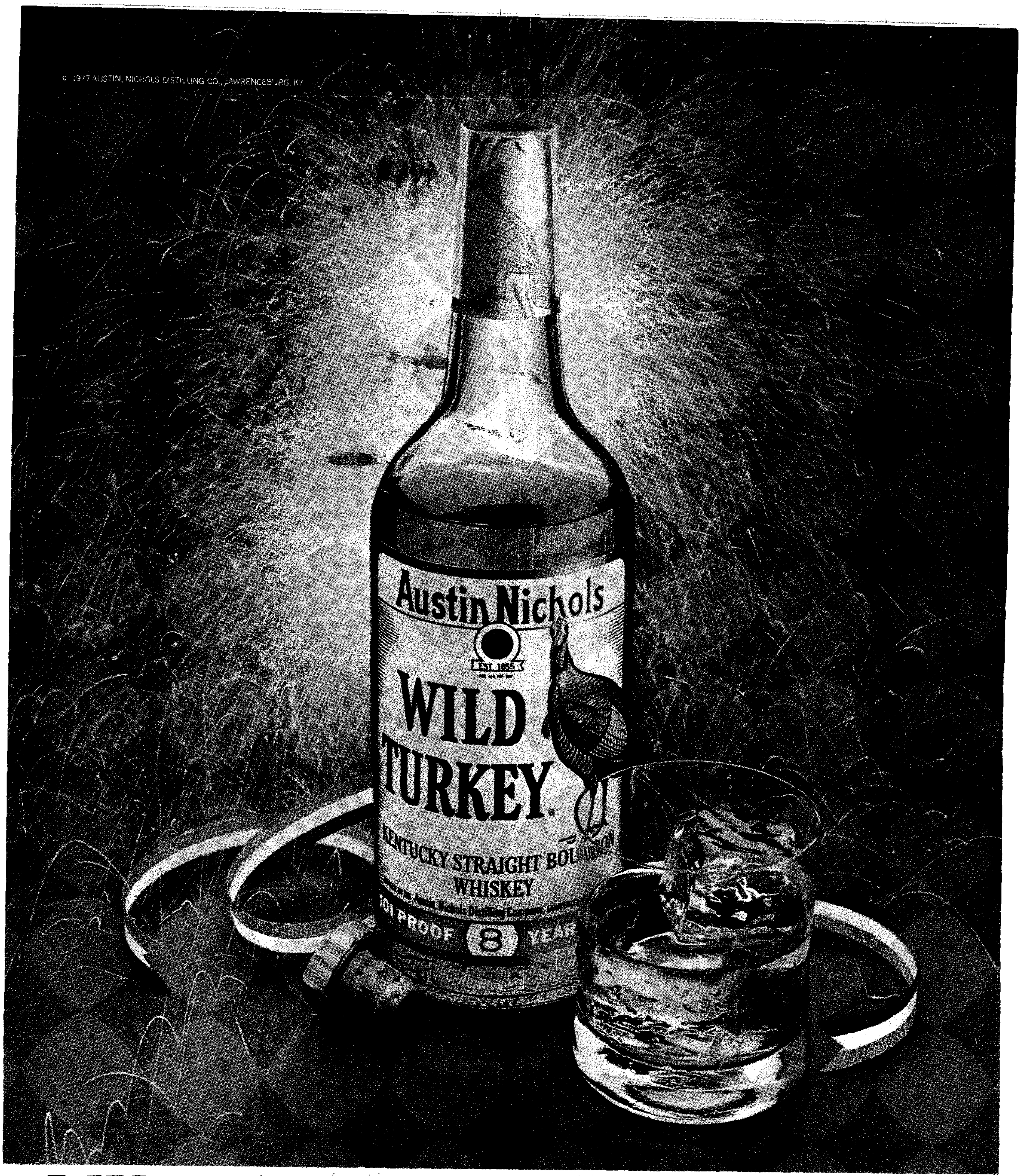
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